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FOR AUSTRALASIA

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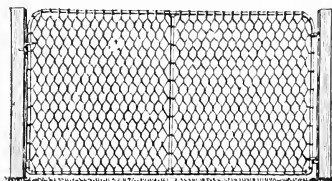
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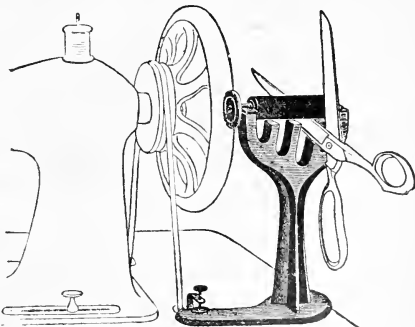


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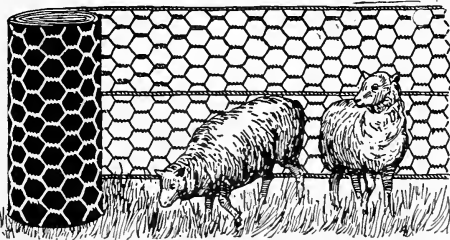
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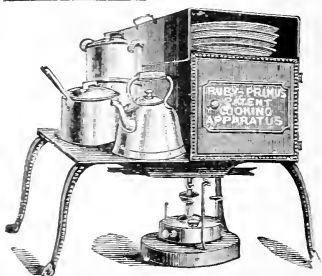
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Rev. JAMES PUGH PEARSON (Congregational Minister), Norwich, writes:—"A friend of mine suffered from Epileptic Fits from 1884, when he was a missionary in India. Finding it necessary to return to England and relinquish all further hope of mission work, he tried many prescriptions and remedies, but with no satisfaction. In Nov., 1891, he heard of your Remedy, and immediately tried it, and has never suffered an attack since that time, and has now fully recovered his health and spirits." Rev. E. DOSTANOV, A.M., F.C.P., The Rectory, Fintona, writes:—"I think it my duty to let you know of a wonderful cure wrought by 'Trench's Remedy' on a case of Epilepsy in this parish. A young man had suffered terribly with this disease for 6 years. When I became acquainted with his case I got of your Remedy, and after using it as directed for some months he got quite well. He is now able to do the work of a strong man on the farm, and is full of gratitude for his cure. Hoping that the sight of this testimony may lead other sufferers to try your Remedy."

Rev. T. B. SHANAHAN, P.P., Ballingarry, Co. Limerick, writes:—"The Sisters of Mercy here have asked me to write you a line as they are precluded by their rules to do so themselves) to thank you for your great charity and successful treatment of a poor girl of this parish, whose malady and sufferings excited their sympathy and compassion. To my knowledge she was for years subject to severe fits of Epilepsy, almost every week, nay, often two or three times in the same day. I think, God she is now perfectly cured by the medicine."

Rev. G. WARRHAM, Lewisham Road Baptist Church, Greenwich, writes:—"I am extremely pleased to be able to testify of the wondrous power of your Remedy in connection with a lad whose case I have

The Ven. ARCHD. O'SULLIVAN, P.P., Kenmare, writes:—"I saw the girl for the second time a few days ago, and she assured me she got no return of the Epileptic Fits since she began to use your medicine, though previously she got those Fits two or three times a week. It is more than twenty years since the poor girl became subject to this terrible disease, and I congratulate you on having conquered one of the 'opprobrium medicorum' by your skillful Remedies." Rev. A. MELWISS, Methodist Minister, Longford, writes:—"I have much pleasure in letting you know that the young man to whom I recommended your Remedy for Epilepsy is now quite well. He took the medicine, as you directed, and has had no return of the disease. His friends are very grateful to you as the means, under the divine blessing, of his complete recovery."

Rev. R. B. LYNCH, Lillibridge Vicarage, Rugby, writes:—"I have great pleasure in informing you of the remarkable cure effected by your Remedy for Epilepsy in the case of a young lady who had been suffering severely from that illness for several years. She had been under the treatment of all the first doctors for the brain, but none of them gave her any relief. Quite by accident we heard of your Remedy, and from the day (December 20th, '94) she began to take it she has never had a single attack. Previous to this she had been subject to two or three attacks within 24 hours, occurring fortnightly, or after my excitement, and was ill and disabled for days after. Now she is able to travel, sleep and go about by herself, and is a different creature, bodily and mentally. I cannot recommend too highly the efficacy of your Treatment and Remedy for Epilepsy, and hope you will make whatever use you may think fit of this letter in making more widely known our most remarkable cure."

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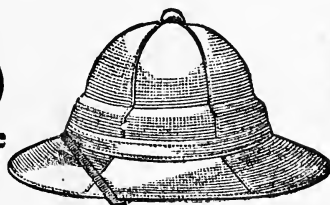
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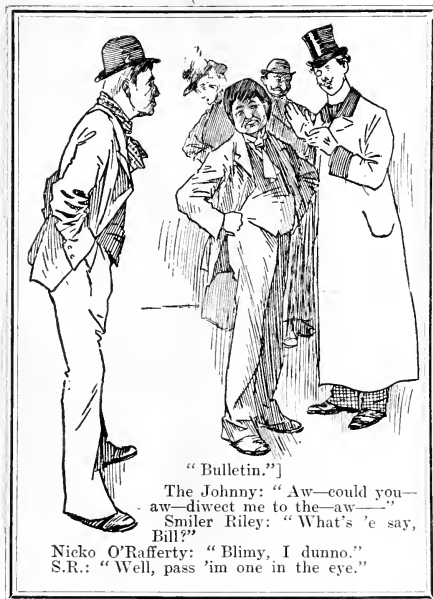
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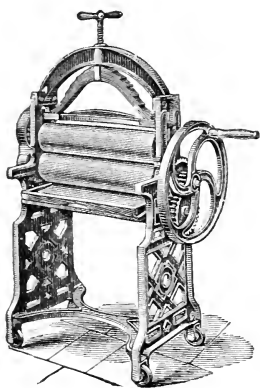
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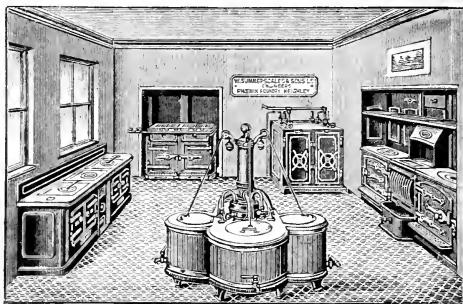


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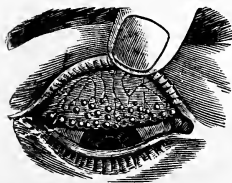
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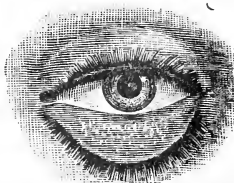


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[Editor's Note.—Owing to the inclusion of special matter at the last moment, before going to press, the folios of the magazine differ from some of those given in contents above.]

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A JAPANESE REVIEW OF THE FAR EASTERN QUESTION.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

FOR AUSTRALASIA.

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MARCH 20, 1902.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

The War

The story of the war in South Africa during the month is a very mingled web, woven of both dark and bright threads; and, alike in its triumphs and its disasters, it has profoundly moved public feeling throughout Australasia. On the night of February 24 some 700 Boers made a desperate attempt to break through the line of British outposts in the north-east of the Orange River Colony. Lord Kitchener, by a great sweeping movement, was driving the Boers back on to the barbed line of his block-houses. The Boers twice tried to rush the outpost lines held by the Queensland Bushmen; but these rushes were probably only feints. Their whole strength was flung upon the point held by the Seventh New Zealanders, under Colonel Garrett. It was a terrific rush, and the charging Boers covered their front with a huge herd of stampeded cattle. The stubborn New Zealanders, however, met the rush with a cool unyielding courage, which recalls the best traditions of British warfare. Garrett's extreme left was held by a party of six New Zealanders, of whom five were killed and one wounded, but no man gave back a foot. The left of the New Zealand line was pushed back yard by yard, but the men bore themselves like veterans, and their fire was so cool and deadly that the mob of charging cattle was at last brought to a stop

by the mass of its own dead. The Boers turned the dead cattle into a breastwork, which they held for a time, but at last sullenly fell back. The slender, gallant line of the New Zealanders was not to be broken! The New Zealanders lost twenty killed and thirty-three wounded in that fierce night-fight at Bothasberg, and the sympathy felt for that colony is universal and profound. The grief felt in New Zealand, however, has in it a note of pride. The New Zealanders who fell there in that wild night combat have created a new tradition of British valour, both splendid and enduring.

Disasters

To New Zealand pluck was mainly due the surrender of nearly 700 Boers at Harrismith some four days afterwards; but this brilliant success is counter-balanced by two great disasters to the British arms. On February 25 a British column, with its convoy, under command of Colonel Von Donop, was surprised by the Boers under De la Rey at Klerksdorp, and practically destroyed, 50 being killed, 126 wounded, and over 300 taken prisoners. There had been a sudden concentration of the light-riding, scattered Boer commandoes, and a leap on this isolated British column. Ten days afterwards came a yet more startling disaster. Lord Methuen, with 1,200 troops and four guns, was marching to effect a junction

with Colonel Grenfell's column, when, at Twebosch, in the grey dawn of March 6, De la Rey suddenly fell upon him. The new Boer tactics—driving home a galloping charge of mounted riflemen in mass—proved fatal. Methuen's rearguard was broken through. De la Rey's men, who nearly all wore khaki, galloped along the line of the convoy, and stampeded the mules and oxen, and Methuen's column was completely broken up. Four guns were lost, and Methuen himself was wounded and captured. With fine humanity De la Rey sent the wounded general into the British lines, and has probably rendered better service to his side by that single act than even by the victory he won at Twebosch.

Guerrilla Risks

Such disasters as those at Klerksdorp and at Twebosch are exasperating, but they need cause no surprise. They constitute the inevitable risk of guerilla warfare. Under the present conditions of the strife a hundred separate British columns, of microscopic size, are pursuing the scattered Boer commandoes, who vanish and disappear, disperse and concentrate, with almost magical rapidity. It is always possible that, by a stroke of guerilla leadership, such as De la Rey has twice within a fortnight brought off, a dozen commandoes may be suddenly concentrated, and flung upon a solitary British column. Colonel Maude, in "Macmillan's Magazine," shows that in the Franco-German war, when it passed into the guerilla stage, the Germans suffered more and worse disasters of this isolated kind than the British have done in South Africa. Yet the French franc-tireur was a harmless foe when compared with the Boer of the veldt; and France, with its network of roads and limited area, offers no such field for guerilla warfare as does the far-stretching geography of South Africa.

Australian Feeling

The indefatigable Mr. Seddon, by way of reply to the disasters at Klerksdorp and Twebosch, is preparing to despatch a tenth contingent to the front, and there is no doubt that throughout Australasia the resolved and obsti-

nate purpose—which no disaster can shake—to push the war to a triumphant conclusion, is the prevailing, it might be said the universal, sentiment. Australian temper, indeed, is much less patient towards anybody suspected, rightly or wrongly, of showing sympathy to the enemy than in England itself. In the House of Commons, when the news of Methuen's capture was read, some members of the Irish party welcomed the tidings with cheers and laughter. That incident is impossible in either Australia or New Zealand. A member of Parliament who publicly indulged in exultant merriment over a British defeat would, in Australasia, be hunted from public life.

The Missing Virtue

Economy is the missing virtue in the politics of Australasia; and it is a virtue which it is idle to expect from existing Parliaments. These Parliaments are themselves embodied extravagances. We have more members of Parliament, if not to the square foot, yet per head of population, than any other civilised community on earth! The mere statement that, excluding New Zealand, Australia possesses no less than fourteen Houses of Parliament, counting 751 members, for a population of less than 4,000,000, is a bit of arithmetic calculated to make all sober Australians sigh, and the rest of the outside world grin. Germany, with a population of 50,000,000, has 459 members of Parliament; Australia, with less than 4,000,000, has 751 members of Parliament! The logic of that one comparison is as final as anything in Euclid. What is it makes the soil of Australia so prolific of legislators and of legislation? If we only grew wheat, or wool, or potatoes on the scale upon which we grow members of Parliament, we should be the greatest producing community in the world. Unfortunately Acts of Parliament cannot be exported for foreign consumption.

Whence It Must Come

Now, it is idle to expect any form of life to run counter to the law of its own being. Economy will never flourish on the floor of Parliaments which are themselves, in scale and cost, an offence to reason. Yet economy is

the first and most urgent necessity of Australian politics. The expenditure of all the States, and in almost every detail, expands with the silent and automatic certainty of a geometric progression. This expenditure can only be met by heavier taxes or by bigger loans; or by both processes combined. And, as a result, taxes multiply, loans expand, while the earning power of the population remains stationary. In 1861 the debt per head for the States now included in the Commonwealth was £9 13s. 8d.; to-day it is £54 16s. 8d. It is easy to catalogue the forces which are hostile to economy. The chief of these is the passion for clothing the State with ever expanding functions. Parliament, in Australian politics, is turned into a sort of semi-Divine Providence, which controls the citizen in his down-sitting and in his up-rising, and from the cradle to the coffin. If the average Australian citizen only believed in the Bible with as much simple and pious faith as he does in Acts of Parliament, the general standard of religion would be suddenly raised. As the area of State action expands, the army of State servants multiplies; and as all State servants have the franchise, there is a solid and permanent vote in each Australian State pledged both by instinct and by interest to resist all reduction of State expenditure.

**Reduced
Parliaments**

The first victory for economy in public affairs, and the necessary prelude to every other victory, is a reduction in the scale and cost of the State Parliaments. This was supposed to be the one of the inevitable results of Federation. Under Federation the work of the State Parliaments has shrunk one-third; their scale and cost ought to shrink proportionately. If a Federal House of seventy-five members, again, can legislate for the whole continent, it is a wild flight of unreason which requires a House of ninety-five members as in Victoria, or one of 125 members as in New South Wales, to legislate for a single State! So far only South Australia has adjusted itself to the new conditions, and in this respect it has set an honourable example to the whole Commonwealth. In the other States no authoritative scheme of reform is visible anywhere, and it

is plain that reform must come from without. This is not an age of self-denying ordinances; and to imagine that the State Parliaments will, in the public interest, cut themselves and their own cost down to the very quick, is to expect too much from human nature.

**The
Labour
Party**

It is to be recognised, too, that the Labour party, by deliberate policy, is opposed to any reduction of the scale or cost of Parliaments. It confidently expects to capture these Parliaments, and use them as a machine for making its own policy supreme throughout Australia. It contemplates Parliament as Constantine, according to a well-known fable, gazed at the mystic cross in the sky. "In hoc signo vinces!" It naturally wishes to keep undiminished in scale and influence the instrument by which it hopes to triumph. But all over Australia there is visibly rising a wave of sentiment in favour of what may be called "plain living and high thinking" in politics; a demand, that is, for smaller Parliaments, fewer loans, and a sternly reduced expenditure.

The Plague

The bubonic plague is nibbling at the shores of Australia again. Brisbane has had a few cases; Sydney many, and not a few deaths; Melbourne one or two cases more or less doubtful. Public feeling has grown markedly less sensitive on the whole subject of the plague than it was two years ago; and there is the disposition to accept the pest as an ordinary form of disease, which, like the poor, will never fail to be with us, and which may be dealt with like any other disease. But if the plague once fairly established itself under the semi-tropical heats of Brisbane, or in some of the ancient and evil-smelling quarters of Sydney, Australia would experience a sudden and very startled awakening. The bubonic plague is a disease bred of mere filth; and if it is not identical with the Black Death, which once turned half Europe into a cemetery, it has much of its malignancy and its spreading power. Fortunately the chief Australian capitals are in charge of scientific and trained health officers, and if they are only adequately

backed by public opinion no real invasion of the plague is to be dreaded.

**The Ethics
of
the Labour
Party**

Mr. Watson, the leader of the Labour party in the Federal House of Representatives, delivered a lecture during the month on "The Ethics of Labour Legislation." Labour policy tends more and more to become a kind of religion for the party responsible for it; and Mr. Watson contended that the "objects and measures" of his party "were based absolutely on ethics—the ethical idea to do right to their brothers as well as themselves." Its policy, in a word, is merely the Golden Rule translated into political terms. This is an admirable theory; but Mr. Watson's translation of it into the concrete is a more doubtful performance. The Labour party, he says, "represents a larger portion of the community than any other class;" so to serve its welfare is to serve the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The Labour party, Mr. Watson says again, "acts as the pace-maker" for every other party; its ultimate ideal is "to retain the management of all great enterprises in the hands of the people." He said:—

They were frequently asked, Where was to be the end of the Labour Party's agitation? Frankly speaking, there was no end; the movement would go on. It had been going on for a century, and he hoped it would go on for centuries more.

**The
Socialistic
Drift**

Mr. Watson is an able man, who plainly feels the steadying power of the responsibilities which lie upon himself and his party; but, apparently, he fails to see that the policy which restricts, if it does not abolish, private enterprise, the ideal of which is "to retain the management of all great enterprises in the hands of the people," represents a social revolution. It is a form of socialism which has both history and human nature arrayed against it. Now, to accept socialism with open eyes is a sufficiently grave experiment; but to drift into it blindfold is mere political suicide.

**The
Drought**

Drought still lies with pitiless severity over vast areas of Australia. The continent, in fact, has been repeating the history of Egypt in Scripture times. Seven lean years

have wasted it. Since 1894 it is computed that in two States alone—New South Wales and Queensland—more than 30,000,000 sheep have perished, to say nothing of cattle. The February rains failed to arrive. Mr. Russell, the Sydney astronomer-general, when March began, reported that "on fully half the State not a drop of rain had fallen, and on the other half not one station had even the average rainfall." That Australia has passed undestroyed through a seven years' drought is a marvellous proof both of the manifold resources of the continent, and of the unquenchable courage of the settlers and stock-growers, who have met and survived so huge a natural calamity. Since we must believe in the permanency of natural order, we may be confident that the great drought is on the point of breaking up; but the suffering and loss it has caused will certainly lead to a wiser use of the natural resources of the continent. Over half its area Australia is a vast chalky sponge, through which the rainfall sinks, to be stored in great sunless lakes below, capable of feeding innumerable artesian wells. Queensland already draws from its artesian bores ten thousand jets of ever-running water, which, if they flowed in one channel, would make a majestic river. And what has been done in Queensland may well be repeated over at least half the area of the continent.

**The
Spencer
Expedition**

Professor Baldwin Spencer and his party have returned from their great exploring tour, having accomplished a somewhat remarkable feat. They left Adelaide twelve months ago, took the line which passes by Charlotte Waters across the McDonnell Ranges, thence striking east to McArthur River, on the western side of the Gulf of Carpentaria. The expedition was ethnographical rather than commercial, and it will no doubt make very important additions to the knowledge we possess of the Australian aboriginal. Professor Spencer photographed the sacred dances of the aboriginals, and persuaded the dusky dancers to pour their rude chants into the receiver of a phonograph. The true Aus-

tralian aboriginal of the Gulf country is by no means the un-ideal idiot he is generally taken to be. Professor Spencer reports—

They live in a world of magic. If a tree falls and kills a man, they believe some magician has done it. They have no idea of natural death. Magic is also brought into play to control the forces of nature. Each group of tribe has its "totem," some animal or plant, which the head-man is supposed to control. If the head-man cannot make kangaroos, emus, or whatever it may be, increase, then the fault is not his, but somebody else's whose magic is greater. Every stick and stone in the country is associated with a tradition of some kind. The natives have their own moral code, and they adhere to it more truly, perhaps, than the average white man. Transgressors, too, are very severely punished.

**A
New
Province**

Professor Spencer was thinking more of ethnology than of trade in his travels; but, incidentally, his journey promises to add a new and rich province to habitable Australasia. The central regions of the continent are supposed to be a mere vaster and more arid Sahara, where nothing grows and nothing can live. The Spencer Expedition will help to destroy that unflattering myth.

Professor Spencer saw wide areas of magnificent stock country, which only requires water to make it habitable. And the needful water, the Professor says, can be obtained partly by artesian boring and partly by conservation. There is no finer climate in the world than that of the M'Donnell Ranges. Indeed, the winter in the interior was of the most perfect kind—bright, clear days and cool nights—admirable conditions for a consumptive sanatorium. With its splendid areas of pastoral land, its gold-fields on the M'Donnell and Murchison ranges; and, further north, the valuable copper deposits of the Gulf country, which has also the advantage of a good rainfall, Professor Spencer sees a future full of promise before that vast tract of country lying between the Bight and the Gulf.

If, instead of building up a few crowded cities on the seaboard, we were unlocking the treasures of the interior, there would be a gleam of additional cheerfulness in the outlook for Australia.

**Life
Policies**

Australian character is many-sided, and some very unlike qualities meet and blend in it. On one side the Australian is inclined to be lavish; he is more than half a gambler; he believes devoutly in the "carpe diem" philosophy. On the other side he is curiously prudent, and stores up in savings banks, and insures himself against future risks, with almost pathetic diligence. A return is published, showing the scale to which life assurance societies in Australia and New Zealand have grown. The policies issued by the life insur-

ance companies of Australasia reach £110,000,000 sterling; if to this amount is added the life policies issued by foreign offices trading in the colonies, the total reaches £120,000,000. And this Himalaya of life insurance policies is piled upon a population of less than 5,000,000 people! Australia and New Zealand, it may well be said, are amongst the best insured populations the modern world knows!

Savings

A summary is also published of the amounts invested in the savings banks of Australasia. The total reaches £37,695,236. Of this aggregate New South Wales holds a little more than £11,000,000; Victoria comes next with not quite £10,000,000; New Zealand is third, with £6,638,616. South Australia has the largest amount per head of population; but the figures seem to show that New South Wales is either the richest, or the most saving, of all the Australasian States. It is pleasant to note that the volume of deposits in the savings banks steadily expands. In 1886 these deposits reached £12,376,426; in 1891 they were £17,791,550; in 1896 they had increased to £26,423,110; in 1901 they reached the great total of £37,695,236. It is clear that both in Australia and in New Zealand the savings of the people are steadily increasing.

The Tariff

The Federal tariff is slowly taking shape, and it is expected that by Easter it will emerge from the House of Representatives. Even then its fortunes are uncertain. It has to run the ordeal of the Senate, where the free-traders and the moderate protectionists are strong, and where the debate is sure to be both keen and obstinate. Seldom, indeed, in political history has a tariff been the subject of a fight so obstinate and sustained as in the present case. In most cases there is a fight over the principles of a tariff, and the victory, according as it fell to either side, settled all details. In the case of the Federal tariff, the fight has been almost as keen and obstinate over the last details of the measure as over its opening clauses! If the measure which finally emerges from the House of Representatives be compared with that which Mr. Kingston, with so light a heart, introduced,

it will be seen how effective, on the whole, the criticism of its enemies has been. The tariff as it now stands is much more like that which Mr. Barton promised at Maitland than that which Mr. Kingston first introduced into an astonished Parliament in Melbourne.

In Search of a Capital It is proposed that during the Easter recess the members of the Federal House of Representatives shall start, in turn, on a pilgrimage in search of a capital. Meanwhile the somewhat startling question is raised whether the Commonwealth at the present moment can afford to indulge in the luxury of a brand new capital. The creation of a new capital on some hitherto unoccupied site in the centre of New South Wales is the work of a generation. It means the expenditure of millions; and residence there will, for members of the Federal Houses, be—for the first, at least—a mere form of exile. Why, it is asked, should not the two great rival cities of the continent, Sydney and Melbourne, agree to some compromise; each in turn, for a short term of years, becoming the seat of government? All the machinery of government, including stately Parliament Houses, exist in perfection in both cities. Why might not the Federal Parliament be for a time a migratory body, and pass in turn from one capital to another? Sydney naturally objects to the proposal; Melbourne, also very naturally, is in favour of it. There remains a third party, the general public, on whose shoulders the cost of creating a new city must rest. And as yet the general public has not been heard from on the subject.

Tattersall The duel betwixt the promoter of Tattersall's sweeps and the Federal Government has begun. After March 31 the Federal mail-bags will be closed to all communications addressed to "Tattersall." Tattersall's counter-stroke is both simple and ingenious. He asks his clients to forward him, before March 31, authority to open their letters; and thenceforth to address their letters and remittances to their own names at a certain office in Hobart. The postal authorities may decline to deliver letters addressed to "Tattersall," but

can they decline to deliver letters addressed to a hundred thousand sets of names at a given place in Hobart? The Federal law authorities are meditating over this problem, and are determined not to offer to the world the spectacle of the defeat of the law by an acknowledged and open trick. The Tasmanian Premier, Mr. Lewis, meanwhile, has addressed a strong protest to Mr. Barton. Commonwealth law on this matter, he contends, cannot override State law. In any case, action ought to be arrested until an appeal is made to the High Court. Mr. Barton naturally replies that "the operations of the Commonwealth cannot be brought to a standstill because the High Court is not yet created." The capacity of the Federal Cabinet to effectively administer the law is really at issue in the debate.

Queensland The Queensland elections have come and gone, and the practical effect is to leave the position of parties in that State unaltered. The Labour party has slightly improved its position, but it still counts only 26 members in a House of 72. Mr. Philp comes back with slightly reduced numbers, but still at the head of a decisive, not to say overpowering, majority. Every member of the Cabinet has been returned. Two seats in the metropolis, previously held by the Labour party, have been captured, and the Ministerial vote in the great pastoral electorates in the West has much increased. It is one of the many paradoxes of Queensland politics that in the South, where industry is organised and prosperous, the Labour party is in a minority. The huge but thinly populated electorates of Central and Northern Queensland send to Parliament two Labour members out of every three. The most striking success won by the Labour party during the election was the capture of the two Maryborough seats.

Which Side Wins? Both sides, of course, claim the victory, and loudly protest their complete satisfaction with the issue of the fight. But it must be remembered that, for Mr. Philp, not to be defeated was to triumph. He appealed to the

country as against the Labour party, and he comes back from the contest with a new mandate to govern, and with his opponents—slightly increased in numbers, no doubt, but still—in a hopeless minority. The election leaves unsolved the great paradox of Queensland politics—the fact that the State sends the representatives of one policy into the Federal Parliament, and the representatives of another policy into the State Parliament. The Labour party explains this puzzle by urging that the two Houses are elected on different franchises. The State franchise permits plural voting, the Federal rule is one man one vote. It is very easy, however, to overstate the influence of the plural vote, and the real explanation of the difficulty, probably, is that Queensland chose its Federal representatives, if not in a fit of absence of mind, at least in a mood of carelessness, and quite forgetful of what were the grave issues which hung on that election.

New Zealand

There is a rare pulse of energy and courage in Mr. Seddon's loyalty. He feels a disaster to the Empire as if it were both a misfortune and a dishonour to himself, and is eager to meet it with some prompt counter-stroke. The New Zealand Cabinet has already decided to despatch a tenth contingent to the front, and proposes to spend only three weeks in the operation. This will make 6,000 men who have gone from that single colony to South Africa, a larger proportion, compared with the actual population, than Great Britain herself has sent! As to the quality of the New Zealand contingents, Lord Kitchener's judgment is final. "There are no troops," he declares, "I would rather have under my command than New Zealanders." The Commonwealth Government, on the other hand, keeps its tongue, not to say blade, temper on the whole subject. "We don't know," says Sir John Forrest, "that England wants any more troops, and it will be time enough to give more help when we are asked." This temper, perhaps, can be called "reasonable," but it is decidedly chilly. And against the background

of the Empire the figures of Mr. Seddon and Mr. Barton wear a very different aspect. One stands as the figure of quick-pulsing energy; the other of severely philosophical calm, not to say torpor.

Sea-Defence

The question of Australian sea-defence, as raised two months ago in this "Review" and in the columns of the London "Spectator," is still being keenly debated in England by all sorts of naval authorities, and chiefly in the service journals. Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald stands to his guns. It is good policy for the Empire, he argues, that Australia should train her sons to sea-service; and to that end there might well be a purely Australian section of the fleet in these waters. Sir John Colomb, Mr. Arthur Loring, and the editor of the "United Service Gazette" all contend that the navy of the Empire must be of a single type, with a single flag, and under a single control; and this being so, Australia must be content with a purely cash contribution to her own sea-defence. The British Admiralty ought to do nothing to encourage Australians or New Zealanders to take to the sea in their own persons. But the logic by which this conclusion is reached is of a very limping and one-eyed sort. There might well be the germ of a navy started which should be Australian in type and in personnel, without any sacrifice of the unity of policy and control which the fleet of the Empire at large requires. Those who would forbid Australia or New Zealand to do, for the help of the Empire, on the sea what they have done with so much success on land, are the slaves of a phrase. There must, of course, be a "homogeneous" fleet for the Empire; but that does not mean that the great outlying provinces of the Empire must be denied any personal representation in that fleet. Mr. Barton and Mr. Seddon, when in London, will be consulted by the Imperial authorities on this subject. What Mr. Seddon will say can be guessed. But if they are to reflect Australasian feeling on this subject, both must certainly speak on the lines for which we have contended.

LONDON, Feb. 10.

**Continental
Alliances**

It would almost seem as if the foundations upon which European peace have reposed for a quarter of a century are being removed. Count Bulow startled the Reichstag by treating the Austrian Alliance as if it were a matter of comparative indifference, and at the same time acquiesced cheerfully in Italy's flirtation with France in the Mediterranean. M. Camille Barrere, the French Ambassador at the Quirinal, has adroitly profited by Lord Salisbury's dawdling and indecision to supersede the Anglo-Italian understanding, on which our safety in the Mediterranean has hitherto been held to rest, on a Franco-Italian understanding, by which, in exchange for a free hand in Tripoli, Italy becomes France's very good friend elsewhere. The German Tariff Bill is compelling Austria to consider the possibility of an alliance with Russia. In the Balkan, Russia and Italy are believed to have come to an understanding. Unless this process of decomposition is promptly arrested, we shall soon be face to face with a new political firmament in Europe, in which all former things have passed away, and all things have become new.

**The Return
of the
Empress
to Peking**

The Chinese Empress and her puppet Emperor have at last returned to their desecrated capital, where, to their great delight and surprise, they discovered that the foreign devils had left undisturbed a buried store of £12,000,000, which before their flight they had hidden in the ground. Foreign Ambassadors, our own included, have been haranguing the Emperor, and rumours are once more rife that the Manchurian Convention is to be signed after all. It will take M. Lessar some little time, it may be supposed, before he can command the confidence of the Empress. But on the day when the Empress gets to know M. Lessar as he is, and to trust him as he deserves to be trusted, the Chinese problem will be reduced to its ultimate element of simplicity. Everything seems to point to the creation of a lasting Russian-Chinese understanding, which will leave no door ajar, let alone open, for mischievous intriguers to enter in.

**Unrest in
the Balkan**

The famous monastery of Mount Athos, one of the most celebrated of all the shrines of the Levant, has been destroyed by fire. Greek Orthodoxy and Russian piety will rebuild the edifice which has for many generations been a centre of religious and political propaganda in these parts. Russia will find it easier to rebuild a monastery than to replace a dynasty, and it is possible that the barrenness of Queen Draga is occasioning more trouble at St. Petersburg than the burning of a dozen monasteries. The worry occasioned by Queen Draga's failure to produce an heir enables us to regard Henry VIII.'s marital experiences with sympathetic interest. The Obrenovitch dynasty is played out, and may disappear; but who is to take its place? Karageorgevich, the pretender, is a Parisian boulevardier; his younger brother is a man of a more serious type, but he is too wise to covet the throne of Belgrade. The Servian peoples of Montenegro and Servia could be united under the heroic Prince Nicholas, but the Austrians would dread the effect of the force of political gravitation upon their millions of Servian subjects.

**The
Emergence
of France**

France has now almost regained, if indeed it has not entirely regained, the commanding position which she enjoyed in the palmy days of the Monarchy and the Empire. Until the other day when men talked of Europe they thought always first of Berlin. To-day there are at least as many who think first of Paris. This change has been brought about, first, by the alliance with Russia; but that would have failed to have accomplished much were it not for the studious moderation, cool commonsense, and good neighbourliness of M. Delcasse. The French Foreign Minister has been suave, conciliatory, good-tempered, and he always kept a civil tongue in his head. The emergence of France as once more the first Power in Europe is a welcome reminder that even in diplomatic business, courtesy and honesty pay. Alas! that it should need such lessons as Sedan, Metz, and Paris to inculcate the elementary

duty of keeping a civil tongue in one's head and walking soberly and quietly among our fellow-men.

**The
Opening
of
Parliament**

The King and Queen opened Parliament in due state on January 16.

The King's Speech contained little calling for remark beyond a significant allusion to the Conference seeking the abolition of the sugar bounties, a remark which was held by some to foreshadow a design on Mr. Chamberlain's part to introduce the system of countervailing duties which has long been demanded in the interests of the sugar planters of the West Indies, an estimable body of men, no doubt, but hardly numerous enough to justify the sacrifice of the welfare of all the sugar-consumers of the Empire. The debate on the reply to the Throne in the House of Lords was marked by speeches from Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury, which threw but little light on the situation. Lord Rosebery replied, making pointed enquiries as to whether any peace negotiations had taken place during the Recess, and whether the visit of the Dutch Prime Minister to London had any relation to the War in South Africa. No information was forthcoming on either point, the only important passage in Lord Salisbury's speech being his question, "If the Boers want peace, why don't they ask for it?"

In the House of Commons the speeches on the opening night call

**The
"Lib. Imps"**

for little remark. The first event of interest this Session was the attempt made by the members of the Front Opposition Bench to frame an amendment to the Address which would unite the party and challenge the policy of unconditional surrender. The amendment runs as follows:—

Humbly to represent to your Majesty that this House, while prepared to support all proper measures for the effective prosecution of the war in South Africa, is of opinion that the course pursued by your Majesty's Ministers, and their attitude with regard to a settlement, have not conduced to the early termination of the war and the establishment of a durable peace.

"Supporting all proper measures for carrying the war to a successful close" was introduced to secure the support of Mr. Asquith,

Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane and the handful of men who follow them, who are now popularly known as the "Lib. Imps." The debate was characterised by two incidents, one humorous, the other painful. The humorous feature was supplied by the unexpected advent of Sir William Harcourt, as the exponent and eulogist of Lord Rosebery's Chesterfield programme. The painful episode was Mr. Lloyd-George's attack upon his leader. Mr. Lloyd-George is a very eloquent man, who has done good service in many ways. He never spoke better, partly because he never spoke more briefly, than when he attacked the amendment because of the clause introduced into it for the purpose of getting the vote of the Liberal Imperialists. Mr. Lloyd-George won the enthusiastic and mocking cheers of his inveterate opponents, but he distinctly lost both favour and good understanding in the House and in the country.

**The Cause
of
Ireland**

The afternoon was devoted to a somewhat purposeless and desultory discussion upon British interests in Persia, which left us at the end pretty much where we were at the beginning. Two nights were consumed in the discussion of Mr. Redmond's amendment on the Irish question, which was brought to a close by an emphatic declaration by Mr. Morley in favour of Home Rule. It is evident that the Irish question will bulk very largely in the House this session. It is a question that will not "down." The Irish are united in a disciplined phalanx; they have at their head one of the ablest Parliamentarians of our time; and they are encouraged by the fact that at last the question of compulsory purchase of Irish land has driven a wedge into the hitherto solid group of Ulster Unionists. The Irish Attorney-General made a very significant admission in the debate, that there was no serious crime in Ireland, and yet the Irish Secretary had to defend the revival of the Crimes Act, which had not been put in force in Ireland for nine years. Mr. Morley closed the debate by an

emphatic declaration of his unabated devotion to Home Rule.

The Chesterfield Speech—and after

Immediately after our last number had gone to press, Lord Rosebery's Chesterfield speech appeared with his preface, in which he said that a good deal of spade work must be done if the impression produced by his Chesterfield speech was not to be allowed to evaporate. But the difficulty is that, while we are all ready to place our spades at his disposal, he will not give out any more specifications for the work to be done than those contained in his Chesterfield speech. Now the Chesterfield speech is an immense disquisition de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis. We all swear by it, and every one of us interprets it according to his own wishes. But if Lord Rosebery is going to save his country in this crisis, he must not only be the architect who draws up specifications of work to be done, he must either set the men to work as foreman, or appoint some foreman whom we can recognise as his authorised representative. Meanwhile, as Mr. Gould has wittily remarked in one of his inimitable cartoons, all the various spade men are busily engaged in painting the Rosebery tree different colours, each according to his own taste. Even the common navy is somewhat at a loss as to how he must dig his trench unless there is a foreman on the spot to explain the specifications.

The Coming Coronation

London is already beginning to hum with preparations for the Coronation. The King has definitely decided that he is to be crowned on June 26, and that the procession through London, which will follow the last Jubilee route, will take place on the following day. One amusing and unexpected corollary of the Federation of Australia has been in the discovery of the various Australian Premiers that they are no longer of the same rank as the Premier of New Zealand. The Premier of the Federation of Australia and of Canada and the Premier of New Zealand will attend on the same footing, while the Premiers of Victoria

and New South Wales, Queensland, and South and Western Australia will occupy back seats. Almost every week fresh announcements are made as to the plenipotentiaries who are to attend from foreign countries. Mr. Whitelaw Reid has been once more selected as special representative of the American Republic at a great Royal function. He is very popular with Royalty, and these trips as special plenipotentiary will probably console him for the fact that he has never been the United States Ambassador at the Court of St. James'.

The Belle of the World's Ball

The most notable event of the past month, one of the most significant indications of the trend of the new century, is the sudden decision taken by the Kaiser to send his brother, Prince Henry, on a personal mission to the United States. All the world is a ballroom, in which the various States are perpetually changing and choosing their partners. During the nineteenth century, Columbia, a staid Puritan maiden, sat retired in her Western alcove, a mere spectator rather than a participant in the festive dance of the other guests. But no sooner does the new century dawn than the quondam staid and demure, retiring Puritan maiden undergoes a transformation as great as that of Cinderella in the fairy story, and, leaving her modest retreat, is recognised everywhere as the belle of the ball. All suitors crowd round her, leaving her elderly sister Britannia to meditate mournfully upon the superior charms and attractions of youth. The visit of Prince Henry is but the first of a long series of missions which will leave the Old World for the New, of which let England take good heed.

Prince Henry's Mission

It is curious to note the genesis of this mission. Last year the Kaiser, recognising the fact that the American yacht builders are the best in the world, ordered a racing yacht to be constructed by an American builder. Finding that the anti-American bias of his subjects was introducing some fret into the relations between the Fatherland and the Republic, he caused it to be given out that the ordering of the yacht in America was an indica-

tion of the friendly sentiments with which he regarded that country. Then, at the end of last month, it appears to have dawned upon the Kaiser that there was a possibility of the reunion of the English-speaking races. Almost immediately afterwards the bitter feeling which the Boer War has engendered between England and Germany exploded in the debate in the Reichstag on Mr. Chamberlain's insults. The Kaiser seems to have thought that the circumstances were propitious for the delivery of a great stroke of state policy. He invited Miss Roosevelt to christen his yacht, and by way of adding solemnity to the occasion, he despatched his brother, Prince Henry, with a glittering suite of admirals and other officers, to visit America on the occasion and pay his respects to the puissant ruler of the New World.

To John Bull the attempt of the Kaiser to flirt with a lady whom Mr. Bull was beginning to regard as the destined mistress of his household is not altogether agreeable. No one cares very much to see a rival prosecuting a suit under his own nose; but the rivalries of different suitors, as every experienced matchmaker knows, are often among the most potent influences which bring incipient matrimonial unions to a head. As for the lady, she always prefers to have two strings to her bow, and for a time we may expect to find that America is very much preoccupied with the attentions of a new suitor. John Bull, however, has no intention of abandoning his vantage ground, of which a curious instance has been afforded by Lord Cranborne's answer to Mr. Norman as to the part taken by England in supporting the United States during the Spanish War:—

No communication was made after the war had actually begun, but before the war proposals were made "which seemed to the British Government open to objection as having the appearance of putting pressure on the Government of the United States, and offering an opinion as to their attitude;" and with these overtures they declined to associate themselves.

It is as John Bull grumbled when he saw the beginning of the Anglo-German flirtation: "I don't buy my yachts or send my princes to pay court to your President, but you must never forget how I stood your friend when

you were fighting the Dons." It is a natural grumble, but gratitude is a much more potent force when it is an expectation of favours to come than a reminder of services already rendered, and it would not be well for us to bank too much upon what we did for America during the Spanish War.

The truth is very simple. Lord Salisbury's Government, in 1898, when the war broke out, made no secret of the fact that, although they were willing to unite with the other Powers in friendly offices to avert the threatened war, they would do nothing that was opposed to the wishes of President McKinley and his Ministers. After the war broke out, there was an incipient movement at Vienna in favour of some concerted intervention, but it was promptly nipped in the bud by the bold bluffing of the American ambassador at Vienna, who played the Anglo-American card for all that it was worth, and a good deal more. So adroitly and boldly did he suggest the possibility that Britain and America would act together, that the project was promptly dropped. The United States, therefore, never was confronted by any European coalition, and Lord Salisbury certainly was never put to the ordeal of having to threaten to use the British fleet on behalf of the Americans. While, therefore, we are entitled to such credit as belongs to us for friendly disposition, it is idle to build up upon this the legend of Britannia covering Uncle Sam with her shield while he was engaged in liberating Cuba.

**Prince
Henry's
Mission
and the
Monroe
Doctrine**

Prince Henry's mission, it is declared, is purely of a friendly and personal nature, but it is difficult to dissociate it altogether from the trouble which is brewing between Germany and Venezuela. The Americans made it perfectly clear that if the Germans wish to punish the Venezuelan Republic, by seizing La Guayra, they would not invoke the Monroe doctrine in order to forbid any such punitive expedition, so long as the Germans expressed their readiness to clear out as soon as they had attained their object. For the mo-

ment the Venezuelan question is in abeyance, but it is difficult to think that Prince Henry would cross the Atlantic without taking occasion to inform himself as to the precise limits to which the sentiment of the United States will allow of German intervention in the affairs of South America. The conversations will, of course, be unofficial, but may be none the less important on that account, and it will be well if Germany learns through Prince Henry's mission the wisdom of following the English example and letting Uncle Sam have his own way on the Western Continent.

**The
Isthmus
of
Panama**

The war in Central America continues to rage both on land and on sea, but these battles of cloughs and crows attract but little attention compared with the decision of the

experts at Washington to recommend the construction of the Isthmian Canal through the Isthmus of Panama rather than through that of Nicaragua. Last month opinion was all the other way. It now appears that this was only a matter of bargaining. Uncle Sam did not want to pay more than eight millions sterling for the unfinished canal at Panama, and he therefore made believe very seriously that he would adopt the Nicaraguan route. His calculation proved sound, for no sooner was the Nicaraguan route decided upon than the French syndicate controlling the Panama stock lowered their prices, and consented to sell for ten millions. It is not yet finally settled, but everything seems to point to the fact that the bargain will be concluded, and that if ever the canal is cut, it will be through Panama.



Mr. Bull (A.B.): "Wei-hai-Wei! Don't you be jealous. I ain't going back there again. I'm going to stick to YOU now. Why shouldn't I have a sweetheart in every port? Blow the consequences!"
Russia: "I wonder what he's up to now!"

LITERARY NOTES FOR AUSTRALASIAN READERS.

Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. (Paternoster Row, London) send us a parcel of their publications, admirable as examples of the publisher's art. Froude's "English Seamen of the Sixteenth Century," a well-known classic, appears in covers adorned with galleons in gilt, and is enriched by illustrations which are of great artistic and historic interest.

"Old Ballads in Prose," by Eva March Tappen, is a very felicitous bit of literature. A cluster of old and famous English ballads, which have been recited and sung by English firesides for many generations, are translated into modern English prose with great skill. The experiment is a perilous one, and might easily have failed; but Miss Tappen has a very sure and dainty touch, and has produced a book which will give to modern readers as much delight as these famous ballads, centuries old, gave to the generations of our forefathers.

Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. also send us two well-known tales: Sheehan's "Luke Delmege,"

and Dyson's "Gold Stealers," which they have added to their colonial library.

Messrs. Angus and Robertson (Sydney and Melbourne), send us Henry Lawson's new book entitled "Joe Wilson and His Mates," a cluster of stories redolent of the bush and of the "Never-never country." Mr. Lawson has some claim to be regarded as the Bret Harte of Australia. He does, that is, for the Australian bush much the same work that Bret Harte did for the mining camps of California, and he does it with much the same skill. The "Athenaeum" declares that "Joe Wilson and His Mates" is "a long way the best work Mr. Lawson has yet given us;" and with that judgment we heartily agree.

We have received "On the Down Grade: a Tale of Victorian Life in the '90's," by G. E. Wollaston. Mr. Wollaston gives us a clever study of Australian life and of the human soul acted on by malign forces. The tale is wholesome in tone, the style is lucid and easy, and Mr. Wollaston ought to do good literary work.

Plant-Movement.

A discourse on the movements of plants was delivered at the recent meeting of the British Association by Mr. Francis Darwin, whose father, the great naturalist, first studied this subject. "Popular Science" describes the discourse, and its bearing on vital phenomena as follows:—

A series of photographs showed how the movements of stem and root are normally controlled by the growing tip in all cases, and how the directions of both portions of the plant are kept vertical in spite of disturbing causes. It was also shown that when the growing tip of the stem was "blinded," by covering it with a sheath of tinfoil, the guiding influence of light is abolished. The tip of the stem, or root, acts as a sense-organ, directing the growth at the zone of elongation, which is seated farther back, and corresponds to the motile organ of an animal. The presidential address had expressed the view that the laws of nature could not be interfered with by living matter. The neo-vital school would, in the main, agree with this view. Their assertion is that to describe completely the phenomena of life the notions of chemistry and physics are necessary, but not sufficient. Mr. Darwin emphasised this view by demanding that the phenomena of plant movement should be regarded as psychological; and by describing them in terms of memory and even of consciousness. The issue between the old and the new schools is more clearly drawn. The older school maintain that all the phenomena of life, however unintelligible they may seem, will ultimately be explicable by chemical and physical notions, while their opponents, who emphasise the fact that such notions do not now, certainly, completely explain the phenomena, refuse to bind themselves to prophecies.

The appearance of the Polish monthly magazine, the "Chimaera," marks an epoch in the intellectual life in Poland. It is a high-class literary and artistic Review. Its outer appearance, as well as its contents, present an harmonious and aesthetic whole, the like of which may be sought in vain in Europe. The "Chimaera" collects round it all the greatest and most eminent talents of the Polish younger generation. Besides containing the best productions in Polish literature, the "Chimaera" publishes translation masterpieces of the literary world—for instance, "Axel," a drama of Count de Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Leyer's "Synai," Grabbe's comedies, etc. From English literature it has published Polish versions of Coleridge's "Lay of the Ancient Mariner," and Keats' "Hyperion." All sectarian and political questions are avoided; the "Chimaera" renders homage to beauty and to the aesthetic in the widest sense of the word. The "Struggle with Art" and the "Fate of Genius" are articles of a high philosophical and literary value. The editor, Mr. Lenon Praesmycki (Miriam), is a famous Polish poet and an industrious student of universal literature and art. His essay about Maeterlinck and the Belgian poets is highly appreciated abroad. The paper contains many interesting illustrations of the best artists; the "Chimaera" of the French painter, Gustave Moreau, reproduced in heliogravure, is a real chef d'oeuvre.

THE HUMOUR OF THE MONTH.

The Kaiser's Advice to Prince Henry of Prussia.

When Prince Henry of Prussia set out on his visit to the United States, the Kaiser, of course, expended much rhetorical advice upon him. London "Punch" translates this advice into verse, with very happy effect:—

The Pilgrim Brother.

Henry, as touching your projected cruise,
We now acquaint you with Our further views.
Thus far in Our remarks you may have missed
The usual reference to the Mailed Fist.
That is because you need no more conceal
Beneath the plush an under-pelt of steel;
But some integument you still must wear
To cope with certain customs over there;
Let Us dilate on these, that We may throw
Light on the hemisphere to which you go.

It is a clime where every son of labour
Respects himself as if he were his neighbour;
Where each assumes the style of equal birth,
If he can prove descent from Mother Earth;
Where all, at any hour of any day,
Hold through the Ruler's House a right of way;
Can, by the Constitution's hallowed laws,
Enter at large, with none to give them pause;
Summon the Highest Person in the land
And claim to bring him warmly by the hand.

We mention this, that you may turn your wits
On such precautions as the case admits;
Thus, for receptions, you might well depute
Some princely shape to serve as substitute,
Or even fabricate, by German art,
An automatic dummy for the part,
Constructed to maintain with perfect nerve
A happy mean of affable reserve,
Neither obtrude the Hohenzollern throne,
Nor yet affect a too familiar tone.

As for your martial trappings. We suggest
That you should not employ your very best,
Because they keep a habit, so one hears,
Sprung of a sentiment for souvenirs,
Which lets their women carry off by storm
Outlying portions of your uniform.
But if, dear Henry, they should go too far,
And treat you like that other naval star,
Lieutenant Hobson; if, in fact, they seek
To kiss collectively your cherished cheek,
If natural homage takes this parlous line—
You will unhesitatingly decline;
For though it is not in Our wish to thwart
Any advances of a friendly sort,
This kind you should discourage all you can,
As is becoming in a married man.

Now, in conclusion, Henry. We repeat
This trip of yours is not a private treat;
You go, as we observed but yester-week,
To forge a link in Our Welt-Politik;
Your business is, by captivating hearts,
To bolster up Our tottering Teuton martyrs;

So that our gracious attitude may earn
Something by way of tangible return.
But O be cautious! do not unawares
Become the prey of multi-millionaires!
For you will find among this fertile nation
A tendency toward buying up Creation;
And, as Medusa's petrifying gaze
Converted men to stone in mythic days,
So all that look upon the modern Gorgon,
Are turned into a trust by J. P. Morgan!
If he should tempt you, then, with fearful odds,
To realise Our country's household gods,
O shrink from bartering for ready pelf
Things that are scarce less sacred than Ourselves.
O Henry, do not in a moment's heat
Arrange to pop our precious German fleet!

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's Lament.

Another clever example of "Punch's" political verse is in the form of a New Year's Meditation, after Tennyson, by the Leader of the Opposition:—

NEW YEAR'S EVE

(C.B. makes a Communication.)

If you're restless, do not call me, do not call me, honest John,
I have had a trying Christmas, and the pain is going on;
Do not therefore call me early with a rousing Liberal cheer,
As I'm not so very anxious to salute the glad New Year.

Last night I had a dream, Morley, I often have them now;
I fancied I was sitting with a garland on my brow;
And far across St. James' you could hear the party smile
As its rival sections hailed me where I sat upon the stile.

Oh, merry was our meeting that blessed afternoon!
Our pledges shook the pillars, our waistcoats beat in tune;
It was early in July, John, and our feelings were so warm
As we parted on the threshold of the dear, dear old Reform.

Little guessed the brutal Tories that our tastes would thus combine;
They had pictured many a black, black eye, and none so black as mine;
Yet although on certain trifles we arranged to disagree,
There was only one opinion when it came to crowning me.

Six little, little months ago! It seems so short a time!
What have I done that I should see my roses dashed with rime?
I didn't ask for greatness—I never knew the trick—
The thing was thrust upon me, so I tried to make it stick.

There was Asquith, there was Fowler, there was earnest Edward Grey—
All the talents beaming on me in a most engaging way;
But, excepting you and Vernon (who vaguely keeps apart),

There's scarce a man among them but has rearranged his hair.

No, no, I've not forgotten him; there's little George, of course, Lloyd-George, who wears a helmet like a member of the Force, That genial band that guards the peace from local breach or schism By civil methods so distinct from those of barbarism.

Ah! there's the luckless phrase again I used the other day: I will never, never stoop, John, to explain the words away; They were obviously uttered in the interests of Peace. And I think the Correspondence on the subject ought to cease.

You have doubtless seen, my Morley, how our enemies assign Most unvarratable meanings to a harmless wheeze of mine; Would I libel Mr. Atkins, whom my very soul adores? Why, he stands in my affections only just below the Boers!

I'm so misunderstood, John, though I do the best I can With the aim of being everything to every sort of man; But I fear that I shall finish up, before my time is done, By being absolutely nil to any given one.

It's different with you, John; your principles are high: They call you simply Morley, and you wear a single eye; As for me, I have by nature's gift a double-barrelled name, And circumstances make me wear a face to match the same.

But shifting this and that way on a fence or party-wall Is a kind of calisthenic which begins in time to pall: O the wicked broken bottles, O the wiry barbs of steel That have dealt me horrid punctures very difficult to heal!

They thought that I would perish, shortly after Chesterfield! But, though sorely lacerated, I am not prepared to yield; Some months ago I undertook, if pressed, to pass away: That offer was declined, John, and now I mean to stay!

Nor is it my intention to make a loud ado, Though Rosebery hoists his pennon above his Jingo crew; I care not if he courts the deep, or merely hugs the shore, A private Primrose on the brink—just that, and nothing more.

Still, as a fact, and strictly between us, gentle John, I could wish a softer surface than the one I sit upon; And that is why I deprecate a rousing Party cheer In connection with the advent of the so-called glad new Year.

O. S.

Mr. Dooley on the Approaching Coronation.

Mr. Dooley, for the joy of American readers, has been distilling a few drops of pure humour on the approaching coronation:—

"I tell ye," said Mr. Dooley, "they won't be enough iv th' first families left in this counthry this summer to make a scandal."

"Wher'll they be?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"They'll be in London," said Mr. Dooley. "They're all goin' over to see th' coronation iv King Edward.

Whin that proud monarch is declared iv Great Britain, Belfast, and certain wards iv Londonderry, King—whin he comes out an' takes th' oath of office an' puts on th' crown an' begins his inaggurial address, he'll look down on a set iv upturned American faces, an' I won't blame him. Every scow that crosses th' drink is loaded down with them. They are firin' th' British aristocracy out iv their proud but unheated homes. Whin th' big doin's comes off, I wudden't be surprised if ye found many an honest American heart batin' behind an ermine robe.

"Ye see, we've got to do these things, Hogan tells me, because we're a wurruul power. A wurruul power, d'ye mind? Whin we was less iv a power an' thought ourselves more, whin we were restricted to our own back yard an' niver had throuble with annywan but whin he came over th' fince, it didn't make anny diff'rence to us whether th' coronet was wore on th' front or back of th' hair, or carrid in a valise. A Prsident iv th' United States was swore in as though he was a Pole wantin' to cast his first vote. Him, an' th' man before him rode up to th' Capitol, followed be a procession of naygurs, th' Chief Justice ast him if he felt competit to hold th' job, an' he said he did, he made a speech that had been printed in th' mornin' papers fr th' last time, an' wint over to th' White House an' had his bed made up.

"In thim happy days, whin we were sthugglin' to th' front, a King seldom came this way. Wanst in a while a naygur potinate wud slip up fr'm th' South Sea Islands, but we niver paid much attintion to him. I mind well when King Calico came here fr'm th' Sandwich Islands an' stopped at th' Grand Passyfic Hotel. A comity iv citizens was appinted to fix up an intertainment fr him. They decided to give him a poker party.

"But now, be hivens, ivry other day we're threatened with Kings. Down in Wash'n'ton, they tell me, there's a buildin' full of clerks figurin' out how to rayceive royalty. Ye'd think it was an aisy job. All that annywan would expict wud be, 'Good mornin' King,' or 'How-do, Kaiser,' or 'How's thricks, Impor?' But 'tis not so. No, sir: if th' Prsident was to make wan small blunder, if he was to tap th' Impror on th' shirt stud wher on'y a King shud be tapped, we'd have a European war on our hands before nightfall. Sure! Suppose they're all settin' in th' parlour an' th' hired girl comes in an' rinns th' bell fr dinner. Ye'd say ivrybody out to th' viands as soon as he can, th' man that paid fr th' food first, an' maybe a fight or two in the dureway. Not at all. Be no means.

"First, th' King or Impror, thin fifteen minyits later th' sub-King, thin th' fam'ly iv th' King, thin anny morganatic relations, thin th' staff, an' so on. In th' dinin'-room ye'er idee is haste to th' place nearest th' duck. Wrong. No wan must set down till th' King sets. Thin wan be wan down th' line accordin' to rank. Th' rankest down first. Afther th' dinner no scramble fr th' rockin'-chair an' th' place near th' stove. Out as ye come in—King, Prince, Jook, Earl, Landgrab, Von, Excellency, slob. Wher's th' Prsident? In th' panthry, doin' the best he can.

"Ivry day some fine point comes up. Supposin' th' King asts himself to th' house, is it better to go out before or afther he comes? How shud a Missouri Congressman approach His Majesty on his hands an' knees or through th' window? Shud th' Secrety iv State speak before he is spoken to or afther, or not at all? If th' Impror is caught slippin' a king out iv th' deck, shud th' fact be mentioned thin or whin ye have played th' ace fr'm th' sleeve? Shud th' Prsident an' Cabinet back away from th' Rile Fam'ly on'y as far as th' sthret or to th' city limits?

"No wan knows what th' horrible raysult iv a fluke might be. I was readin' a thragic story in th' pa-pers th' other day, an' I want to tell ye about it, so ye can advise ye'er daughter in case e'er a King come out this

far. A certain King that is now, I won't say who he was, because I might be locked up, but whin he was Prince of Wales, he see a beautiful American woman in a German city where th' rich an' fash'n'able go to get their first drink iv water, an' he attempted f'r to make an impression on her. He tried all his arts, whistlin' at her on his fingers, callin' out, 'Hi, there, haven't ye forgot somethin'?' givin' her th' eye, an' so on; but she was a pure American woman be birth, an' she didn't see him. He niver got within miles iv her. He sint her prisints—flowers, a dog, a dimon' necklace, a tank iv goold fish, a horse, a volume iv pomes, an' a camel's hair shawl. No answer! He put a pers'nal in th' pa-aper, sayin' that a young an' attractive Prince wud like to meet th' handsome young American lady who caught his eye with a catsup bottle at th' hotel dinner-table. It was no good. Thin he was forced to take determined action. He asked her to come to dinner with him, an' in a ragal manner sint another invitation to her husband, rayquestin' him to give that night to th' family—his own at home. An' th' poor foolish woman rayfused. Says she, 'Not without Fred,' she

says; an' she wudden't go. Well, sir, wud ye believe it?—there it is in th' pa-aper in black and white—twenty year after whin th' Prsident appointed th' son iv this varchous but seary lady to go over an' see this here King crowned, th' King almost rayfused to lave him come. He surely wud have rayfused if he cud raymimber th' name, but his life has been busy. It's not sure that Reginald Willieboy can get in yet. His father was up to th' White House yisterdah to see whether 'twud be nessery f'r him to be adopted into another fam'ly. Think iv it! Think what simple people we was in thim days, an' how foolish! Thank goodness, times has changed. It cudden't happen now. But it on'y goes to show, Hinmissy, how nessery it is f'r us, not on'y as a nation iv raypublicans, but as indivyduols, to keep a close tab on th' customs iv riety. We get better ivry day, an' th' coronation 'll be a long jump ahead."

"Will ye be in Westminsther Abbey in June?" asked Mr. Hennessy, mockingly.

"Not if I live," said Mr. Dooley.

There will shortly be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin a book by Mr. Alfred Stead, dealing with the most recent of first-class nations—Japan. Under the title of "Japan To-day" Mr. Alfred Stead deals comprehensively with the present condition of the country and its people. Marquis Ito has written an important introduction for the book.

Scotsmen who are proud of their countrymen's international achievements will find much to interest and delight them in a paper in "Gentleman's" by W. C. Mackenzie, entitled "The Scot Abroad." Despite their foreign disguise, the writer finds Macphersons in the Swedish Persens, Cuthberts in Colbert and Joubert, MacCrone in Cronje.

The January number of "St. George," a quarterly published in connection with the Ruskin Society of Birmingham and the Ruskin Union of London, contains an interesting article on Dante and Botticelli by John Oliver Hobbes; and Mr. D. S. Riddoch contributes a notice of the Pre-Raphaelite Art at the Glasgow Exhibition.

It is a happy indication of the higher possibilities of the pictorial periodical when in the same month we find magazines, otherwise so different as the "English Illustrated" and "McClure's," devoting their pages to the reproduction of the two greatest old masters. "Murillo in Madrid," by S. L. Bensusan, glorifies the English journal with ten copies of the great painter's pictures. To the American journal Mr. John La Farge contributes a study of Raphael's life and work. Nine

of his masterpieces are reproduced on specially tinted paper, the whole forming a sort of magazine de luxe. Another example of this literary luxury is furnished by "Harper's" in an elegant reproduction on special paper of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," with seven full-page illustrations by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.

The Twentieth Century promises to make even heavier demands on the imagination than even the nineteenth with all its procession of scientific marvels. Mr. Walden Fawcett in "Harper's" writes on the "Successors of the Telephone," and goes on to describe a breath-taking series of sequels to Edison's revolutionary invention. He sketches the electograph which can despatch pictures at the rate of one inch a minute; the telephonograph which automatically records and reproduces telephonic conversations 2,000 times, if you will, from a single record; the wireless telephony of Prof. Collins, which transmits spoken words great distances through the ground without the use of a connecting wire; messages telephoned without wire, across the Delaware river—a distance of fully a mile; Dr. Pupin's coils at frequent intervals in a submarine cable, which so strengthens the tones transmitted that men will be able to talk across the ocean quite distinctly; Dr. Gray's wireless telephony under water; and Col. Heap's topophone, a device for enabling observers to hear and to locate sounds otherwise inaudible through distance. The whole article constitutes a most vigorous exercise in the imaginative faculty.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.



OUR PARLIAMENTARY INDIANS PREPARING FOR THE WAR-PATH.

"Little Men" plainly means business, to the horror of the "H. P.," leader of the "H. P.,"

Dr. A. B. B. B. B.

C. B. L. G. G. G.

H. P. P.

M. P. P.

F. P. P.

R. P. P.

A. P. P.

B. P. P.

C. P. P.

S. P. P.

(By permission of the proprietors of "London Punch.")



*His Majesty presses the button and the
Parliamentary Marionettes do the rest.*

BRITISH CARICATURE.



THE IRRECONCILABLES.

Tweedledee (Sir H. C-mph-l-l-B-nn-rm-n): "We must have a bit of a battle."

Tweedledum (Lord R-s-b-ry): "Let's fight till half-past one, and then have lunch."

The simple facts connected with a recent interview . . . are that Sir H. C-mph-l-l-B-nn-rm-n, "passing through town, called on Lord R-s-b-ry. "His Lordship being out at the time, on his return sent Sir H. C-B, an invitation to lunch, which was accepted. As two other guests were present there was no conversation of political significance, and immediately after luncheon Sir Henry left to catch his train."—"Daily Telegraph."



THE BRITANNIA FANCY HAIR-DRESSING COMPETITION;

Or, "Methods of Barber-ism.

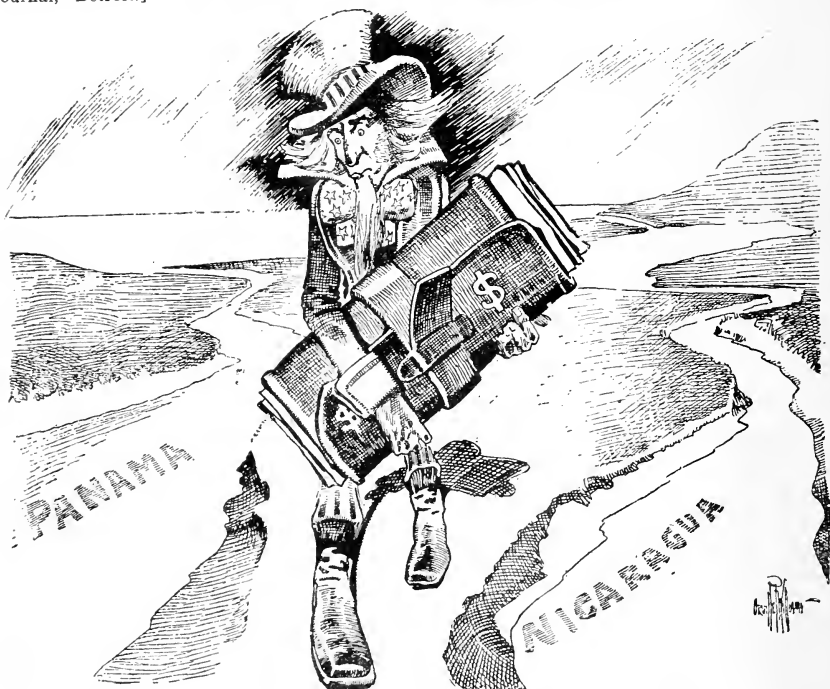
The Second Annual Exhibition of the Hairdresser's Art was given at the Portman Rooms on Tuesday Evening."—"Daily Graphic,"

(By permission of the proprietors of London "Punch.")

BRITISH CARICATURES.

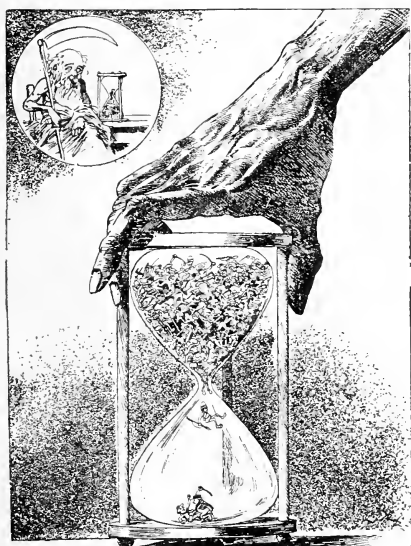


Journal," Detroit.] John Bull: "Back, impostor! I am the real friend!"



Herald," Boston.]

In Which Ditch Will He Sink the Wallet?



Octave Uzanne, the well-known critic of Parisian life and manners, declares Paris is destined, ere long, to lose its renown in the matter of feminine dress, since the French woman's costume is rapidly approaching the convenience and hygienic character of the masculine attire.



From the Bookman

"A MAN OF MARK."
SAMUEL L. CLEMENS



ALL CANE.—*Harper's Weekly*



From Harper's Weekly

SARAH GRAND AND MERE MAN
"A RAPID FIRE POETE"



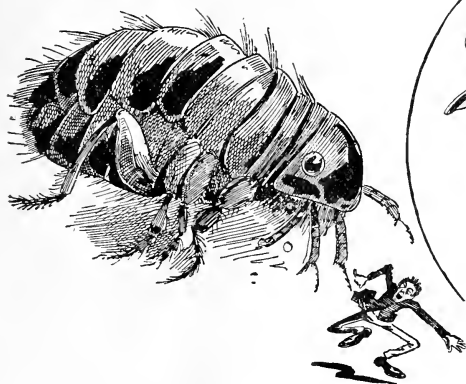
JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER.
By Ernest Haskell.



ENGLAND'S POET LAUREATE.



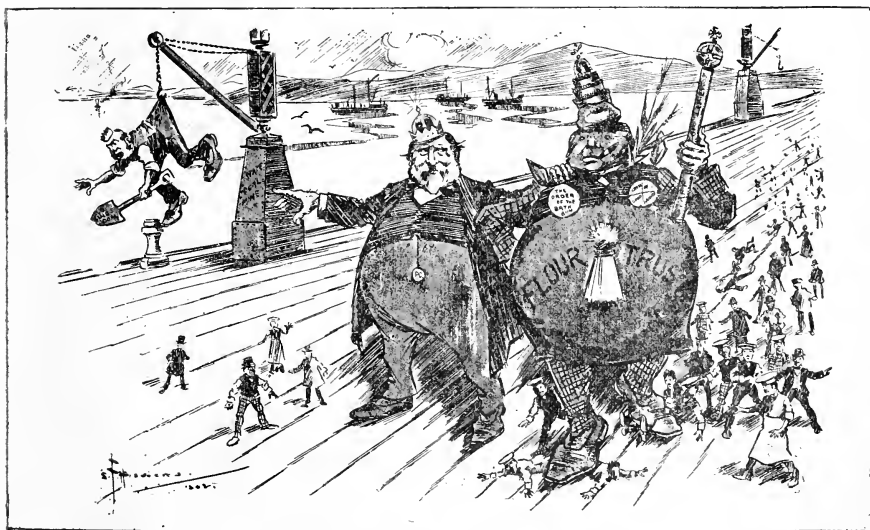
GEORGE MEREDITH.
By Max Berbohm.



"Bulletin."]

How a Flea Looks to a Sydney Man Just Now.

One Way of Killing Rats.



"Free Lance."]

A NEW ZEALAND QUESTION.

King Dick: "Look here, my fine fellow, you can't be allowed to walk rough-shod over the people of this colony. I'm looking after the show just at present, and unless you keep on your best behaviour I'll have you lifted out of the way like your mate over yonder. Just say the word, and out you go."



"Bulletin."]

THE MOTHERLAND'S MISALLIANCE.

"London, February 12.—The Foreign Office has announced the conclusion of a treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Japan."

Britannia: "Now, my good little son, I've got married again; this is your new father. You must be very fond of him."

ONE VIEW OF THE JAPANESE TREATY.



"Arena."]

WHAT IS THE KANGAROO GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?



"Free Lance."]

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE TREATY.

John Bull (to John Jap): "Put it there, my little mate. Your colour may be a bit dusky, but you're a white man at heart. If the swabs inside want to shut this open door into China they've got a pretty tidy weight to haul against. And if it comes to a tug of war, well, we'll see them through it."

ANOTHER VIEW.

CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT.

Public Opinion in Queensland.

"Fair Play" (Crow's Nest, Queensland) writes:—

"In your issue of January 20, 1902, referring to Mr. Philp's utterance re the Kanaka Bill, you state that 'all Australia will watch keenly, when March comes, to see the true mind of Queensland express itself.' Now if Mr. Philp does win a decisive victory at the polls, it will be no guarantee that the people of Queensland are opposed to the Kanaka Bill, or that our Federal representatives will be left in the air. The coming elections will be carried out under an old worn-out electoral law that should have been buried years ago with the veterans who framed it; a law by which it is possible for one man to possess a vote in every electorate in Queensland; and as there is to be a polling place in Brisbane for every electorate in the State, it will be just as possible for him to record them. As is well known, there are hundreds whose names appear on several rolls; you will therefore see that there would be no common fairness in trying to refute the decision given in favour of the 'Bill' at the Federal Elections, by the result of the poll on March 11 next. The Federal Elections were conducted under a fair and impartial franchise, by which the voices and opinions of men were recorded, and not the corner pegs of (in many cases) unimproved allotments.

"If Mr. Philp wishes to get a true expression of the opinions of the people of this State on the Kanaka question, why does he not go to the country on the same terms under which our Federal representatives were elected? Then if he is returned to power (let his majority be ever so slight) I have not the slightest doubt that the most ardent supporters of the Kanaka Bill will meekly submit."

A Citizen Navy for Australia.

"Lieutenant N. R." writes from South Australia on this subject:—

"This question is one which is gradually assuming importance from an Imperial as well as from an Australian point of view, and our press generally have written in favour of an Australian Navy, rather than a cash contribution only. Some leading admirals at home have agreed with all that Dr. Fitchett has written in the London 'Spectator'; while, on the other hand, the admiral on the station has gone for an increased subsidy and better ships. In the writer's opinion, as well as in that of many more Australians, we should commence the nucleus of an Australian naval force, training them on board, by short periods of annual training during our slack season, say May, June, July, and August, during which period the ships would be in active commission, and in reserve the remainder of the year; that is, the permanent force, just sufficient to keep the ships' machinery and guns in order; the other eight months they would be out of commission, and in reserve.

"The period of annual training should not be less than six weeks, and, being in the slack season, there would not be any difficulty in obtaining the men. This system would best suit the men themselves, who are entitled to some consideration in the matter, and the economy of the system would suit Australian taxpayers, who, in return, would have this money expended in Australia. It may be asked how many ships would be required to drill the reserves of the six States of Federated Australia. In my opinion three would be sufficient: one ship to serve two colonies—one for Victoria and Tasmania, one for Queensland and

New South Wales, and one for South and Western Australia. The next consideration is, what are the class of vessels required for this service. They should be modern vessels, with the best description of Q.F. rifled guns, say one 8 in. bow gun; four 6 in. broadside; and one 6 in. stern gun, the latter mounted so as to be available for broadside firing. These vessels should also have a speed of at least 18 knots, and should be ready for taking their place in the fighting line at, say, seventy-two hours' notice. The coal capacity need not be very great, and they should be shallow vessels; say, when ready for sea, 15 ft. The Protector, South Australia's gunboat, although her guns require altering to Q.F., and chase hooping, would serve the colonies of South and Western Australia for a short time longer, so that, as a commencement, two vessels only would be required for a start; the third vessel being obtained when the Protector was declared unfit for service.

"Now, instead of getting better ships on the station, at an increased cost, would it not be better to provide two ships of the above description, and eventually a third one, for drilling or training purpose?—for these vessels would be, really, reserve ships, the mother country to find the ships and guns, and the colonies to find the men and stores, in lieu of which, three of the auxiliary squadron could be ordered home. England would save money, as well as Australia, in this arrangement. The cost of sending relief crews out, and time-expired officers and men home would thus be obviated, and the vessels would be available for defence in case of war.

"One weighty reason for having the management of our training vessels in our own hands is that there is a great and growing necessity for finding employment for the boys of our poor and middle-class people, and the increasing number of lads in our cities and seaports, who, owing to that lack of employment, may gradually drift into the vicious or larrikin class.

"Now, naval training is just what is required to mould the character of lads of this kind, and assist to make them good seamen, gunners, and good citizens, and help towards the raising of a body of Australian-born sailors, that may be depended upon in the hour of need (if it ever comes) to do as good work at sea as our Bushmen have done on shore in South Africa, in preference to seeing our Australian merchantmen manned by aliens.

"The permanent staff in each colony would consist of a small staff of instructors and captains of the guns, under the officer commanding, whose duty would be to keep the ship, machinery, and guns in order while in reserve.

"The subject is a large one, and a very important one for Federated Australia and New Zealand, and is one that should be carefully studied by our statesmen in all its bearings, especially the one mentioned above, the necessity of encouraging a love of sea service in our young folks, with a view of miles of coast-line, with trade along our thousands of miles of coast-line, with our own people. And while doing this for ourselves, we are also preparing a body of seamen, gunners, stokers, engineers, etc., which some day may be of as much benefit to the Empire as our Bushmen have proved to be in South Africa, and be a source of strength to the Empire.

"Let the English Government and the English Admiralty assist in building up in Australia and New Zealand a race of fighting seamen, of one blood and one language, available for defence in the hour of need, and more reliable than aliens; an Australian squadron of King's ships which would be bound to assist the mother country in the hour of need, and

would not require a treaty or agreement to do so, like the one recently entered into with Japan.

"South Australia's seventeen years' experience in training her reserves, and the system employed, has probably given better results, economy and efficiency considered, than any other system, and will compare favourably with the reserve system of Great Britain. This system, which only gives about twenty-eight days' annual training, and of which ten to fourteen days are only spent at sea, is scarcely long enough; and for this reason I have suggested a six weeks' or forty-two days' drill period, as likely to give better results."

Sandow's "Magazine of Physical Culture."

Mr. Ernest Goss, the manager of "Sandow's Magazine," writes from London:—

"In your December issue, in an article entitled 'The Physical Improvement of the Race,' you mention that Mr. Sandow 'inspires, if he does not actually edit, a monthly magazine called "Health and Strength." As such a statement is likely to do harm to "Sandow's Magazine of Physical Culture," published by himself, I should be glad if you would kindly correct the misstatement in your next issue. "Sandow's Magazine of Physical Culture," I may mention, was the first magazine issued to promote the cult of physique amongst the masses, and although it has several imitators, yet it still maintains its premier position. Mr. Sandow has had occasion, recently, to deny having any connection with any other publication than that bearing his own name."

The Missing Virtue in Australian Finance.

On this subject "Tasmanian" writes from Hobart a very emphatic letter:—

"With the strongest possible emphasis, I would reiterate what you have been so forcibly impressing upon the people of Australia for some time past, your condemnation of the career of financial folly and madness upon which these colonies have embarked.

"The immediate and active cause which will bring about the ruin and dismemberment of Turkey, it is said, will be financial; but Turkey is an old country, with an effete and corrupt government; it will die the death in the ordinary course of nature, to be dismembered and absorbed by younger and more vigorous nations. But what shall we say of a young nation, only just, so to speak, 'come of age,' with boundless resources, and all the world before her, tempting Fate by the recklessness with which she is piling up debt; who enters upon the race of nations, self-handicapped, with the greatest load of debt of any people on the planet?

"And what should be the mainspring of advancement and progress of such a country as Australia, with capacity to carry a population of 500—maybe 1,000—millions, if the central regions can be, as they probably will be, in the advance of science, made habitable and productive?—a question of water supply which probably exists below the surface. Why, certainly, it should be to offer to the young, hardy, and adventurous an appropriate sphere for the employment of his energies, with the result of an all-sufficient reward in a high standard of living and education, a comfortable home, and a reasonable prospect of ease and competency in his old age. And what are we doing? Prematurely exhausting our resources, continually anticipating and drawing upon the future, and making of this magnificent continent the most onerously taxed country in the world. As a consequence of waste, bad government, and the policy recently adopted, our people are actually leaving our shores.

"It will be vain to hope that progressive development and increase of population will bring things straight again, for the borrowing spirit—like the gambler's—outstrips all that. Surely there must be deep unwisdom where, not only is the would-be immigrant re-

pelled, but our Australians are driven away to other lands.

"Our statesmen (?) seem to be engaged in the very delectable occupation of cutting open the goose! You, Mr. Editor, are entitled to the warmest thanks of every patriotic Australian for the strong protests you are entering against this mad policy. The cry must be 'Retrenchment, and no more borrowing.' We must work out our own salvation. We must make the country attractive to the new settler. We must reduce, substantially, the expense of government.

"As for the State Parliaments, abolish the Councils, and reduce the representative bodies to a membership of, say, twenty or twenty-five at the most, to sit in session annually for a limited period of two months, with free railway passes, and an honorarium of £100 each. For State Governors, substitute election for nomination, so that our own citizens may attain the post, and, like the mayoralty, without emolument. This office is little more than ornamental, and plenty of suitable men could be found who would accept it for the honour. In all departments of State, over-manning, favouritism, and over-pay (i.e., beyond the market value of the services) should be put an end to. For the existing debt, every opportunity must be taken to reduce the interest—a sound financial condition would greatly help—and on reconversions, terminal annuities substituted. We must work our way upwards, on the good old maxim of 'making the land build the ditch.'

"Another thing we have got to do is what New Zealand is already doing, correct the original mistake of scattered settlement, and substitute close settlement. Surely all the elements of weakness attach to the former, while those of strength gather round the latter; and this, the primal mistake, has involved us in the most of our borrowing.

"These proposals may seem drastic, but the disease is desperate. It is a very unpleasant operation; but it must be gone through with if we wish to avert disaster. And I take it to be the bounden duty of our statesmen to see to it that our country holds out the inducements of a good home and substantial prosperity to all eligible persons."

Federal Patent Law.

"Engineer" (Melbourne), who has some claims to be regarded as an expert on this subject, writes:—

"I have read with considerable interest Mr. Collison's contribution, in your February issue, on Federal Patent Law, and as the subject is of paramount importance, desire to supplement Mr. Collison's remarks. From various sources we have heard the tidings that a Federal Patent Bill will be submitted to Parliament early next session, and it is a matter of the deepest concern that the Federal Patent system, and the Act giving effect to that system, shall be the acme of matters Patents. In the new step that we, as a people, have taken in federating, professedly for a common benefit, a magnificent opportunity presents itself for the avoidance of snares and pitfalls, and the establishment of such a system of legislation, gleaned from ripened experience, as will prove a profound blessing to inventors, manufacturers, and the public alike.

"The official funeral silence that overhangs that great sarcophagus, a Government Patent Office, where the results of other people's labours rest, forms a pall that affords shelter, too often what may prove a benign shelter for deeds that do not win an empire. Only within the last fortnight a striking illustration was afforded in the Victorian courts of what may be done, as witness the notorious Byronite case.

"Last year, during the Duke and Duchess of York's visit, a certain convention sat in Melbourne, on patent matters. It would be interesting to know the conclusions and recommendations arrived at, for it is well known that that gathering of magi took no evidence at all. Those whose experience and require-

ments were worthy of consideration, the merchants, manufacturers, engineers, etc., the builders of our commercial fabric, were not invited to express their views; whilst the very men, the Government Examiners, whose position—a thoroughly disinterested one, unblinded by monetary interests—whose years of active service and intimate acquaintance with the intricacies and difficulties of law, and whose evidence, therefore, from the very nature of their duties, must be of great value, and entitled to serious consideration, were never approached for that which they, par excellence, are in a position to give. To all this, common sense asks Why? Echo answers Why? The outcome of that convention the public do not know, but clearly Mr. Collison is not at all satisfied, and possibly not without substantial reason.

"What, it may well be asked, is really wanted? We do not want a 'system' with only one side to it, a 'system' that on testing will prove only a delusion and a snare. We do not want a law clothed in subtle language, adorned with the gold of the poor, or the silver of the needy, a glittering embroidery that serves to obscure the rottenness beneath, and more becomes the lackey than the laird. We do not want either a 'system' or legislation that will advance the interests of any one section of the community.

"We do want a 'system' that will hold out genuine inducement, encouragement, and protection to inventors and the public alike. We do want a clear and liberal, yet a comprehensive law. We do want men of experience, ability, and training to administer that law. By all means let the subject be enquired into by a Royal Commission; but let the work be done thoroughly. The result should justify Mr. Collison's suggestion.

"We want the best, naught else, so that Australia may lead the way in industrial prosperity. Such can only be obtained by making the fullest enquiry, securing the highest and most reliable evidence, and on that foundation to raise up a monument to Australasian intelligence, conducted on business principles and sound common sense."

The History of Sweeps.

"A Fou Fortune" writes on this subject, from Tasmania, as follows:—

"Regarding the remarks made on the stopping of sweep advertisements, an Act was passed in England, in 1836, imposing a penalty of £50 for advertising lotteries in the newspapers, an Act being also passed that the then pending Glasgow lottery should be the last, in 1834. Lotteries were abolished by George IV., and the last drawn on October 18, 1836, in England, I suppose. Even as late as 1892 the Missing Word Competition was condemned by Sir John Bridge, at Bow-street, as a species of lottery, and several persons were fined. This sentence was confirmed by Mr. Justice Stirling, and he decided that the £26,628 which had been paid into court, should be returned to Mr. Pearson (of 'Pearson's Weekly'), to be distributed by him to the claimants, to whom the court could give no help, as the affair was illegal. I take it that after March 31 it will likewise be illegal for anyone to send money to Tattersall's, Hobart, for sweep tickets. Lotteries first originated in Florence about 1530, and became legalised in France in 1539. They were suppressed in France, 1793 and 1836. They were prohibited by Pope Benedict XIII. (1724-30), and sanctioned by Clement XII. (1730-40). The first lottery mentioned in English history took place in 1569, day and night, at the western door of St. Paul's Cathedral. It contained 40,000 'lots,' at 10s. each lot, the prizes being pieces of plate. The profits were for repairing the harbours. The first art union in Britain was established at Edinburgh, and to the art union of London, for the year 1876, £20,932 subscriptions were received, falling to £15,586 in 1877, through depression of trade."

Are the Famous New Zealand Terraces Finally Lost?

On this subject, Mr. Ernest d'Esterre writes: "The year 1886 will ever be memorable in the history of New Zealand, as it marks the loss of those delicate, perfect, marvellous creations of nature, the Pink and White Terraces. Long have we mourned their loss, and we have looked back with sorrow on that awful night when the muffled drums of Tarawera beat their thundering strokes on to the quivering air, when the mighty geysers gave forth their bugle calls, and the heavens looked darkly down upon the fearful work, while, with one grand, terrible crash, the artillery of nature fired its requiem volley, and our glorious jewels were taken from our sight. But now, like the far-off gleam of dawn in a black sky, comes a faint, far hope that our marvellous Terraces were not destroyed, but only buried from our sight by an all-loving nature to save them from the vengeance of Tarawera in its devilish rage, and the world has gone through the land, and the people, half expectant, half doubtful, await a bold move that hope may spring high. When last in Auckland, I was much impressed by the attitude of the people there on the question. They were loth—indeed, many refuse—to believe that their Pompeii was destroyed beyond hope of restoration. The hope is based on the idea that the Terraces were simply buried beneath a vast accumulation of mud and other material which could be sluiced away; and it must be acknowledged there is considerable ground for this belief. Some considerable time has elapsed now since I last stood on the slopes of Tarawera, but the scene is still very fresh in my mind. The great rift in the mountain side extends in a north-easterly direction, while Lake Rotomahana lies to the south-west. Everywhere was the evidence of the awful destruction on that memorable night; but the mighty agency which had caused it was quiescent, as though calmly exulting over its demoniacal work. It will be known by New Zealanders generally that the terrific eruption of Tarawera was directly the result of the draining out of the waters of Rotomahana through a fissure in the lake bed, and that the lake, after the awful convulsions of nature had ceased, was empty. But it is not so generally known that Lake Rotomahana, which has again come into existence, is much larger and deeper than the former lake, and is rather over a hundred feet above its original position. Many aver that the White Terraces were blown away by the eruption through the volcanic rift running through the lake; but the fissure which ran through the lake bed was the cause, not the effect, of the eruption, and the volcanic activity found its vent in the great rift to the north-east. Enough ash, scoria, cinder, and other kindred material was thrown from the mountain to bury the Terraces five or six feet deep, and a hill of over a hundred feet was created between Lakes Tarawera and Rotomahana, which had previously been on practically the same level, and Maori canoes could traverse the channel connecting the two lakes.

"Now, it is to the Maoris we must turn for authentic records of the eruptions, and I find amongst the natives no idea of Lake Rotomahana having been blown up. On the contrary, the Maoris state that there was no volcanic action at the lake; it was all on the other side. They say that for hours before the eruption the countless geysers all around the lake were playing with abnormal force, and geysers which had been in a state of quiescence for years suddenly broke out again, shooting steam and boiling water hundreds of feet into the air. If this was so, where but from the waters drained from the lake did the thermal vents find the immense supply necessary to account for the great outbursts of water and steam? These geysers are what might be termed safety-valves, and it was from them that the steam, generated by the thermal heat, escaped. It would be contrary to the laws of nature to suppose that the steam thus generated would not escape by the vents giving the least resistance, viz., the natural blow-holes, and would exert its energy against the infinitely greater resistance afforded by the bed of the lake. I

have no doubt but that all the eruptive force was directed against the weakest part of the mountain—the north-east, where the great rift appears. Now, I cannot doubt but that the White Terrace was overwhelmed with ash, mud, scoria, etc., from the mountain, and buried safe from harm, for the water action has now brought a portion of the lost formation into view. Then, again, the old Pink Terrace crater can be seen by anyone who chooses to row out on Lake Rotomahana, and the water is most decidedly warm just over the spot where the Pink Terraces existed, so there seems no reason to doubt that the old crater is still faithfully performing its labour of love in giving forth the waters which from time immemorial had gradually built up the marvellous, dainty, and yet majestic terrace. There is thermal activity all around, and presumably the action still goes on beneath the water, which is 400 ft. deep now in some parts. It seems to me that Rotomahana, which before lapped the feet of the Terraces, fearing harm to her beautiful children from the anger of Tarawera, had, as soon as her life-blood commenced to return, enshrouded her charges in her own great bosom.

From the height of Rotomahana above Tarawera Lake, it is evident that the most practicable method of exploration would be to drain Rotomahana Lake down into Tarawera, thus leaving the site of the Terraces exposed, when an exhaustive examination might be made. It would be only necessary to cut a small channel; the weight of the water, once it gained an outlet, would soon force a deep passage. Assuming Rotomahana to have been drained and the sites of the treasures located, the covering of ash, etc., could be removed by sluicing with a moderate pressure of water supply. But the operation would necessarily require considerable caution, in order to avoid damage to the delicate silica.

"Of course, this is basing an argument on mere supposition; but that supposition has some reasonable ground to support it, and, in fact, the belief that the beautiful terraces still exist and are almost intact is so strong in the Auckland and Rotorua districts that many persons there are agitating for the formation of a committee to institute some practicable scheme whereby some indication may be gained as to whether there is a possibility of restoration or not. I think it is quite a feasible project; and New Zealanders, and, indeed, the world at large, would rejoice to see the restoration of those wonderful, sparkling, radiant formations, which, immense in their conception, were yet finished with Saracenic delicacy.

"Even at the worst, and supposing the Terraces were destroyed beyond recognition, the clearing away of the accumulated material would enable the tireless craters to resume their faithful labour, and the generations as yet unborn would inherit new, and perhaps even more marvellous, Pink and White Terraces."

The Noumea Consulship.

A Noumea subscriber writes indignantly on the subject of the recent appointment (acting) to the Noumea Consulship, Mr. Reichenbach, who is German by birth and a Frenchman by naturalisation, has been appointed Acting British Consul in Noumea. "We don't want," says our correspondent, with more wit than courtesy

"German sausage, with a French label, done up in a British envelope"! Our correspondent sends the copy of a petition on this subject from British subjects residing in New Caledonia to Mr. Barton. The appointment is described as "a hardship and a slur on our British nationality, and also prejudicial to our interests with regard to the commercial and political relations we hold with the New Hebrides Islands. . . . This is the third occasion in which a non-British subject has been named to act in a similar capacity. Such appointment we look as a slight on the British community here, and detrimental to its interests, more especially at the present moment, when the burning question of the New Hebrides is so prominently figuring before the public in Australia—a nomination which we consider as humiliating to us as British subjects, and which is openly commented on by our French neighbours. We think, and justly so, that the person representing His Majesty's Government at so important a place as New Caledonia should, as a *sine qua non*, be a British subject and an independent official, as he might at any moment be called upon to act in the interests of British subjects in these seas. You will allow, sir, that this could not be done with any degree of consistency by a Frenchman."

In the Loneliness of the Bush.

A correspondent writes from Stanley, via Mungindi, N.S.W.:—

"In the 'Review of Reviews for Australasia' for January, I notice a correspondent, writing from Western Australia, complains of his remoteness from civilisation, and the want of acquaintances or neighbours with whom he could discuss or converse on matters which (outside his daily business) have so much interest for him.

"Why not join a correspondence club? Correspondence has some, at least, advantages over personal conversation, especially in certain kinds of debate, for each has plenty of time to consider and answer to the best advantage the statements, propositions, and questions, etc., of the other.

"I have thought that if this proposal is agreeable to him, we might find some satisfaction and profit in exchanging letters, somewhat after the manner of a correspondence club; that is, there is no necessity for either correspondent to disclose his identity, unless he wish it, or to discuss matters which do not interest him, or continue the correspondence when it should cease to be interesting.

"The letters could be marked with a pseudonym, and addressed to the local post office, the postmaster being instructed where to send them, or to private address, which could be given without the name. I do not yet belong to a correspondence club, but have an intention of doing so before long; in that case he could be introduced to the other members, if he wished it.

"Your correspondent mentions that he is averse to Federation, and does not take much interest in the other States; here we should find ground for dispute. On the other hand I, also, am interested in mechanics and science in general and particular, also read the 'Review of Reviews for Australasia' likewise I am a resident of the bush, though not so far out as he."

NEW ZEALAND'S POLICY IN THE WESTERN PACIFIC.

BY ERNEST D'ESTERRE.

At the time of writing, Mr. Humphrey Berkeley, one of the most prominent figures in Fijian politics, is in New Zealand, advocating the inclusion of Fiji within the boundaries of that very progressive colony, which has led the way in many knotty problems of legislation, and which is looked upon as the future head of a confederation of the South Sea Islands—New Zealand. Now, this question of the federation of Fiji will be one of the largest before the New Zealand Legislature before very long; and one has only to look at the trend of the Imperial policy in the Western Pacific to see that this will be so.

A Page of History.

In 1883 the N.Z. Parliament passed the "Confederation and Annexation Bill," which had for its object the annexation of many of the island groups. A commission was to be set up to deal with the question, but neither the Gladstone nor the Salisbury Ministry would advise the Queen's assent. Then in 1885 two great Samoan chiefs sought the annexation of Samoa to New Zealand; but the Home Government would take no steps in the matter, and so Germany and the United States both obtained a footing in Samoa. Now the Imperial Government has at last awakened to the absolute necessity of a more consolidating policy in the Western Pacific, and the moves are becoming interesting. It is realised at home that there is "something" in this South Sea Island question, after all. Now, if the reader will take a glance at a map, he will see Fiji due north of Auckland, and a latitudinal line through Fiji would touch the Cook Islands and very nearly touch the New Hebrides. The islands of Tonga and Niue lie in between the Cook and Fijian groups, and the strategic importance of their position, in the event of international complications, involving trouble in the South Seas, is apparent at once. It was therefore necessary, as the Power controlling Tonga could also dominate Fiji, that Tonga should be placed out of the reach of a foreign flag; and so, about two years ago, the group was placed under a British protectorate, with the nominal consent of King George Tabou of Tonga; but in reality much against his will. Then the Cook Group was included within the boundaries of New Zealand, and Niue was also annexed. In the

case of the latter, the annexation was accomplished before the public of Australia or of New Zealand were aware that there was any such intention. It is only a dot on the map, but Niue's position made the step imperative. Advised by Mr. Seddon, the Home Government had seen the wisdom of these steps, and the result was as stated.

A Larger Policy.

But there is now to become apparent a wider and more important policy; and this is one that makes for the solidarity of the widely-dispersed British possessions in the Western Pacific. New Caledonia, which adjoins the New Hebrides, is a French possession. France also has a very big footing in the New Hebrides, and her eagles float over Tahiti, which is just above the Cook Group. Germany possesses the centre of Samoa, America and Britain each own one wing. It is a decidedly uncomfortable feeling to know that two foreign Powers, France and Germany, have established bases at our very doors; and long ago this was foreseen by Mr. Seddon, the Premier of New Zealand, and the most remarkable figure that has ever risen above the political horizon of this colony. He long ago made representations to the Home Government, but they were not heeded, and now the Imperial Ministry is bitterly regretting the mistake. Just a few days ago a cable announced that Mr. Chamberlain was proposing a commission to settle land claims in the New Hebrides, and M. Delcasse was "considering the situation." The next move will be a big one, and, I venture to predict, it will affect not only Fiji, but Tonga and other islands, for the trend of the Imperial policy is now directed toward the consolidation of all British possessions in the Pacific. It may be judged, therefore, what a vast problem is before New Zealand, for it will undoubtedly be the head of the movement.

There is one place which Britain requires in her Western Pacific scheme, and she requires it badly. That place is Tahiti. It is French. There is another place required in a lesser degree, and that is the New Hebrides. We may be certain that if complications arise between the two nations, the British men-of-war in Australian waters will at once make a swoop upon these islands. The German occupation of part of Samoa is not re-

garded as such a menace, because the Teutonic possession is sandwiched in between English and American territory. The presence of America there is looked upon as rather an advantage than otherwise, because her interests are identical with ours, and the two nations, in the event of European war, will more than likely enter into an offensive and defensive alliance. For anything which militates against the supremacy of Great Britain alike threatens the ascendancy of the American nation.

The Fiji Group.

Fiji is at present the largest object on the horizon, for it is anxiously seeking annexation to New Zealand. Fiji is at once the most extensive, and the richest of all the South Sea groups. It comprises somewhere about four hundred islands, a very great number of which are simply coral rocks, clothed with luxuriant vegetation, and probably not having an area of more than an acre or two; but the total area, as returned a few years ago, is 4,963,930 acres, though an exact computation of the area would necessitate an almost yearly survey, as fresh islands appear occasionally, and others, no doubt, disappear. Some 40,000 acres are under cultivation. This is a very small proportion for a land where every inch is richly productive, but it is sufficient for the small population, which includes about 3,000 whites and about the same number of true Fijian natives, the large balance, the number of which is not accurately known, being made up of Samoans, Rarotongans, and natives from Tahiti, the New Hebrides, and Tonga.

King Thakambau, the last of the reigning chiefs of Fiji, became involved in debt to the United States, and the affairs of his administration became so hopelessly tangled that he offered, as the only solution of his difficulty, to resign the sovereignty of his kingdom to Great Britain, on the condition that his monetary liability was discharged by that Power. The statesmen of the day did not consider Fiji worth the trouble, but a London private company paid off the debt, and took over the administration; until, in 1874, the English Government realised what a rich plum it had let slip through its fingers, and the islands were annexed, thus making Fiji a Crown Colony. Since then it has had a somewhat troubled career, and the question of administration is now causing serious trouble there.

The Proposed Federation.

New Zealanders, perhaps only naturally, ask if the inclusion of Fiji within the boundaries of their colony would prove of material, or even

ultimate benefit to New Zealand. Mr. Seddon's opinion will appear later on; my own is that the fruit trade alone would pay New Zealand, and the rich trade in other commodities has yet to be realised by New Zealanders. If it pays to include the Cook Group, it must pay in tenfold measure to include Fiji, and the undeveloped resources of this island colony promise an ever-increasing wealth. Some of the speeches at the banquet tendered to Mr. Seddon at Suva, upon the occasion of his island tour, form a striking index to the federation feeling in Fiji. At that banquet the Warden of Suva (Mr. F. E. Reimenschneider) presided, and the Hon. W. Burton was vice-chairman, while those present included the Hon. C. H. Irvine (Attorney-General), Hon. W. Sutherland (Acting-Assistant Colonial Secretary), Major Brown, and others occupying prominent positions in the colony. The Governor, Sir G. M. O'Brien, sent an apology, which, perhaps, may not be wondered at, in the light of his subsequent speech at the opening of the Wynabokasi Hospital. The Warden, in his opening remarks, said New Zealand was the most fitting country to take over Fiji. He echoed the sentiments of the majority in Fiji when he said federation with New Zealand was earnestly desired. Others spoke in a similar strain. Mr. Seddon, in reply, was diplomatic, as he always is, but in the course of the most forcible speech I have ever heard him deliver, he told the guests, and Fiji and the world through the press, that the islands and their welfare were questions of deep concern to New Zealand and the Home Government, not only for the present generation, but the next. He had ascertained what the Fijian revenue was, what hope there was of increasing it, and what was the amount of the expenditure, and he could say that there was no danger of financial loss whatever Government they chose to adopt. New Zealand had always taken a deep interest in the Cook Islands, and had saved that group from falling into the hands of a foreign Power, and New Zealand was also doing its best to prevent other islands going in the same direction. He meant to shorten the distance between Fiji and New Zealand; the shipping rates were simply prohibitive; and though it should mean that the State, as a State, must step in, until the trade grew, and a reduction came naturally, in the meantime it would pay New Zealand if, in fixing her subsidies, she fixed, also, a maximum for both passenger and freight rates. He had nothing to say against the Union Company. It had done great things for New Zealand, but if the directors failed to understand the necessity, they would have to be brought up to the mark, or otherwise both colonies would lose.

In an interview I had with the Premier, in the dying hours of the last session of the New Zealand Parliament, he unhesitatingly stated that he believed the federation of Fiji to New Zealand was a very desirable step, and one which would be of mutual benefit. He was strongly in favour of federation, and believed it would be ultimately brought about. The direct result of this interview

was the formation of a committee in Fiji, and the circulation of a petition which, I am advised, was extensively signed. Of my own knowledge, and through frequent correspondence, I have no hesitation in asserting that if a poll were taken in Fiji to-morrow, an overwhelming majority would declare in favour of federation with New Zealand.

"Shakespeare in Oral Tradition" is the subject of an interesting article in the "Nineteenth Century and After" for February, by Mr. Sidney Lee. Mr. Lee brings together practically all that is known concerning the poet, as a man, his conclusion being it is really surprising, not that we know so little, but that we know so much. The information in particular which he gives respecting the poet's supposed son by the wife of the Oxford innkeeper D'Avenant will interest many:—

It was generally understood at Oxford in the early years of the seventeenth century that he was the poet's godson, as his name would allow, but some gossips had it that the poet's paternity was of a less spiritual character, and that when the boy in Shakespeare's lifetime informed a doctor of the University that he was on his way to ask a blessing of his godfather, who had just arrived in the town, the child was warned by his interlocutor against taking the name of God in vain. It is proof of the estimation in which D'Avenant held Shakespeare that when he came to man's estate he was "content enough to have" the insinuation "thought to be true."

As to the loss of all Shakespeare's autograph manuscript, Mr. Lee observes:

The absence of such documentary material can excite scepticism of the received tradition only in those who are ignorant of the fate that invariably befall the original manuscripts and correspondence of Elizabethan and Jacobean poets and dramatists. Save for a few fragments of small literary moment, no play of the era in its writer's autograph escaped early destruction by fire or dust-bin. No machinery then ensured, no custom then encouraged the due preservation of the autographs of men distinguished for poetic genius. Provision was made in the public record offices or in private muniment rooms for the protection of the official papers and correspondence of men in public life and manuscript memorials affecting the property and domestic

history of great county families. But even in the case of men of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries in official life who, as often happened, devoted their leisure to literature, the autographs of their literary compositions have for the most part perished.

The article should be read by all Shakespearians.

A valuable survey from the Catholic standpoint of the origin and motives of the recent legislation affecting the position of religious orders in France is given by J. B. Milburn in the "Dublin Review." He closes his paper with this singular glimpse at the future: "The end of the Concordat is not yet, but out of the thunderous clouds which are gathering so thickly around it may come the lightning for its destruction." In the same Review Rev. Dr. Verres recalls the widespread suppression of monasteries in Austria under the Emperor Joseph II. It is interesting to note how this work could be put through in a Catholic country by a Catholic monarch without any breach with the Papacy.

In the February "Girl's Realm" an editorial, with many charming illustrations, deals with English gardens and gardening. "To recall the summer glory of the Garden" Helen Marion Burnside tells the story of the early life of her friend and companion Miss Carey, and Christian G. Whyte describes the work done at the National Training School of Cookery in London, and urges once more upon English girls the necessity for not growing up quite helpless either in the house or with a needle.

ON THE FIVE TEST MATCHES.

By A. C. MacLAREN, Captain of the English Eleven.

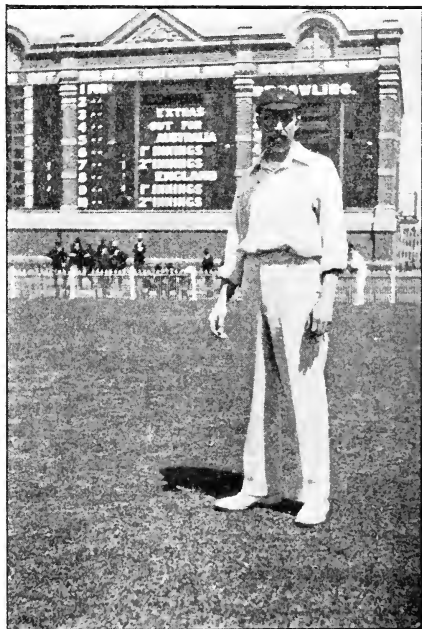
I am asked on all sides, "Are you satisfied, on the whole, with the results of the tour?" and it may interest Australians generally to know what aspect the cricket campaign which has just closed wears to English eyes.

When we arrived in Australia, and after seeing the early play of the Australians in the State matches against us, I was quite convinced that the Australian Eleven was by no means as strong as it was either in 1894-95, when I first came over, or in 1897-98. There seemed to me to be a considerable falling-off in the general all-round play of the men I had met before; and I must say that, in spite of the fact that we have been beaten four out of the five test matches, the opinion which I formed quite early in the tour is in no way altered. I think, indeed, that opinion is confirmed by the fact that, even though Barnes has been laid up, and Blythe has always been handicapped with his injured hand, we made such good finishes to all the matches. It was indeed a surprise to me that we did so well, in view of the handicap to our bowling. In two of the matches—the one in Adelaide and the last one in Melbourne—the least little bit of luck coming our way would have given us two more victories. This last fact in itself strengthens my argument in regard to the Australians' falling-off.

"Do you think, then," ask my questioners, "that the Australians are inferior at the present time to the best eleven England could put into the field?" And to this question I can only answer, Yes. There is no getting away from the fact that the All-England team would be considerably stronger than ours is at present; though of course I would not have it at any price that we were not a representative team. I consider that when we came out we were a fairly representative side from the Old Country, seven of our number having previously played in international matches. And it is certain, it may be added, that two members of our team who have never played against an Australian Eleven in England will have to be picked to play against Australia this time. Their performances out here make this practically certain. This proves that my present team is every bit as representative as Stoddart's last team that came out here.

The First Test Match.

I am often asked, again, "Did you anticipate better results for the tour after your first big victory in the Sydney test match?" I, of course, knew that the first test match could hardly be used as a guide on which to prophesy the results of the others. As I said after that match, the form we showed then was almost too good to be true; or, looking at it in another light, the Australians' form was too bad to be true. Our batting, bowling, and fielding were excellent; whilst theirs was equally bad; and after the first few wickets I never felt any doubt about the result of the match. I always hold, though, that the first test match in Australia is a long way the easiest to win. We have played together, and know one another's



A. A. LILLEY, THE ENGLISH WICKET-KEEPER,
AND UNOFFICIAL VICE-CAPTAIN.

(From a photo taken with a Kodak camera.)

play. On the other hand, the Australians have got to find their best side, and they have not had enough cricket to be able to pick their best team without making a few pardonable mistakes. They were perfectly right, of course, in playing in that first match the old team that went home against us; but that game proved that there must be considerable alteration, and in the end they got their best side together. Yes, I always think that the first test match ought to be a win for England. Anyway, we won it in 1894, again in 1897, and once more at the outset of this tour.

An Answer to English Critics.

Regarding the second test match, the papers on the other side have been criticising my action in putting the Australians in to bat. Of course, when a man puts the other side in and loses the match, his policy is always open to criticism; but I still maintain that I did the proper thing. There was a soft wicket to bowl upon, which I was quite sure would improve towards the middle of the afternoon. The sun was out, the glass going up, and, under the circumstances, I considered myself perfectly justified in putting them in. And if Barnes had bowled as well in the first innings as he did in the second, or had Blythe bowled anything like as well as he did in Sydney, I think the match would have been ours. But of course you never know what your bowlers are going to do till the match starts. The Australians ought not to have made half the runs they got on that wicket. One hundred and twenty-seven was, under the circumstances, a big score. I am confident, anyway, that against the bowling of Trumble and Noble we would not have got 127; 80 would probably have been about our limit. We ought to have got the Australians out twice the first day; but, as a matter of fact, we missed our opportunity. Our plans were upset by one or two mistakes at the outset. Darling, it will be remembered, was missed in the outfield, and the fact that our bowling was a bit off in the first innings. In the second innings, Barnes bowled as well as I have seen anybody bowl, but he was certainly not in form at the first attempt. It is all very well to talk, but I know what my men can do; and I know what Trumble and Noble can do on a sticky wicket. They are absolutely unplayable. If I had the chance again, I would do exactly the same, providing that circumstances were equal.

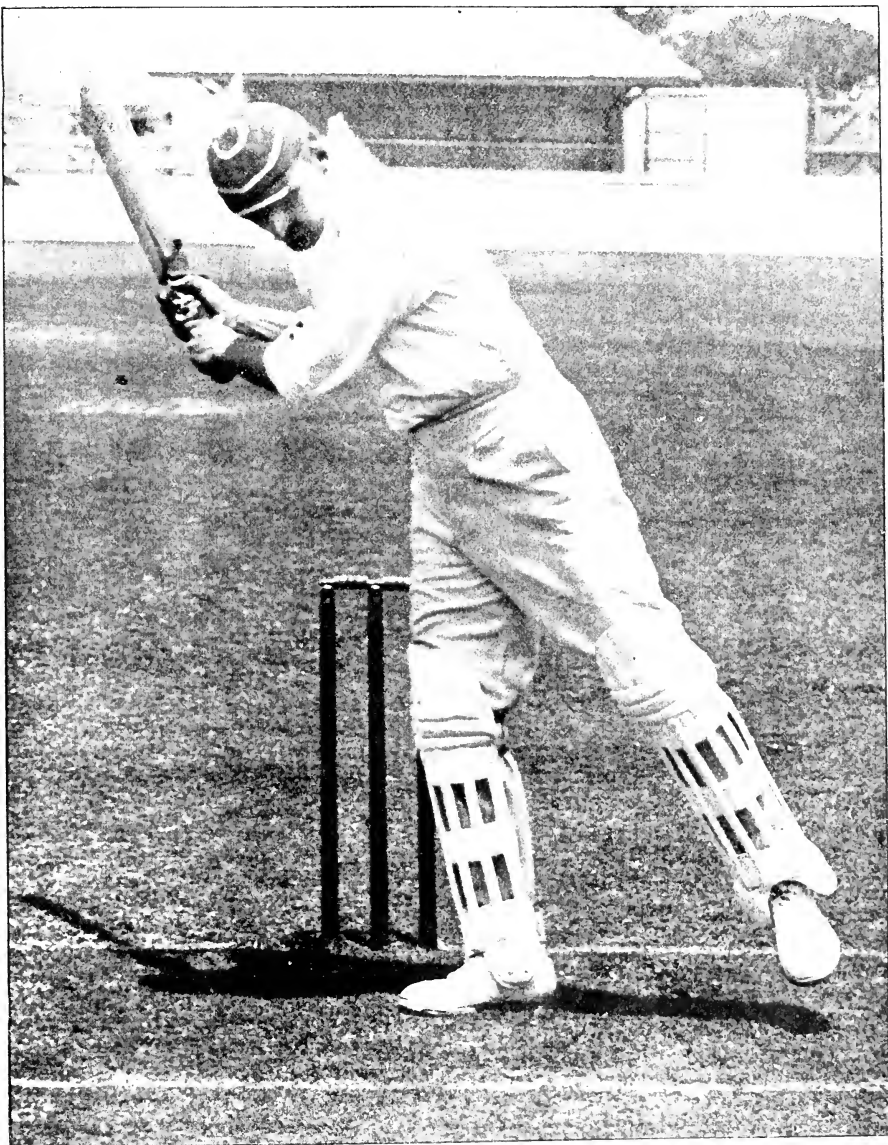
'Barnes Breaks Down.

Then we went to Adelaide for the third test match. We could see, before the match started, that it was a moral certainty that the wicket must break up, and it did break up. But the most ex-

traordinary thing about the Adelaide match was that the bowlers on both sides were more or less disabled. Consequently a great many more runs were made than should have been the case; and, owing to these runs being made, many of the spectators began to think that the wicket was not as bad as I and one or two others made it out to be. However, when you go in to bat, and balls that are pitched six inches outside the off stump miss the leg stump, well, it is not necessary to say anything more to anyone who knows anything about cricket. Still, on a wicket like that we got a start of eighty before Trumble bowled me out. With the lead we had on the first innings, the match looked a real good thing for us, notwithstanding the fact that Barnes had broken down. The Australian bowling was not of the best. McLeod was off colour, and never seemed to strike his length; Trumble was not well; Noble was just recovering from a ricked side, and didn't care about letting himself go; and Howell was suffering from a damaged leg. It was not surprising that we made a big score, though I think our batting was very good, considering the wicket. When we had finished there was a nasty patch at one end, and this is where all the mischief was done. What was wanted was a fast bowler with a good length. In other words, the wicket was absolutely made for Barnes. Then Barnes bowled seven overs and had to retire. This meant that we lost the advantage of the broken patch, for we had no one else who could hit it. Gunn came out with a good average, but he had absolutely no help from the wicket. Gunn gets most of his wickets with a ball that comes with his arm in the air. He bowled with a lot of "devil" that day, and his performance was most creditable. But of course he was not Barnes. Barnes would have got his wickets off the broken spot, but only one of Gunn's five wickets was due to the state of the wicket. Well, anyway, we were beaten, and it was a fine performance on the part of the Australians to get the runs we set them with the loss of six wickets. Trumble, of course, deserves every credit for his excellent stand. His batting was of the highest order. I must say, however, that if Barnes had not broken down, the result of the match might have been different.

Bad Form.

Then we came up to Sydney, where we won the toss again, and went in to bat on a wicket which was, curiously enough, by no means so perfect as in the previous match, the ball turning from Saunders four or five times when Hayward and I opened the batting. As the day went on, the wicket improved, but we put up only a fair score. Our batting was disappointing, and the



MACLAREN FORCING A BALL OFF HIS LEGS.

Australian exhibition of batting was really worse than ours. Our bowling was very moderate, though Jessop came along and got Trumble before, and three men after, lunch. His plan of attack consisted of banging the ball down outside the off stump. The batsmen all nibbled at them, and had to go. Although we had a nice lead on the first innings, we did not improve it much when we went in for the second time. Hayward and myself were soon sent back, and after that I think I have never witnessed a more ignominious display of batting in my life. As a matter of fact, we didn't get 100 on what was a better wicket than the first innings. It was one of those inexplicable collapses which one sometimes sees in the cricket field. People said it was the fine bowling of the Australians which did it all. Saunders bowled well, but most of our men practically threw their wickets away. As I said, the Australians played none too well in that match, and, in my opinion, the cricket of the fourth test match was about the very lowest class it could well be for international cricket. It was altogether unworthy of two such teams.

The Final Test.

Now we come to the last test match in Melbourne. Here we lost the toss for the first time in the test matches. Trumble was uncertain as to what he ought to do, and it has been stated in the papers that I would have done the same thing that he did, namely, have gone in to bat. As it turned out, Trumble did the right thing; but if I had had bowlers like himself and Noble, I would not have hesitated in sending my opponents in to bat. Of course, if I had won the toss I should have batted, for the simple reason that I was without Barnes, and Blythe had bowled very badly indeed against Victoria. I don't say Trumble made a mistake—you cannot say that when the match has been won—but if I had been on the Australian side I should have been very strongly in favour of putting the other team in. We got them out very cheaply, after they had made a big start. Then we went in, and got a fair score on what was only a fair wicket.

I might remark here that I think we have been rather unfortunate in the matter of wickets. They were certainly nothing like as good as they were four years ago, particularly at Melbourne and Adelaide. The turf on the Melbourne and Adelaide wickets seems to me to be rotten in the centre, and they are nothing like as good as several of our wickets at home. English wickets, by the way, are improving every season.

Well, we got a lead of 45 on the first innings, and then their wickets began to go pretty cheaply

in the second. We captured Trumper, Noble and Duff for 60, but Hill got started, and played good cricket for 86. However, I had the idea all along that we should get them out fairly cheap, and so we did. They had only a moderately good position when play closed for the second day. Six for 226 was by no means a big score. It rained over night, and the wicket looked so rotten that I thought runs would be scarce and wickets falling easily on the Monday; and so it proved. We got their last four wickets for about 30 runs, but even then they had a start of over 200, and it looked very long odds on our being beaten by a wide margin. The ball was turning and occasionally kicking up in a very nasty manner. As it turned out, we got within 32 of their score, which, under the conditions, was not a bad performance. Hayward and I went in first, but only reached 30, when Hayward went out. The weather was wretched, and we were treated to intermittent showers all the day. The state of the weather may be imagined when I say that I had to go to and from the wickets five times in getting my runs. The last time I went out to bat, the grass was so wet that the ball knocked up a wake of water as it travelled to the outfield. Before this, however, the showers were very light, and did not wet the wicket enough to affect the bowlers. The papers said that the ground was so wet that the bowlers could not stand up; but that is simply absurd. I never required any sawdust to stand up at the batting crease, and the bowlers had no difficulty to speak of.

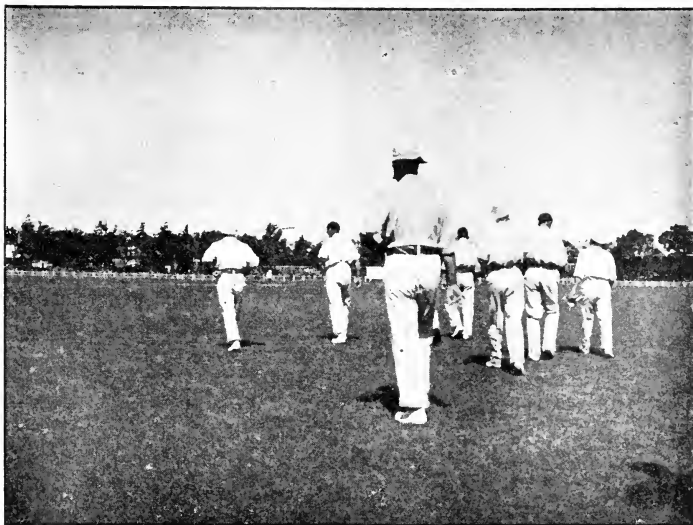
I got run out for 49, and both the weather and the wicket kept getting worse. We ended that day's play with 123 runs to make and seven wickets to fall. Next morning the wicket was just right to bowl on. It was a perfect bowler's wicket—just enough rain and just enough drying wind to make the ball kick up all over the place. It was, in my opinion, a 100 to 1 chance against our getting the runs, knowing, as I do, what Noble and Trumble can do on a bad wicket. As a matter of fact, we were 32 short when the last wicket fell. It was a great surprise to me that we went so near winning as we did, though I must say I have seen Noble bowl very much better than he did on this occasion. He was only in very moderate form, and on a good pitch would have been anything but dangerous. Jessop, unfortunately, lost his wicket first ball of that day, and though Tyldesley played a splendid game, there was no one to stay with him. In fact, I considered Tyldesley's was a wonderful display of batting, under the conditions. Jones came along, and by desperate hitting scored 28; but after he was disposed of, Gunn and Blythe soon went out, and the last test match was over, leaving Australia

with thirty-two runs to the good. Well, it was a very narrow margin, and I think that everyone who saw the game through will agree that we did not do so badly, considering that we certainly had the worst of the wicket. Events proved that Trumble was right in going in to bat, though, as I said before, had I been in his place I should have sent England in to bat. But then the rain will upset the calculations of the best captains. That is one of the things you have to chance. There's no doubt rain plays the dickens

in a cricket match, and it is a great pity we have had so much wet weather in these test games.

The Balance of the Luck.

I hope that, from what I have written, people will not be led to suppose that I consider we have been so frightfully unlucky, and should by rights have won the rubber. I give the Australians all credit for beating us, and I flatter myself that I can take a licking without whining and making excuses as well as anybody. But I do think that the luck, such as it was, in the test matches, favoured our opponents a little bit more than it did us. This may sound a strong thing to say after winning four tosses out of five—for there is no doubt that winning the toss means a pretty big advantage to a side—but all the good luck in winning the toss was more than counterbalanced by the fact of Barnes' breakdown. It was a crushing blow to lose my one bowler in whom I centred all my hopes. When we left home we were stamped as a weak bowling side, and we certainly seemed so, but the people who said we were weak had no idea that Barnes was such a fine bowler as he turned out. Barnes has proved to be absolutely up to international form, and the Australians were the first to admit it. Personally I consider he bowled every bit as well as Richardson



THE ENGLISHMEN TAKE THE FIELD FOR THE LAST TIME IN THE TEST MATCHES.

(From a photo taken with a Kodak camera.)

at his best. I don't say this because I picked him, but because I really think it.

I did not feel, when we left England, that we had a weak bowling side. As a matter of fact, I had formed a pretty strong opinion of what Barnes and Braund could do with the ball, and I expected to give the public a surprise. I wanted, it is true, to bring Rhodes, who would have made a wonderful difference, as things turned out. Of course, I do not think that on good Australian wickets Rhodes would meet with a great deal of success. I say this for the simple reason that Rhodes is a good length bowler, and Australians don't throw their wickets away. In fact, the Australian batsman plays good length bowling on a perfect wicket better than any other type of batsman in the world. I do not wish to belittle Rhodes' bowling in the slightest. He is a great bowler, and would be good on any sort of wicket; but if Rhodes had been with us this time, we should have had an infinitely stronger side, and I am sorry not only for my own sake—though his inability to get away certainly upset my plans—but for his own. This tour, with its soft and crumbly wickets, would have been a wonderful opportunity for him—it would be impossible, in fact, for him to strike a more favourable season for showing the Australian public what he can do. On a bad wicket Rhodes is simply unplayable. I

had intended to bring him out with me, but his committee would not allow him to come. I trust, however, that the next eleven that comes out will include him. I think we ought to send out our very best eleven on these tours. It is better in every way. The captain of the visiting eleven is better satisfied, and the public deserves it. There are always, of course, some amateur players whose professional or business arrangements make it impossible for them to leave England for so long a holiday tour; but I cannot see anything to prevent the professional cricketers being allowed to come out if they are picked. It is a nice trip for them, and they gain experience. The objection to allow Rhodes to leave seemed to be the hard work entailed in an Australian tour; but that is absurd. People will doubtless say, "Look at Barnes; see how he has been knocked out by the hard work!" But Barnes' accident was not due to hard work at all. He simply injured his knee through twisting it. At the time he broke down he had not played in half a dozen first-class matches. Then look at Braund. He has worked right through the tour like a dray horse—bowling nearly every match right through the innings—and yet he showed no signs of hard wear. I don't see any reason why the professional cricketers should not come over, and I hope that our experiences this tour will have the effect of inducing England to send out her very best eleven on future occasions.

The English Players.

As to my team, well, I am quite satisfied with their performances. Of course, every man has not been in his best form, but I have no cause for complaint.

Lilley has been of the greatest assistance to me in more ways than one. His wicket-keeping, especially in the earlier matches, was of the highest order, and his batting right through the tour was quite up to his best form. The aggregate number of runs the side has made in the test matches is perhaps lower than might have been expected, considering the calibre of the batsmen we had in our team; but, then, people must remember that the wickets have not been absolutely made for batsmen. There have been one or two in the batting line who have failed; but that is merely a combination of bad form and bad luck. Tyldesley—that fine little batsman—could do nothing early in the tour, but he batted magnificently in the last test match, and is apparently just getting his hand and eye in when it is time to leave for home again. The same spell of 'out-of-formness' has fallen on Quaife, Jessop, and Jones. Not one of them has shown anything like his true batting form, but it is simply a matter of lack of form, not lack of ability. Then Jessop and Jones have been worth their places in the team as fieldsmen. The number of

runs these two saved and the number of catches they brought off was extraordinary.

An All-Round Man.

Our fielding has been most satisfactory, and naturally it has improved the average of the bowlers. Braund has been our mainstay in the bowling department, and his work has been better even than it looks on paper. People talk of figures, but figures are no good at all in cricket. A man will point to Braund's figures, and say, "Look at the runs he had knocked off him." Now, a bowler of Braund's type—a slow ball with a leg break—is bound to be hit a good deal, but at the same time he is continually sticking up the batsmen. And that is the charm of Braund's bowling. He nearly always has someone in trouble, and his fieldsmen are always on the alert for a mistake on the part of the batsmen. I regard Braund's performances out here as of the very highest order. His bowling was first-rate, his batting good, and his fielding can only be described as brilliant.

The Australians Reviewed.

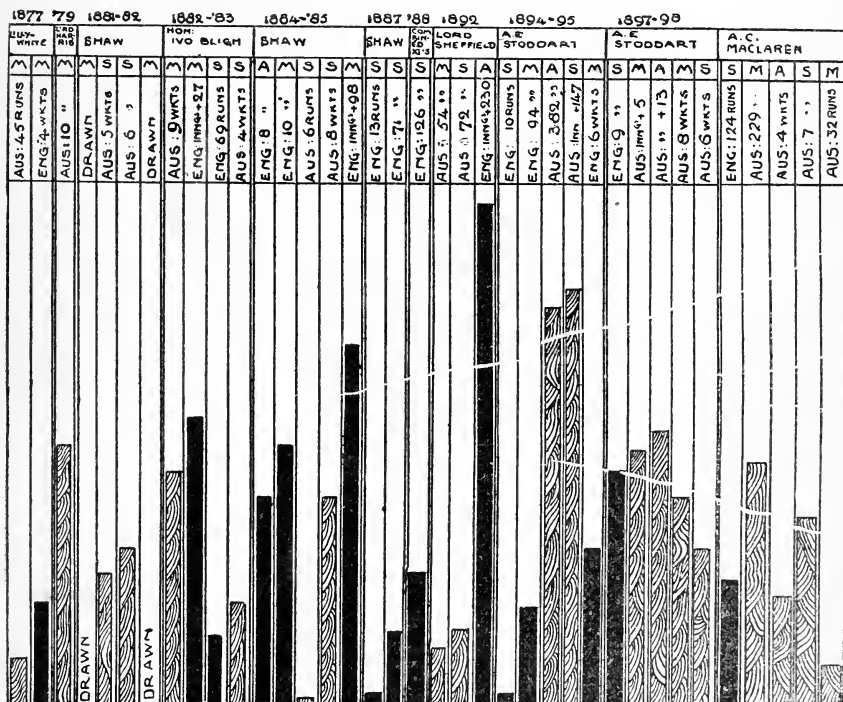
As for our opponents, no doubt Clem. Hill has been the backbone of the Australian batting. To me he appears to be more aggressive in his style than he used to be. It is probable that this is owing to the fact that Braund was our chief bowler, and to a left-hander such bowling as Braund's loses more than half its deadliness. Braund might have got him once or twice when he made slight mistakes, but we just failed to take advantage of these; and, as one readily understands, Clem. Hill's mistakes are few and far between. There is no doubt, however, about the increased aggressiveness of Hill's batting, and I am sure none of his admirers could possibly be anything but delighted at his many fine performances against us. There is certainly no falling off in his play, and should not be for many years to come.

Noble, singularly enough, to my mind, failed as a batsman, but his bowling was very deadly at times. He was, I think, rather more inconsistent than I have seen him in previous seasons, but no doubt his ricked side may have been largely responsible for this.

Howell, too, has, to my way of thinking, fallen off very slightly—in fact, I cannot see that he has gone back to any appreciable extent. I am glad they are taking him home with the Australian Eleven, and I am pretty confident that he will get any number of wickets in England.

Sid Gregory has been a standing rebuke to those people who clamour for a man's rejection from a representative team because he fails to make a score once or twice, or half a dozen times, in succession. People were all saying that he should be

G. C. MacLaren.



will be seen that of thirty-seven matches played, the Englishmen have won fifteen, the Australians twenty, and two have been drawn. The greatest victory was won by Lord Sheffield's team in 1892, when the Australians were defeated at Adelaide by an innings and 230 runs, whilst the closest finish occurred in 1885, when Australia gained a bare victory from Shaw's team by six runs.

SOME COMPARISONS.

A writer of cricket notes in the Melbourne "Herald" makes, amongst other interesting comparisons, one between the bowling averages of the present team and that which came out with Mr. Stoddart. This comparison is interesting, in view of Mr. MacLaren's remarks on the bowling strength of his side.

The writer of the notes remarks that "the Englishmen came out to make runs rather than to prevent Australia from doing so. Both ways they met the unexpected. When Stoddart's last team played here, four years ago, their general bowling average in tests was 40. In spite of the much-regretted fact that MacLaren's team lost the services of their bowling mainstay, their debit is only 25—a better trundling record than the 1897-8 team secured by no fewer than fifteen runs per wicket.

"After making the fullest allowance for different weather and wickets, it is quite evident that the English failure cannot be laid at the door of Barnes, Gunn, Blythe, and Braund. The only culpable member of this quartet is Gunn, and his shortcoming has been with bat, and not with ball.

"The subjoined comparison puts the case in a nutshell. Four years ago, Australia won the tests

with 40 runs to England's 28. This summer our margin is only 2 runs—25 to 23.

"Summarised, the results tabled by this eleven and the last compare as under:

THE TEST SERIES—1901-2.

Team.	Matches.		Total Runs.		Total Wkts.		Average.	
	Won.	Lost.	For.	Agst.	Taken.	Lost.	For.	Agst.
1897-8 ..	1	4	2,622	2,691	66	71	28.81	40.77
1901-2 ..	1	4	2,118	2,260	89	90	23.53	25.39

"England gave Australia 77 extras, against a credit of 68."

Whilst the South Australians were responsible for more runs than the representatives of the other States, the bowling honours come to Victoria. The Victorians took forty-four wickets, and the New South Welshmen thirty-five. The New South Wales wickets cost 25.22 runs each, whilst the Victorians captured theirs at a cost of 21.33 each.

The following tables show the contributions of the various sections of the two teams:

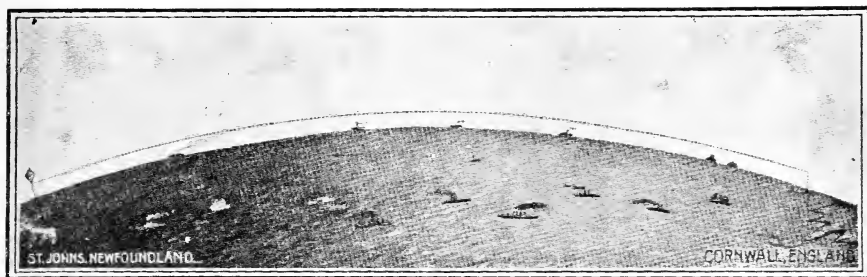
BATTING.

	In'gs.	N.O.	Runs.	Avg.
South Australia..	22 ..	0 ..	711 ..	32.31
Eng. Professionals	67 ..	9 ..	1,350 ..	23.27
New South Wales	55 ..	6 ..	1,123 ..	22.91
Eng. Gentlemen ..	31 ..	0 ..	706 ..	22.79
Victoria	22 ..	6 ..	341 ..	21.31
Tasmania	2 ..	0 ..	8 ..	4.00

BOWLING.

	Balls.	Runs.	Wkts.	Avge.
Tasmania	63 ..	43 ..	3 ..	14.33
Victoria	2,735 ..	939 ..	44 ..	21.33
Eng. Prof'n'ls	4,613 ..	2,017 ..	80 ..	25.21
N.S.W.	2,136 ..	883 ..	35 ..	25.22
Eng. Gentlem'n	342 ..	182 ..	6 ..	30.33
S. Australia ..	336 ..	145 ..	2 ..	72.50

Next month Mr. MacLaren will write on the Australian Eleven, its make-up, how it compares with previous elevens, and its chances in England.



TOPOGRAPHICAL ILLUSTRATION OF MARCONI'S SYSTEM OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

THE LATEST MIRACLE OF SCIENCE.

WHAT MARCONI HAS DONE.

The magazines of the month are full of Marconi's great achievement. "At noon, on December 12, 1901, the 2,000 miles of the Atlantic were spanned with invisible fingers. The first wireless signal had crossed. True, it was faint, intermittent, just a signal,—the three Morse dots which stand for the letter 'S.' But they came, that day, and the next, sometimes slowly, sometimes in quick repetition, as had been arranged. There could be no mistaking the fact. Cables might now be coiled up and sold for junk. Wireless telegraphy had come for all the world. And Marconi is but twenty-seven! At an age when most men are just beginning, he has outstripped all competitors, and there is a host. His is a name now known in all the lands of Christendom."

By far the best account of what Marconi has done, and how he has done it, is given by Ray Stannard Baker in "McClure's Magazine" for February, and we give copious extracts from this very able article.

"Think for a moment," says Mr. Baker, "of sitting here on the edge of North America and listening to communications sent through space across nearly 2,000 miles of ocean from the edge of Europe! A cable, marvellous as it is, maintains a tangible and material connection between speaker and hearer: one can grasp its meaning. But here is nothing but space, a pole with a pendent wire on one side of a broad, curving ocean, an uncertain kite struggling in the air on the other—and thought passing between. And the apparatus for sending

and receiving these transoceanic messages costs not a thousandth part of the expense of a cable.

What Was Done.

"Very quietly on December 6, 1901, Mr. Marconi landed at St. John's, with his two assistants, Mr. Kemp and Mr. Paget. It was understood that he would attempt communication with the transatlantic steamships as they passed back and forth 300 miles away. He set up his instruments in a low room of the old barracks on Signal Hill, which stands sentinel at the harbour mouth half a mile from the city of St. John's. So simple and easily arranged is the apparatus that in three days' time the inventor was prepared to begin his experiments. On Wednesday, the 10th, as a preliminary test of the wind velocity, he sent up one of his kites, a huge hexagonal affair of bamboo and silk, nine feet high, built on the Baden-Powell model; the wind promptly snapped the wire, and blew the kite out to sea. He then filled a 14 foot hydrogen balloon, and sent it upward through a thick fog-bank. Hardly had it reached the limit of its tetherings, however, when the aerial wire on which he had depended for receiving his messages fell to the earth, the balloon broke away, and was never seen again. On Thursday, the 12th, a day destined to be important in the annals of invention, Marconi tried another kite, and though the weather was so blustery that it required the combined strength of the inventor and his assistants to manage the tetherings, they succeeded in holding the kite at

an elevation of about 400 feet. Marconi was now prepared for the crucial test. Before leaving England he had given detailed instructions to his assistants for the transmission of a certain signal, the Morse telegraphic 'S,' represented by three dots (...), at a fixed time each day, beginning as soon as they received word that everything at St. John's was in readiness. This signal was to be clicked out on the transmitting instruments near Poldhu, Cornwall, the south-western tip of England, and radiated from a number of aerial wires pendent from masts 210 feet high. If the inventor could receive on his kite-wire in Newfoundland some of the electrical waves thus produced, he knew that he held the solution of the problem of transoceanic wireless telegraphy. He had cabled his assistants to begin sending the signals at 3 o'clock in the afternoon English time, continuing until 6 o'clock; that is, from about 11.30 to 2.30 o'clock in St. John's.

"At noon on Thursday, December 12, 1901, Marconi sat waiting, a telephone receiver at his ear, in a room of the old barracks on Signal Hill. To him it must have been a moment of painful stress and expectation. Arranged on the table before him, all its parts within easy reach of his hand, was the delicate receiving instrument, the supreme product of years of the inventor's life, now to be submitted to a decisive test. A wire ran out through the window, thence to a pole, thence upward to the kite which could be seen swaying high overhead. It was a bluff, raw day; at the base of the cliff 300 feet below thundered a cold sea; oceanward through the mist rose dimly the rude outlines of Cape Spear, the easternmost reach of the North American continent. Beyond that rolled the unbroken ocean, nearly 2,000 miles to the coast of the British Isles. Across the harbour the city of St. John's lay on its hillside wrapped in fog; no one had taken enough interest in the experiments to come up here through the snow to Signal Hill.

"Only two persons were present that Thursday noon in the room where the instruments were set up—Mr. Marconi and Mr. Kemp. Everything had been done that could be done. The receiving apparatus was of unusual sensitiveness, so that it would catch even the faintest evidence of the signals. A telephone receiver, which is no part of the ordinary instrument, had been supplied, so that the slightest clicking of the dots might be conveyed to the inventor's ear. For nearly half an hour not a sound broke the silence of the room. Then quite suddenly Mr. Kemp heard the sharp click of the tapper as it struck against the coherer; this, of course, was not the signal, yet it was an indication that something was coming. The inventor's face

showed no evidence of excitement. Presently he said:

"See if you can hear anything, Mr. Kemp."

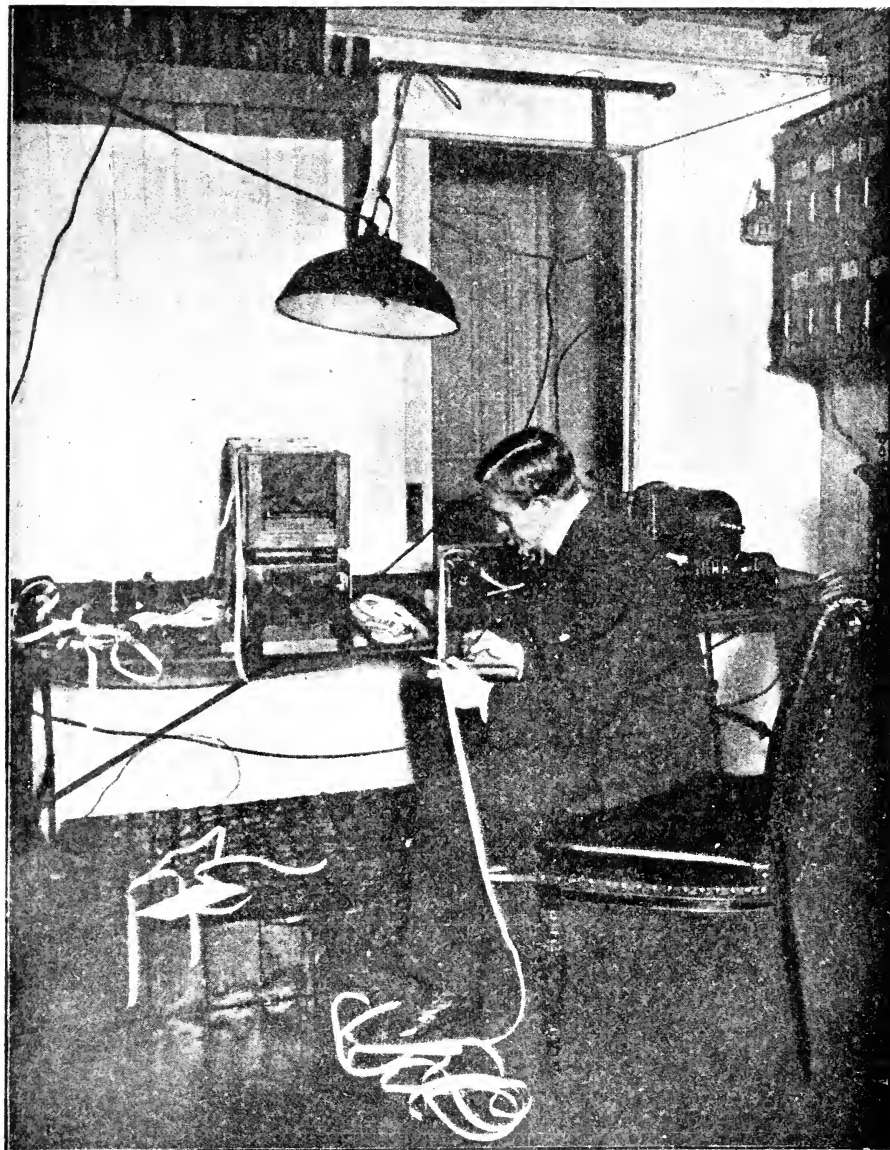
"Mr. Kemp took the receiver, and a moment later, faintly and yet distinctly, and unmistakably, came the three little clicks—the dots of the letter S, tapped out an instant before in England. At ten minutes past 1 more signals came, and both Mr. Marconi and Mr. Kemp assured themselves again and again that there could be no mistake. During this time the kite gyrated so wildly in the air that the receiving wire was not maintained at the same height, as it should have been; but again, at twenty minutes after 2, other repetitions of the signal were received.

"Thus the problem was solved. One of the great wonders of science had been wrought.

The Secret of It.

"In its bare outlines, Marconi's system of telegraphy consists in setting in motion, by means of a transmitter, certain electric waves which, passing through the ether, are received on a distant wire suspended from a kite or mast, and registered on his receiving apparatus. The ether is a mysterious, unseen, colourless, odourless, inconceivably rarefied something which is supposed to fill all space. It has been compared to a jelly in which the stars and planets are set like cherries. About all we know of it is that it has waves—that the jelly may be made to vibrate in various ways. Etheric vibrations of certain kinds give light; other kinds give heat; others electricity. Experiments have shown that if the ether vibrates at the inconceivable swiftness of 400 billions of waves a second we see the colour red, if twice as fast we see violet, if more slowly—perhaps 230 millions to the second, and less—we have the Hertz waves used by Marconi in his wireless-telegraphy experiments. Ether waves should not be confounded with air waves. Sound is a result of the vibration of the air; if we had ether and no air, we should still see light, feel heat, and have electrical phenomena, but no sounds would ever come to our ears. Air is sluggish beside ether, and sound waves are very slow compared with ether waves. During a storm the ether brings the flash of the lightning before the air brings the sound of the thunder, as everyone knows.

"Electricity is, indeed, only another name for certain vibrations in the ether. We say that electricity 'flows' in a wire, but nothing really passes except an etheric wave, for the atoms composing the wire, as well as the air and the earth, and even the hardest substances, are all afloat in ether. Vibrations, therefore, started at one end of the wire travel to the other. Throw a stone



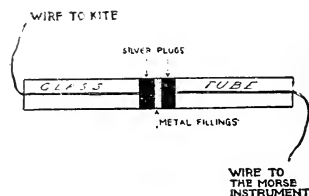
THE MAN WHOSE NAME MAY LIVE FOR AGES: MARCONI RECEIVING A WIRELESS MESSAGE
OVER THE ATLANTIC.

A man who will leave his mark on the world for centuries is Guglielmo Marconi the young Italian whose genius is stealing her secrets from Nature, who seems destined to annihilate time and distance, and to achieve a revolution which not even the Anglo-Newfoundland Telegraph Company can keep back. Signor Marconi is now experimenting in Canada with a view to further great developments.

into a quiet pond. Instantly waves are formed which spread out in every direction: the water does not move, except up and down, yet the wave passes onward indefinitely. Electric waves cannot be seen, but electricians have learned how to incite them, to a certain extent how to control them, and have devised cunning instruments which register their presence.

"Electrical waves have long been harnessed by the use of wires for sending communications; in other words, we have had wire telegraphy. But the ether exists outside of the wire as well as within; therefore, having the ether everywhere, it must be possible to produce waves in it which will pass anywhere, as well through mountains as over seas, and if these waves can be controlled, they will evidently convey messages as easily and as certainly as the ether within wires. So argued Mr. Marconi. The difficulty lay in making an instrument which would produce a kind of wave, and in receiving and registering this wave in a second apparatus located at a distance from the first. It was, therefore, a practical mechanical problem which Marconi had to meet. Beginning with crude tin boxes set up on poles on the grounds of his father's estate in Italy, he finally devised an apparatus from which a current generated by a battery and passing in brilliant sparks between two brass balls was radiated from a wire suspended on a tall pole. By shutting off and turning on this peculiar current by means of a device similar to the familiar telegrapher's key, the waves could be so divided as to represent dashes and dots, and spell out letters in the Morse alphabet. This was the transmitter. It was, indeed, simple enough to start these waves travelling through space, to jar the etheric jelly, so to speak, but it was far more difficult to devise an apparatus to receive and register them. For this purpose, Marconi adopted a device invented by an Italian, Calzecchi, and improved by a Frenchman, M. Branley, called the coherer, the very crux of the system, without which there could be no wireless telegraphy. This coherer, which he greatly improved, is merely a little tube of glass as big around as a lead pencil, and perhaps 2 inches long. It is plugged at each end with silver, the plugs nearly meeting within the tube. The narrow space between them is filled with finely powdered fragments of nickel and silver, which possess the strange property of being alternately very good and very bad conductors of electrical waves. The waves which come from the transmitter, perhaps 2,000 miles away, are received on a suspended kite-wire, exactly similar to the wire used in the transmitter, but they are so weak that they could not of themselves operate an ordinary telegraph instrument. They do, however, possess

strength enough to draw the little particles of silver and nickel in the coherer together in a continuous metal path. In other words, they make these particles 'cohere,' and the moment they cohere they become a good conductor for electricity, and a current from a battery near at hand rushes through, operates the Morse instrument, and causes it to print a dot or a dash; then a little tapper, actuated by the same current, strikes against the coherer, the particles of metal are jarred apart, or 'decohered,' becoming instantly a poor conductor, and thus stopping the strong current from the home battery. Another wave comes through space, down the suspended kite-wire, into the coherer, there drawing the particles again together, and another dot or dash is printed. All these pro-



COHERER; ACTUAL SIZE.

cesses are continued rapidly, until a complete message is ticked out on the tape. Thus Mr. Kemp knew when he heard the tapper strike the coherer that a signal was coming, though he could not hear the click of the receiver itself. And this is in bare outline Mr. Marconi's invention—this is the combination of devices which has made wireless telegraphy possible, the invention on which he has taken out 132 patents in every civilised country of the world.

The Machinery.

"In his actual transoceanic experiments last December, Mr. Marconi's transmitting station in England was fitted with twenty masts 210 feet high, each with its suspended wire, though not all of them were used. A current of electricity sufficient to operate some 300 incandescent lamps was used, the resulting spark being so brilliant that one could not have looked at it with the unshaded eye. The wave which was thus generated had a length of about a fifth of a mile, and the rate of vibration was about 800,000 to the second. Following the analogy of the stone cast in the pond with the ripples circling outward, these waves spread from the suspended wires in England in every direction, not only westward toward the cliff where Marconi was flying his kite, but eastward, northward, and

southward, so that if some of Mr. Marconi's assistants had been flying kites, say on the shore of Africa, or South America, or St. Petersburg, they might possibly, with a corresponding receiver, have heard the identical signals at the same instant. In his early experiments Marconi believed that great distances could not be obtained without very high masts and long suspended wires, the greater the distance the taller the mast, on the theory that the waves were hindered by the curvature of the earth; but his later theory, substantiated by his Newfoundland experiments, is that the waves somehow follow around the earth, conforming to its curve, and the next station he establishes in America will not be set high on a cliff, as at St. John's, but down close to the water on land level. His Newfoundland experiments have also convinced him that one of the secrets of successful long-distance transmission is the use of a more powerful current in his transmitter, and this he will test in his next trials between the continents.

Tuning the Messages.

"And now we come to the most important part of Mr. Marconi's work—the part least known even to science, and the field of almost illimitable future development. This is the system of 'tuning,' as the inventor calls it, the construction of a certain receiver so that it will respond only to the message sent by a certain transmitter. When Marconi's discoveries were first announced in 1896, there existed no method of tuning, though the inventor had its necessity clearly in mind. Accordingly the public enquired, 'How are you going to keep your messages secret? Supposing a warship wishes to communicate with another of the fleet, what is to prevent the enemy from reading your message? How are private business despatches to be secured against publicity?' Here, indeed, was a problem. Without secrecy, no system of wireless telegraphy could ever reach great commercial importance, or compete with the present cable communication. The inventor first tried using a parabolic copper reflector, by means of which he could radiate the electric waves exactly as light, which, it will be borne in mind, is only another kind of etheric wave, is reflected by a mirror. This reflector could be faced in any desired direction, and only a receiver located in that direction would respond to the message. But there were grave objections to the reflector; an enemy might still creep in between the sending and receiving stations, and, moreover, it was found that the curvature of the earth interfered with the transmission of reflected messages, thereby limiting their usefulness to short distances.

"In passing, however, it may be interesting to note one extraordinary use for this reflecting system which the inventor now has in mind. This is in connection with lighthouse work. Ships are to be provided with reflecting instruments which in dense fog or storms can be used exactly as a searchlight is now employed on a dark night to discover the location of the lighthouses or lightships. For instance, the lighthouse, say, on some rocky point on the New England coast would continually radiate a warning from its suspended wire. These waves pass as readily through fog and darkness and storm as in daylight. A ship out at sea, hidden in a fog, has lost its bearings; the sound of the warning horn, if warning there is, seems to come first from one direction, then from another, as sounds do in a fog, luring the ship to destruction. If now the mariner is provided with a wireless reflector, this instrument can be slowly turned until it receives the lighthouse warning, the captain thus learning his exact location; if in distress, he can even communicate with the lighthouse. Think also what an advantage such an equipment would be to vessels entering a dangerous harbour in thick weather. This is one of the developments of the near future.

"The reflector system being impracticable for long-distance work, Mr. Marconi experimented with tuning. He so constructed a receiver that it responds only to a certain transmitter. That is, if the transmitter is radiating 800,000 vibrations a second, the corresponding receiver will take only 800,000 vibrations. In exactly the same way a familiar tuning-fork will respond only to another tuning fork having exactly the same 'tune' or number of vibrations per second. And Mr. Marconi has now succeeded in bringing this tuning system to some degree of perfection, though very much work yet remains to be done. For instance, in one of his English experiments, at Poole, in England, he had two receivers connected with the same wire, and tuned to different transmitters located at St. Catherine's Point. Two messages were sent, one in English and one in French. Both were received at the same time on the same wire at Poole, but one receiver rolled off its message in English, the other in French, without the least interference. And so when critics suggested that the inventor may have been deceived at St. John's by messages transmitted from ocean liners, he was able to respond promptly:

"'Impossible. My instrument was tuned to receive only from my station in Cornwall.'

"The importance of the new system of tuning can hardly be overestimated. By it all the ships of a fleet can be provided with instruments tuned alike, so that they may communicate freely with

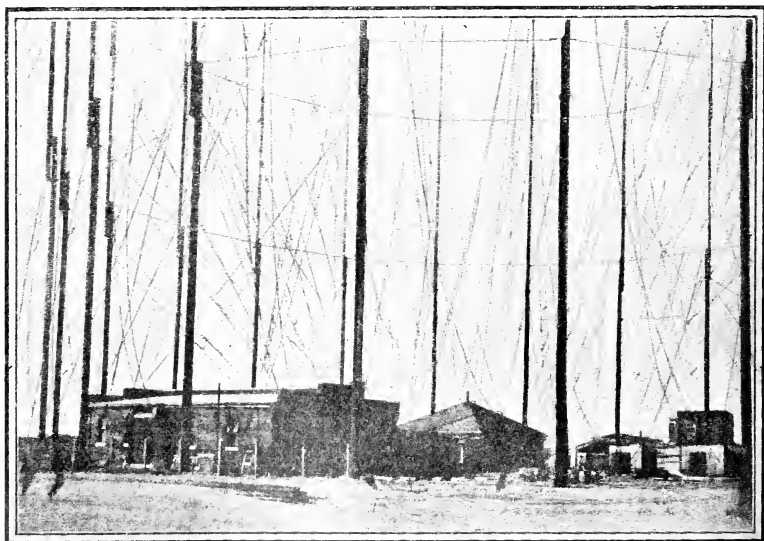
one another, and have no fear that the enemy will read the messages. The spy of the future must be an electrical expert who can slip in somehow and steal the secret of the enemy's tunes. Great telegraph companies will each have its own tuned instruments to receive only its own messages, and there may be special tunes for each of the important Governments of the world. Or perhaps (for the system can be operated very cheaply), the time will come when the great banking and business houses, or even families and friends, will each have its own wireless system, with its own secret tune. Having variations of millions of different vibrations, there will be no lack of tunes. For instance, the British navy may be tuned to receive only messages of 700,000 vibrations to the second, the German navy 1,500,000, the United States Government 1,000,000, and so on indefinitely.

What is Coming.

"Mr. Marconi, since his experiments in Newfoundland have been successful, assured me that the time when messages would be regularly flashing between Europe and America was much nearer than most people realised.

" 'It will be a matter of months rather than of years,' he said.

"And, indeed, the simplicity and ease of installation of his apparatus would certainly argue a speedy accomplishment of that end. He informed me that he would be able to build and equip stations on both sides of the Atlantic for less than \$150,000, the subsequent charge for maintenance being very small. A cable across the Atlantic costs between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000, and it is a constant source of expenditure for repairs. The inventor will be able to transmit with single instruments about twenty words a minute, and at a cost ridiculously small compared with the present cable tolls. He said in a speech delivered at a dinner given him by the Governor at St. John's that messages which now go by cable at 25 cents a word might be sent profitably at a cent a word or less, which is even much cheaper than the very cheapest present rates in America for messages by land wires. It is estimated that about \$400,000,000 is invested in cable systems, in various parts of the world. If Marconi succeeds as he hopes to succeed, much of the vast network of wires at the bottom of the world's oceans, represented by this investment, will lose its usefulness. It is now the inventor's purpose to push the work of installation between the continents as rapidly as possible, and no one need be surprised if the year 1902 sees his



MARCONI WIRELESS-TELEGRAPHY STATION ON CAPE COD, NOW PARTLY STORM-WRECKED.

system in practical commercial operation. Along with this transatlantic work he intends to extend his system of transmission between ships at sea and the ports on land, with a view to enabling the shore stations to maintain constant communication with vessels all the way across the Atlantic. If he succeeds in doing this, there will at last be no escape for the weary from the daily news of the world, so long one of the advantages of an ocean voyage. For every morning each ship, though in mid-ocean, will get its bulletin of news, the ship's printing press will strike it off, and it will be

served hot with the coffee. Yet think what such a system will mean to ships in distress, and how often it will relieve the anxiety of friends awaiting the delayed voyager.

"Mr. Marconi's faith in his invention is boundless. He told me that one of the projects which he hoped soon to attempt was to communicate between England and New Zealand. If the electric waves follow the curvature of the earth, as the Newfoundland experiments indicate, he sees no reason why he should not send signals 6,000 or 10,000 miles as easily as 2,000."

The Founding of Royal Houses.

On this subject "Public Opinion" (New York) writes:—

"There is not a royal house in Europe that has held its throne for more than seven centuries, or that can be compared with the imperial house of Japan, founded by a female Goddess of the Sun. The Mikado is the one hundred and twenty-second in unbroken descent of his line, his family having sat on the throne of Japan since the time of Nebuchadnezzar, 666 B.C. King Edward VII. can claim descent through fifteen of the thirty-five monarchs who have preceded him on the English throne, from Alfred the Great and Egbert, first king of England, and further back still from the emperors of Rome, and even from the Hebrew house of David. Nevertheless, it is a fact that King Edward owes his crown to a horse's shoe. The act of settlement, by which, in 1701, Parliament elected the House of Hanover to the British throne, was passed by only one vote. And this winning vote was cast by Sir Arthur Owen, M.P. for Pembrokeshire, who rode post-haste from Wales for the purpose. He had relays of fresh horses all along the route, but arrived, dusty and travel-worn, at Westminster, only just in time to enter the aye lobby. If one of his horses had gone lame or cast a shoe, he would have been too late.

"The declamations of the German Emperor on the divine right of kings in general and himself in particular are very picturesque in this age of prose. But, as a matter of history, the right of William II. to the Prussian crown and the Ger-

man overlordship is merely the right of a pawn-broker to an unredeemed pledge. Five centuries ago Frederick Hohenzollern was the burgrave of a small city of Nuremberg. The Emperor Sigismund was in a state of impecuniosity. He applied to the burgrave for the loan of 100,000 gulden. Frederick lent this sum (about £10,000), and as security for it took the State of Brandenburg. After five years, as Sigismund did not repay the money, Frederick Hohenzollern foreclosed the mortgage and established himself as Frederick I. of Brandenburg, and an elector of the empire. This was the first advance of the Hohenzollerns. Gradually increasing their domains, they became dukes of Prussia, and in 1701 promoted themselves to the rank of king. And now William Hohenzollern, descendant of the money-lending burgrave of Nuremberg, is the third German emperor.

"Alexander of Servia is merely three generations removed from the swineherd. The Servian Cromwell, or William Tell, who rose to deliver his country from Turkish misrule, was Michael Obrenovitch. Leaving his pigs to feed and tend themselves, he headed his countrymen, who rewarded his success by electing him Prince of Servia. On his death, in 1868, he was succeeded by the late ex-King Milan, who handed over the crown to his son in 1899. Of English sovereigns, Queen Mary II. and Queen Anne were the granddaughters of a domestic servant. While he was Duke of York, James II. married Anne Hyde, the daughter of Lord Clarendon, and the two queens were the children of the union. As a briefless barrister, Lord Chancellor Clarendon had married a housemaid, and her grandchildren sat on the British throne."

A GREAT WAR PICTURE.

THE FIGHT FOR PIETERS HILL.

Under the title of "Two Years After," "Linesman," in "Blackwood" for February, describes a visit to Pieters Hill, and recalls the stern and bloody fight which, two years ago, raged for four days on its rocky slopes. The description is one of the finest bits of battle literature "Linesman" has yet produced; and we give some extracts:—

"Three years ago this little hill of Pieters was nothing, only a protuberance on Mr. —'s farm, and a shady resort for his cattle, much condemned by the lazy Kaffir herdsman for its steepness, albeit convenient for sport, with dusky, odoriferous amaryllis, with bosom of quivering bronze flecked by the sunshine under the mimosas. Two years ago it was a blazing, thundering hell, the wrath of millions of devils screeching up and down its terraces, and roaring terribly upon its blasted summit; the mimosas smoked and crackled, the red boulders split asunder, the deep kloofs howled miserably to one another. That was two years ago. To-day Pieters Hill is what it is—a memory, with Memory basking in the noonday upon its great bulk, like the little pied lizards on the stones, blinking drowsily in the sunshine, but with unsaurian tears in her eyes, and with soundless trumpet calls of glory pealing in her ears.

The Fighters.

"What a fight it was! Down there by the Tugela, glittering in its deep gorge like a strip of silver braid running through dark green velvet, lay line upon line of infantry, behind line upon line of ridiculous little walls of ruddy stone. They are there yet, empty of everything but memory, looking like rusty gridirons along the steep hillside. Over there, in the green thickets between Hlangwani and Monte Cristo, and behind the rusty little kopjes of Colenso, lurked the guns, seventy-four of them, the armament of Nelson's men-o'-war, lined up in one mighty broadside, peeping hungrily up under their eyebrows between the trees and through the stone embrasures, as Nelson's old barkers peeped from the portholes, at the very spot upon which we are standing. Across to the right, over the deep bed of the Langewachte Spruit, lay more infantry, all jumbled up with themselves and the Dutchmen amongst the indefinite waves of the Onderbrook Kopjes, a regular lucky-bag of fighting men, with pointed

rifles and keen eyes squinting along them behind every stone, every tree stump, and in every shadow, all day, all night, and in all directions. . . .

"All the way back from Colenso and Monte Cristo we had chased the flying scud, up the railway, in and out amongst the tortuous dongas and woody kloofs, up the little kopjes, down the other side, and round the corners, sometimes one side, sometimes another, often behind, never long in the same place, never in the same place twice, but laying ever a lengthening trail of British dead over the course, a dreadful paper-chase to tell those behind which way the leading men had gone. Until now, on February 22, two years ago, it really seemed as if the scud had all been forced back against the mountain, and that the moment had arrived when it must either be burst into shreds or overwhelm the lines of tired yellow mannikins crouching around it.

The Guns.

"So the broadside opened upon the banked up Dutchmen, gun by gun, howitzer by howitzer, slowly, relentlessly, from that tropical plateau across the river, each piece methodically finding and noting the range and grunting in its own infernal satisfaction. Now on a woody knob, now in a sleepy hollow, now on the very nipples of Sheba's lance-like breasts the shells would burst, with fearful pauses as the gunners spied for their handiwork through their telescopes and carefully entered the results in their range-books, passing them from gun to gun to save trouble and ammunition. And on no part of the position was more of this appalling labour expended than on that upon which we stand, just in front of the main trench, running like a great rough scar across the rounded backbone of the hill. There was to be no guesswork here, every British gun must know all about it for itself; and all day the heavy throbbing from the thickets sounded in its face, and the big shells came sailing enquiringly over the Tugela, the shrapnel spouting showers of lead from high in air as if from a 'rose,' the awful slamming of the lyddite, swift and terrible from the long naval guns, with nerve-destroying slowness from the cocked-up howitzers, one by one they came; nearer and nearer up the hillside came the crash

and the unholy sulphurous pother, smothering other and unseen trenches on their way, until by evening not a gun but could dash its fist into the very face of the strong trench behind which the Boer main body lay in waiting, peering down the slope between the explosions for something they feared more than the whistling fragments of Woolwich steel—the yellow form of the slow, silent British soldier, with whose strong arm and stronger heart they knew the ultimate issue rested.

The Rush on the Hill.

"Next day he came; running up from the Tugela gorge silently and straight, hundreds of him, right into the open below this trench and the others beneath it. Down there, just where the slope dips to a precipice in a line of scrubby thorn-bush, you may imagine how he looked from here, and how the Dutchmen must have gasped at his folly. Up and up he came; the lower sangars blasted him off the face of the earth; but his friends rushed them with tremendous loss, and swept on upwards towards this frowning wall. The broadside howled and roared over them, and the wall grew troubled and shaky, falling in and falling out, dimly seen amid the curtain of smoke and flame whirling about the leaping stones. But steady eyes were glaring where they could through the dun clouds and the sheets of fire, and steady fingers were pulling trigger rapidly and incessantly. The crackle came unbroken and clearly heard from the very midst of the uproar thundering up at the trench, as if the great shells were bursting into a million rattling fragments, and down the slope the yellow figures were tumbling fast, one under that tree, three in front of that stone, a dozen on that naked flat, until there were no more to shoot—the attack had been wiped out! The broadside roared in anger and anguish, but the steady eyes, after a steady look for more yellow figures, turned steadily away, and their owners leant the smoking rifles against the wall, and sat down to wait. Think how you would flinch if I were to hurl a stone with a sudden shout at you as you stand there dreaming, multiply the stone and the shout by twenty million, add fire and smoke and filthy ochreous vapours, and imagine the ground quaking and the air full of whirlwinds—even then you will not picture to yourself the terror of that artillery assault, and the stupendous gallantry and calm of the dingy farmers who stood up straight and shot true from the very midst of it.

"And what of the tumbling yellow figures below? We stumbled and panted during the climb, though we lounged and loitered and stopped to admire the view often enough, carrying nothing but useful sticks, and full of contentment and breakfast.

Consider how it must have been for men heavily accoutred, driven at full speed by their own impetuous heroism against a stinging drift of bullets, as the mail train sweeps through a hailstorm, with failing breath and terribly failing numbers, blinded with sweat and smoke and the sun's red glare on the mountain-side, short of sleep and short of food. Dream as you will, sitting there with your back comfortably against a stone, you can never think how they fell into the long dream of death, head-foremost, sideways, with waving arms, and the splendid Irish shout in their mouths suddenly choked with blood, whilst the rifles spun in the air and fell clattering and dented across the stones, as if they too were struck dead. No good! no good! Once more the forefront of a British battle is a heap of Irish dead—more power to their gallant souls, wherever they have flown! . . . The Irish Party! It is, and has always been, the soldiers from Galway and Inniskilling who have stormed their way into the hearts of all who love devotion and pluck, and done more for Ireland than all the untidy windbags who ever spluttered!

Night Scenes.

"The attack had failed, and the dead and wounded lay roasting and festering in little filthy clumps between here and the edge of the gorge a quarter of a mile below. . . .

"And so the thunderstorm died away, as thunderstorms do in the evening, with little growls and rumbles in the distance, leaving everybody listening and talking in low voices, oppressed by the receding booming, and by the silence which remains behind. A burst of firing here, single shots from unseen holes and hollows, which made heads which had not moved at the millions of shots echoing around them all day turn in that direction, so lonely were they in the evening air; the melancholy song of a belated shell, dreering its weird up in the pale-green sky, and its far-off thudding fall, the fall of a stone, the rustle of the river rapids below—what unforgettable music all this to the thousands swallowed up in the dark billows of the land, lying and listening, trying not to hear the faint calls from the darkening hillside above. Night fell terribly for the poor wounded out there: one had better not think of it; yet even after two years, in this cheerful sunny noonday, the whole hill is shrouded in a scented gloom, from whose depths tired, miserable voices call awfully and incessantly, 'Help! Help! O-o-h! Stretcher-bearer-r-r!' throughout the night, throughout the years, for ever, unless memory will become as deaf as the ears through which such unutterable sadness wailed into her.

"All night, and all next day, and all the night after, they lay there. I have talked to an officer who lay with them—an ordinary, gallant English gentleman, who lay in hell for forty hours with thirteen wounds on his body, and fifty dying men around him. What he saw Wiertz himself would hesitate to put upon canvas; what he said no British writer can tell to British people. He used to peep over his stone and watch them dying, expecting death every second himself. Prone forms, which twisted restlessly at the first peep, would be immobile, their last contortion stiffened to dirty marble, when he peeped again. It seemed terribly private, that stony slaughter-ground, deserted by friends and unvisited by foes—a little unhappy world of its own, its inhabitants quietly dying and silently living behind the rocks, with no word for each other, for no one knew whether the pair of legs or the top of the helmet he could see around the corner did not belong to a corpse; and in any case, when hope is dead speech dies also, all but the rumble-dumble of delirium, which occasionally murmured from some invisible corner when the sun blazed out next day, stopping and recommencing like the sound of a distant threshing-machine on a dreamy summer's day in old England. All of which would not be worth telling were it not true, terribly true, and but a tenth part of the terrible truth. Man's agony should be known, or a least guessed at, by a world whose eyes have been filling too long with unreal tears over every 'foppish lamentation' piping from the circulating libraries and the committee rooms of cranks. Here was something real, my masters. Ye are singularly silent about it, considering how loudly minor woes can make you cackle—the quality of cocoa supplied to your captured enemies, for instance, or the lack of soap or sanitation for their families, who desire a wash but seldom, and drains never.

Hanging On.

"Troops were drawn from the inconclusive left and sent to thicken the crowds clustering in the Tugela gorge below our hill. Guns followed suit, crawling one after the other over the pontoons, climbing the steep roads over the shoulder of Hlangwani, and disappearing silently into the woods between it and Monte Cristo. The broadside was contracting from seven miles to four—pulling itself together, as it were, for one terrific final punch at the big trench on this hill-top, the 'mark' of the Boer position. Then a path, well known for fifty years to Kaffirs and cattle-runners, was miraculously 'discovered' by the Intelligence, and very soon swarms of soldiers were digging on either bank of the river, preparing approaches for the pontoon, which by the night of the 28th was in

position right behind the sangars of the Irishmen. All the time the firing in front was as incessant as the stir and labour behind. The history of war has few situations more intense and perilous to show than that in which the advanced lines of Boer and British riflemen found themselves during these four days of indecision. Thousands of keen-eyed men were lying flat within a few hundred yards of each other along the stony shelves and ridges, peering, ducking, shooting all day and all night. And such shooting! A rifle that will kill at 3,000 yards is a curious weapon at 300. Words cannot describe its instantaneousness and force, or how the bullets rushed across the trifling space with so many thousand yards of energy to spare, smiting the stones like millions of hammers, splitting the smaller ones into bluish chips, splashing the larger with hot films of shining lead. The air was one tremendous crack of rifles—no one could say whether of Mauser or Lee-Metford, so close were the volleying lines of friend and foe. No one could look over his sangar; even the wagging in the wind of a little tuft of grass upon a sod placed as head cover here and there on the low walls drew a hundred whistling bullets towards it, until the rectangle of turf disappeared, blown to sand in a succession of dusty puffs which filled the eyes of the soldier lying under it.

"Some men bored tiny loopholes in their walls, just big enough to admit a rifle barrel and the glance of one eye along it. Even these were detected, and flakes of hot lead came spinning through them from bullets splintering against the stones outside, stinging the watchful face behind it. Sometimes a bullet fluked its way through entire, and then the drawn face suddenly flushed and paled beneath its covering of dirt and sweat, and sank quietly forward—so quietly sometimes that the man's officer lying a few feet away would wonder why Private Jones had stopped firing, and would pass a cheery word along to the dead ears to "Keep at it, my boy!" And Private Jones would be carefully pulled out backwards and borne secretly down the hill, with a tiny hole between his eyes and a huge hideous one under his drenched helmet at the back, and Private Brown would take his late loophole and his chances, with a preliminary long screwed-up stare through the little funnel, and try to discover its discoverer. And the same thing was happening amongst the Boers. Their schanzes were sheets of lead-film too, and Stoffel's bearded face would fall forward against the wall, to be replaced by Jan's anxious one, with the keen animal eyes squinting along the Mauser as often as poor Jones' and Brown's three hundred yards away. Three hundred yards! Neither knew that three hundred years separated the faces squab and bearded and those clear-cut and shaven! . . .

A Queer Duel.

"During the armistice of the 25th, an old white-bearded burgher, ridiculously attired in black trousers and a low evening waistcoat, was observed by two officers to be secretly and dishonourably (considering the terms of truce) erecting a little shelter for himself away to the right front, from which he would be able to more or less enfilade one of our sangars. His mode of work was amusing and typically Dutch! How bland and absent-minded was his demeanour as he quietly loosened a big stone with his foot, and edged it towards the site selected! How pathetically weary his sinking to the ground beside it, how pitifully senile the manner in which he rolled it about, until it stood like a child's castle on the beach at Hastings, upon the top of another stone made ready to receive it! Poor old fellow! His nerves were shattered; would no one take him away and cherish him? No one of all those heartless thousands, and the old gaffer worked on at his doddering task, until his old face beamed foolishly at quite a respectable little wall of stones, erected in exactly the right position, with a loophole pointing from it exactly in the right direction. Then the aged buldier tired of his play, moved away, and was lost in the crowd of mooning, moody, fighting men, who were stretching their limbs in the blessed peace of that day of rest from killing and being killed. The two officers looked at each other and laughed. 'Balbus murum aedificavit,' murmured one. 'Hodie!' prophesied the other, grimly, with singular aptness, seeing that it was nearly all of his Harrow Latin that had stuck in his mind. Then the two retired to their own shelter, to which they built on a little flank piece, with a loophole which looked on the old man's loophole. Then with an empty rifle a little aiming practice at the small orifice in front of them, through which four square inches of blue sky were plainly seen, like a turquoise in a setting of reddish stone, a little subdued argument as to distance, a few adjustments of the stiff sliding sight, and the two good-looking English faces looked at each other with a twinkle in the honest English eyes, and a smile under the trim moustaches. 'Jam satis,' murmured the better Latinist; 'Hodie,' reaffirmed the worse; and both subsided satisfied into an hour's sleep, the first for ninety hours of perilous, ageing wakefulness. . . .

"Next day at dawn no turquoise was to be seen through the square hole across the flat hilltop, only a patch of white—the old man's beard, with a little blue dot in the middle of it—the old man's rifle muzzle! And then the venerable marksman began to shoot, steadily, deadly, only once in three minutes or so, but every shot a work of art, flick-

ing hot lead-shavings through the soldiers' loopholes in front of him, taking them one by one as far as he could see them down the ragged line of shelters. Not a man of the British firing line but had to wince in turn at the smack of his bullet within an inch of his face, though only the two officers knew whence the one regularly recurring little peril of all the thousands spitting and spluttering on the stones was coming. As they watched the jump of that blue dot against the snowy patch, the crack of the old Boer's rifle which accompanied it sounded plainly to them above the roar of musketry echoing around. And one of them, lying flat, with a pile of cartridges beside him, gave shot for shot, whilst the other 'marked' for him with a pair of field-glasses through a tiny crack in the wall close by. It was not long before the Dutchman became aware that he was spotted, and he stopped shooting for a time, squinting carefully, only the corner of one eye exposed, to see in what corner of the brown confusion of stones his stalkers lurked. Then the white patch and blue dot filled the hole again, only for an instant now. A bullet smote viciously against the lower stone of the British officer's loophole across the flat, and the hole was empty again, with the cobalt sky visible through it. Then another apparition, and another bullet. 'He's spotted you,' muttered he with the field-glasses; 'be careful!' The other replied with an exclamation, as a bullet, ragged and torn by the impact, snarled along the left-hand stone of the loophole, and whined past his head down the slope behind. So the tactics of Boer and Britain became the same—hasty snaps through the loopholes, dropping flat to the ground again immediately trigger was pressed, whilst the little bullets rapped out their vicious answers to each other with smacking, metallic blows on the protecting stones. All the morning the duel went on; so intent were the duellists that the tremendous combat roared and sang around them unheard and unnoticed. It was as if that British youth and the old Boer sharpshooter faced each other in a deserted world, until suddenly the end came. After a shot, and the ensuing flop down by the officer, there was a pause, no answering shot whistling from the little sangar opposite. The 'marker' stared earnestly through his glasses, with screwed-up eyes, and one end of his moustache drawn tightly into his mouth. Still no bullet, though hundreds were wailing and ringing overhead and along the shelters, the ordinary line-of-battle bullets, coming from and striking anywhere. 'You've got him!' said the marker, in a grave, quiet voice, and put the glasses on the ground beside his prone comrade, rubbing his tired eyes, and yawning. The other took them and levelled them through

the loophole. The little orifice opposite was filled with white now, as if a patch of paper had been pasted over it: it was the old man's face! And in the middle of the white the glasses showed a ruddy blotch, like an over-ripe nectarine flung against a wall; it was the old man's mouth shattered by the last bullet. He had fallen forward at the blow, and his face lay pressed against the loophole, as if it were staring through it. For a moment longer it showed, white as parchment, then slid slowly sideways out of sight, letting in the turquoise sky as it disappeared.

The Blast of the Guns.

"The dawn of next day, Majuba Day, 'came up like thunder,' and with peal after peal of thunder 'outer China 'crost the Bay,' out of the billowing tangle of scrub between Monte Cristo and Hlangwani across the river. The long broadside was 'letting itself go' like an angry woman; one were happier dead than alive upon this hill; even untouched one would have been unable to stand where we were standing now, so fiercely was the breath of the great shells blasting across it in hot, staggering gusts, the dry trees bending and cracking before it, the hundreds of dirty squares of cartridge-paper which strewed untidily the front of the big trench behind us twirling and soaring up in the ceaseless whirlwinds which arose suddenly in the still air as the projectiles tore by. Even untouched, one would have felt one's body rending to pieces as one looked where a shell burst in the midst of a trench, and heard the filthy squelch and sharp cries above the roar, and saw the awful faces through the red glare and curtain or powdered stones, and the fragments which remained behind—bloody hunks of meat left to lie in the roasting sun, with a few rags attached, all that was left of half a dozen strong fighting men. The Boers suffered terribly up in this trench; the sea which they had hoped to reach—England's sea—had come up to them instead. 'You want me?' it roared; 'well, take my weapons first!' And the long guns swung on their swivels, and cocked their snouts, and smothered this unhappy hill as their great mother smothers breakwaters and outlying rocks on her days of anger. And the jolly sailors spat and swore and sweated around them: all one to them whether the gunnery lieutenant's telescope was levelled across rolling ground or water, so long as it looked towards the enemy, and, after all, a rocky mountain is easier to hit than a dancing ship. And very few shells went astray. This thick wall, less cunningly placed than usual, looked to the naval gunners like a low black superstructure running across the mighty fabric beneath it. They smote it, they

battered it; they flung it high in air, and crushed it to the ground. They played tricks with it, inviting the little shrapnel guns to join the sport; for after a salvo of lyddite on a particular spot, the latter would burst a hurricane of shrapnel over the same spot at exactly the right interval in which to dash to the ground any Dutchmen creeping to the rear unnerved by the first cataclysm. . . .

Carrying the Crest.

"Somewhere near midday Barton's fusiliers ran along the deep Tugela gorge towards the 'Eagle's Nest,' a lofty monument of rock put up by God to commemorate the birth of His lovely handiwork all around, and, turning to their left, swarmed up over the cliff and across the grassy slopes above it on to Pieters Hill itself—a bare conical eminence somewhat wide of the main position, and to its right. . . . The big Boer trench shrieked at them and forgot all about the shells crashing into it at the rate of fifty a minute; and a sound as of a waterfall rolled down from it towards the charging soldiers—a ceaseless roar of rifles and rush of bullets, with wild shouts between, and sudden appearances and disappearances of faces and figures in the smoke and dust, sometimes from the very midst of an explosion of lyddite. For the big shells would not be forgotten. Skimming but a few feet over the heads of the British fighting line, they burst upon the trenches and on the ground below them, when attackers were so close to attacked that the gush of oily smoke hid and blinded both, and both the death-yell and the yell of triumph and fury which broke around every explosion were drowned by its own tremendous shout. What words can paint the sounds and sights of that fighting—the great winds which seemed to spring up, the deadly calms of certain little retired spots in which perhaps a couple of corpses grovelled like rooting pigs, the mighty roar of voices, the single piercing cries, the iron nails upon the stones, the hot, dirty leather of the men's equipment, the smell of hands and feet and warm steel, the smell of fresh blood and chemicals!

"Kitchener's men kept steadily upward. Never did an attack move straighter, nor was there ever one with less apparent order in its movement. Little groups and little wavy lines, even little files and single soldiers, poured like dream-figures up through the clamour and confusion that rose and fell along that terrible hillside. From all sides they came, from behind trees, from dips in the ground, over the summits of low rises, along water runs. Most of the men seemed to be without officers, most of the officers without men—a curious concourse to watch, so apparently motiveless or spontaneous was the steady trot towards

the top of the leaden waterfall. The shells blaring over them and bursting a few yards in front seemed to be shouting 'Faugh a' ballagh!' 'Clear the way!' for the strange stern figures silently toiling behind them, heads bent, eyes fixed for the most part on the ground. For it was impossible to look up at the great Boer trench. So terrible a fire was crashing from it, that to raise one's eyes towards it was an effort similar to that of gazing straight into a cutting winter wind or into the doors of a ship's furnaces. It seemed safer to look down; and in any case there was not much to see—only a brown wall, with a few flat hats wobbling over it, dimly seen through the great spouts of fire and whirlwinds of tawny dust leaping and playing along it. Men appeared from nowhere, and pressed forward to nowhere, seen and lost in a moment like figures in a fog. . . . The wounded usually began to undress, looking furtively from side to side; some moving thus were hit again and again, and they took the blows wincing, with patient faces, which sank quietly to the ground when a bullet came at last to end it all. And all the time the swarm of living rolled on and up until only a few yards separated them from the main Boer work. The broadside pulled itself together and hurled salvo after salvo into it, the great wall danced and crumbled, vanished in parts, in parts grew higher, with suddenly born battlements and turrets as the boulders were flung in confusion along the parapet, grinding and splitting and shaving their cold blue inner surface. Not

a shell went astray, the parapet received them all full in its rocky face, doing its best for the cause, and no bad symbol of it in its ugly stubbornness.

"Oh, that last five minutes' bombardment. The lovers of sober writing must not read of war, for the artist has not yet lived who can write of hell with heavenly temperance; and if ever hell was let loose upon the uncondemned, it was upon those farmers manning the wall upon the roof of Pieters Hill. In one great explosion they stood and fired, in one atmosphere of blasted air and filthy fumes, in one terrible green and brown darkness, in one continual earthquake. They seemed to go mad, as well they might. As the trotting soldiers drew near, many of them actually leapt from behind their cover on to the top of the parapet itself, and were seen against the sky wildly firing from the very midst of the bursting shells down at the advancing Britons, and the great cheer that rose from all the army behind as they closed was not all for the mannikins waving helmets on bayonet ends, but in part also for those that could be seen falling backwards with uplifted arms. The last stand was over. Had the Boer army never stood again, their name was made; even now, two years after, the heart beats faster and the eye dilates as those little figures on the parapet and those trotting towards them are conjured up. With the capture of the main trench on Pieters Hill the position was won, and the British army swept up and over it as if no fortress would ever stop it again—and in that mood none ever will!"

MAGAZINE CHIT-CHAT.

In the "Quiver" for February Mr. D. A. Willy describes "The Floating Hospitals of New York"—the two large hospital ships which for twenty-six and two years respectively have cruised up and down New York harbour, flying the Red Cross flag and the Stars and Stripes. They are simply floating hospitals, floating, because in this way poor children and their mothers may have at once the benefit of sea air and good medical treatment. Mr. F. M. Holmes has an interesting interview with "Gipsy" Smith, the Evangelist, a real gipsy by birth. In the course of this interview, Mr. Smith said that Theodore Watts Dunton's "Aylwin" gave the best picture of gipsy life that he knew in the English language. According to him there are still well on for 30,000 gipsies in England.

"Benevolence," said Hobbes, "is a love of power and delight in the exercise of it." On this cynical

text Mr. Stephen Gwynn preaches in "Cornhill" an excellent sermon on the dangers of philanthropy. He asserts in his turn that "benevolence is not often self-sacrifice—it is always self-realisation.

"If you would have success, do not work too hard." Such is the advice which is given to young men in the "Young Man" by Mr. Poultney Bigelow. The interview with him reveals that he was another of those exceptional men who owed much of their career to an early breakdown in health. In pursuit of health he went round the world. He turned his experiences and adventures into "copy," and became distinguished. His word on the international situation was:—"England's danger to-day, commercially, is this: that she will not give her children the educational advantages that the people of other countries enjoy."

EPISODES IN BRITISH HISTORY.

By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

[The proprietors of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" have made arrangements with Messrs. Smith and Elder, London, the publishers of "How England Saved Europe," by W. H. Fitchett, for the re-publication of a series of brief episodes from that work. The series deals with picturesque incidents and striking figures in the Great War with France, betwixt 1793 and 1815.]

XII.—WATERLOO: BEFORE THE FIGHT.

The situation on the night of June 17, 1815, may be described almost in a sentence. Grouchy was at Gembloux, Napoleon at La Belle Alliance, parted by twenty-two miles of wet and almost impassable plains from each other. Communications along the paved road running to Quatre Bras were possible; but they stretched across a distance of nearly forty miles. Wellington and Blucher, on the other hand, thanks to the historic flank march of the Prussian army, lay within less than ten miles of each other. Napoleon's strategy thus was inverted and turned against himself. He aimed to separate Blucher and Wellington, and, keeping his own army concentrated, to fight and destroy them each in detail. As a matter of fact, Blucher and Wellington were united; 90,000 Prussians at Wavre were within hand-grasp of Wellington's army of 61,000 at Waterloo, and betwixt them was the link of a definite and loyal strategy. It was Napoleon's army that was fatally separated. He was in front of Wellington with 72,000 men, while his left wing, under Grouchy, 33,000 strong, was a dislocated and wandering fragment, practically thirty miles distant!

Judged thus by the distribution of the armies as night fell on the 17th, the Allies, and not Napoleon, had won in the great game of generalship. Napoleon had planned to fall with his whole force on Blucher and Wellington separately, but Blucher and Wellington next day were to fall upon him, at the moment when one-third of his forces was beyond his reach. And the noteworthy thing is that Napoleon was in almost absolute ignorance of the combination which was closing around him. He believed that Grouchy was betwixt him and Blucher, or, at all events, would come up as soon as the Prussians, and in greater strength. On the morning of Waterloo, Napoleon was wandering in a mere fool's paradise. Blucher and Wellington had already beaten him in strategy, as in the struggle of the next day they were to beat him in tactics.

A Night Scene.

The night of the 17th was black with falling rain and rough with winds. Two great armies

were encamped within a thousand yards of each other. For some curious reason no fires were lit amongst the French. Blackness lay unrelieved on the muddy ridge where more than 70,000 soldiers, unsheltered from the furious gusts of rain, waited for morning—and for defeat! On the British ridge, however, a thousand fires flamed. In the shallow valley below, the British vedettes and pickets, almost within speaking distance of the French outposts, kept their watch in the darkness and the fast-falling rain. Every few minutes deep reverberations of thunder shook the night skies above, and the lightning, with its white flame, lit the whole scene. From the British ridge the far-stretching fires sent a ruddy glow up into the sky, and, like some far-seen and crimson signal of war, that long stretch of pulsating colour burned in the midnight heavens.

About midnight, Napoleon, who could not sleep, went out on foot with General Bertrand, and walked in the darkness and rain along the line of his outposts as far as the wood of Hougomont. Again and again he stopped, with bent head, to listen to the sounds that stole down from the British lines, or he stood, unconscious of the rain, staring into the darkness up the hill-slope, where to-morrow Ney's gallant horsemen were to make their last ride. Napoleon feared the British, behind the screen of their camp-fires, would silently vanish through the forest of Soignies. So he paused again, and yet again, and tried to interpret each sound that floated through the darkness and the rain from the camp of his enemies.

These restless midnight wanderings along the front of the English position, while waiting for the dawn of the day of Waterloo, have a weird suggestiveness. Did Napoleon's imagination paint on the screen of the darkness any picture of the wild conflict of the coming day, and of the mad ruin which was to crown it, with the solitudes of St. Helena beyond? Did he realise that the last hour of Fate, for him, was about to strike? While Napoleon, like a restless disquieted spirit, thus wandered unrecognised, in the rain and darkness amongst his outposts, Wellington sat in a

room in the village of Waterloo at his desk, with busy secretaries about him, and a constant flow of orderlies, who splashed in dripping with rain from the wet night, and splashed out again with their hurrying messages. The English general was busy framing in minutest detail the battle-plan of Waterloo.

The Iron Dice of War.

"Il a jete les des; et ils sont pour nous." "He has flung the dice, and we win!" That was Napoleon's summary of the chances of Waterloo at 8 o'clock on that world-famous Sunday morning, June 18, 1815. He had not seen the face of an Englishman in battle since Toulon in 1793, and he did not understand the fighting quality of the British soldier. He expected the allied generals to shrink from his stroke. "The old fox will not come out," he had said two days before when he stood in front of Blücher's position at Ligny; and he could hardly believe that Wellington would stand in the open at Waterloo to meet him. But on that rainy June morning, with sodden soil beneath and wet skies above, the British army was standing steadfastly on the ridge in front of Mont St. Jean. Wellington, in Napoleon's phrase, had "flung the dice," and Napoleon, who was just then wandering through a fool's paradise of hope, told his generals, "Ils sont pour nous."

The battlefield of Waterloo—the board on which Wellington had flung the iron dice of battle—is easily described. It is a shallow valley lying betwixt a double ridge of low and curving hills, a little over two miles in length, running east and west, and crossing the main road from Brussels to Charleroi at right angles. The road from Wavre, a mere country lane, in places worn deep into the rich soil, runs—or rather at that time ran—along the low crest of the northern—or English—ridge, at right angles to the Brussels road, and fell into the Nivelles road at its western extremity. The Nivelles road from that point runs back at an acute angle into the Brussels road, and the angle formed by these two roads defined Wellington's right. The crest ebbs back in a gentle curve where the Brussels road crosses it, and Wellington's front stretched for a little over a mile on either side of that road.

Southward, looking towards the French position, the ridge sinks like some low, regular glacis into the shallow valley. On the reverse, or northern side, the dip is somewhat sharper. On the southern front the ridge had two outworks. The farmhouse of Hougoumont stood about 350 yards in advance on the western extremity of the line, about 1,000 yards from the Brussels road, its north-western angle coming within 300 yards of the Nivelles road, with which it was connected by a lane. Hougoumont was a solid cluster of brick buildings, set in a frame of orchards, with a patch

of forest on two faces. With its small doors and windows, its outer shield of brick wall, and its screen of trees, Hougoumont was a strong post against anything except artillery. It was a field-fortress, about a quarter of a mile on each face, covered with a living mask of foliage; and, curiously enough, the French made no serious artillery attack upon it.

Some 300 yards in advance of the British centre, on the Brussels-Charleroi road itself, stood the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, scarcely inferior in strength to Hougoumont, and capable of being stubbornly held. On the opposite side of the road to the farmhouse, and a little nearer the ridge, was an old gravel pit.

La Haye Sainte was the one point in his battle-line which Wellington lost; and yet it was the one which he might, with the greatest security, have held. The buildings, very solid in character, formed three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth side—that parallel with the edge of the Charleroi road—consisting of a high wall. South of the buildings was an orchard; on the north was a garden. All the buildings were of good masonry and strongly roofed. The popular belief is that the front of La Haye Sainte, which looked towards the British line, had no doorway, and so ammunition could not be sent in to the troops holding the position. Wellington himself believed this, as did most of his staff. Yet the doorway existed, as is shown on the plan in Shaw Kennedy's valuable work.

The truth is, the defence of La Haye Sainte was a detail left to the Prince of Orange, and quite forgotten, or neglected, by that very inexperienced general. No adequate preparations for the defence of the buildings were made during the night; the tools and workmen that should have been employed on that task were taken to Hougoumont and employed there. Scarcely anything was done in the way of loopholing the walls, building up gates and doors, etc. In fact, the troops were allowed to burn one of the great gates for firewood during the night. The building was large enough to hold a garrison of 1,000 men, but only a light battalion of the King's German Legion, 400 strong, was detailed to hold it, and by some crowning blunder no adequate supply of ammunition was provided. Wellington said afterwards, and quite truly, "It was the fault of the Prince of Orange that La Haye Sainte was lost. But no!" he added, generously, "I ought to have looked into it myself." When, during the night of the 17th, the suggestion was made to the headquarters staff to send in an additional battalion to strengthen the defence of La Haye Sainte, the proposal was rejected with something like contempt. Nevertheless, for the neglect to adequately defend La Haye Sainte, the British next day had to pay a tragical price in blood and suffering.

The defence of Hougoumont was prepared with great energy. On the evening of the 17th, Wellington gave instructions that it was to be defended to the uttermost. The workmen and tools from La Haye Sainte, as we have seen, were carried to it. All night long the business of piercing the walls, preparing platforms, etc., was pushed on with the greatest energy. Abundant stores of ammunition were placed in it. Its garrison consisted of Wellington's best troops, under an officer in whom he reposed special confidence. As a result, Hougoumont was triumphantly held through the whole day, a result which might have been secured as certainly for La Haye Sainte had the same means been employed.

The Field.

Waterloo was not a strong position, and was held mainly because it covered the junction of the Charleroi and Nivelles roads. "I have just ridden along the whole line," said Picton, half an hour before the battle began, "and I never saw a worse position." It had been proposed a month earlier to strengthen it by earthworks. "No, no," said Wellington; "that would tell them where we mean to fight." So the only artificial defence was an abattis on the Brussels road above La Haye Sainte. But Waterloo suited Wellington's battle methods sufficiently well. He could keep his infantry on the reverse slope, unseen and sheltered till the moment came for action. The road traversing the ridge defined his battle front; it served in some places as a ditch, and made communication from end to end of the position easy. On either extremity the ridge curved forward with a well-defined shoulder, and so made the flanks strong; while Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, thrust out like two horns in front, would break or divide the strength of a direct attack.

Looking southward across the shallow valley, at a distance of about 1,200 yards, could be seen the ridge which was held by Napoleon. It suited his battle methods admirably. Napoleon understood the office of the imagination in war, and he loved to impress and terrify the imagination of his enemies by the spectacle of far-stretching infantry columns, glittering squadrons of cavalry, and long lines of frowning guns. His position at Waterloo lent itself perfectly to spectacular effects of this sort. It had, however, this disadvantage—that on the long sloping flank of La Belle Alliance his battle plan lay open like a game of chess. Wellington could note every movement in his enemy's lines, could see where the columns gathered for their onfall, judge on what point of his line the tempest was about to burst, and make, unseen, the necessary combination to meet it.

The whole scene of the fight, looked at from the British ridge, offered a strange picture of fertility and peace. On the undulating plain and the low

swelling hills the ripening crops stood thick; sprinkled over the landscape were farmhouses nestled in leafy orchards, and tiny villages with church steeples showing sharp above the poplars. It was Sunday morning, the rain had fallen all night, and was still falling softly. The air was heavy with mist. The rain-drops lay thick on the bearded grain; pools of water gathered in every hollow. The landscape, grey above, dark green below, and fading on all sides into the indistinctness of mist, was curiously sombre. And presently under the dripping skies and through the damp air the church bells were calling faintly to each other. They called the rustic worshippers to matins. But the brazen trumpet of war was about to rend the air with sterner notes. Within an area of about three miles by one, more than 130,000 armed men were preparing to join in the most famous battle of modern times. On the narrow British ridge, as the grey dawn kindled in the east, more than 60,000 men awoke, and the stir of their waking, the call of so many human voices, the stamping of horses, made up a softened volume of sound which, says one who stood that morning on the ridge, "resembled the wash of surf on the seashore."

The Rival Forces.

Wellington had at his disposal for the coming fight 67,000 men; 12,000 being cavalry, with 156 guns. Napoleon had a total of nearly 72,000 men, nearly 15,000 being cavalry, with 246 guns. It will be seen that Wellington was inferior to Napoleon in infantry and cavalry, and greatly inferior to him in artillery. But the difference in figures very inadequately represents the difference in strength of the two armies. Of Wellington's whole forces, less than 24,000 were British. If to these be added the fine regiments of the King's German Legion, it still left less than 30,000 thoroughly reliable soldiers; and of Wellington's British three out of four were mere recruits. Not more than 6,000 had ever heard a shot fired in actual battle. With many of the Nassauers and Dutch-Belgians courage was a doubtful quality, and loyalty one still more doubtful. The Nassauers had served under the French eagles, their arms, uniforms, and drill were still French, and during the battle his aide-de-camp only once persuaded Wellington to draw his bridle. It was when he was about to pass in front of a square of Nassauers. There was real fear that they might fire upon him instead of upon the French! At Hal, while the battle was raging at Waterloo, Clinton's division actually expected to have to fire on their Belgian allies. . . .

Wellington's hope of success rested on his own matchless skill in defence, and on the dogged fighting quality of his British troops. There was, of course, plenty of courage, of a sporadic sort,

amongst the Belgians. Thus, in his account of the battle, Picton's "Staff Officer" says that "a fine old brave Belgian colonel, having a cocked hat like the sails of a windmill," rode into one of their squares, followed by a cluster of his officers. His own regiment had dissolved in mere flight, but this brave soldier added himself and a few of his officers to a British square, and manoeuvred and fought with them all through the wild day.

But the Nassauers early showed the doubtful strain in their soldiery. Thus when the battalions holding the wood of Hougomont heard the shrill cries of "Vive l'Empereur," which presently came in waves of clamour from the French ridge, they grew uneasy; they visibly trembled on the edge of mere flight. Wellington in person rode up to them and showed how strongly they were supported by the British Guards. "It would not do," he said, telling the story afterwards, "and so bewildered were they that they sent a few shots after me as I rode off!" Wellington had to distribute his foreign and doubtful troops amongst his more steadfast battalions, so as to minimise the peril of their giving way.

Napoleon had organised his army in three corps, with the Imperial Guard and the cavalry of Kellerman and Milhaud and Pajol as a reserve. The two corps of D'Erlon and of Reille formed his front, the infantry being ranged in two lines, with an interval of thirty-five yards betwixt them. D'Erlon's corps formed the right wing, that of Reille the left. Milhaud's cuirassiers were in D'Erlon's rear, Kellerman's cuirassiers and dragoons, with the heavy cavalry of the Guard, in the rear of Reille. The Young Guard, under Lobau, was in the centre of the second line west of the Brussels road. As a reserve stood, in black deep columns, with artillery on both flanks, the Imperial Guard itself.

A Dazzling Spectacle.

Napoleon spent two hours of the morning in a great spectacular display. Over the low hill his army came in eleven columns, their guns, battery after battery, moving on the flanks of the columns, while at a stately trot, with a sound of clashing steel that rang far over the valley, came the cavalry, mailed cuirassiers, lancers with their forest of glittering spear-points, dragoons with sword and plume. The drums beat harshly, a hundred bands poured their kindling music on the air. To give realistic effect to the scene, a fringe of skirmishers ran out along the whole French line, and filled

the slope below with the white smoke and the sharp crackle of their musketry. The whole army, as thus displayed, had, to quote Thiers, "something the form of a great fan, gleaming as the bayonets, sabres, and cuirasses of the men flashed back the sunlight, which just then had broken through the clouds." Suddenly along the outer fringe of the "fan," so to speak, shot at speed a group of horsemen, gay with plumes, glittering with gold and steel and scarlet. It was Napoleon and his staff! A tempest of shrill cheering rose on the air. It flowed round that dazzling group, pursued it, ran before it, and the clamour deepened until it swept across the valley to the British line. Then it died away, and in silence the two great hosts faced each other.

Napoleon spent two hours of precious time in that great effort of what we may call parade soldiery. It was meant to kindle the imagination of his own men and to chill that of the enemy. Long afterwards, Napoleon, referring to the sight, declared "the earth seemed proud to bear so many brave men." As for any effect on the imagination of Wellington's soldiers, however, the scene was wasted. The British private is singularly unsusceptible to histrionic terrors. On the ridge opposite, such of the British soldiers as watched the sight leaned coolly on their muskets, and exchanged rough jests on the subject of "Nap" and his men in front of them. That ride along the front of his gallant army at Waterloo, it may be added, was Napoleon's last review—his last hour of military pride.

The movement which threw Napoleon's great army into battle line was skilful in the highest degree, and, says Shaw Kennedy, "may be looked upon as a model." "Never," Napoleon himself said afterwards at St. Helena, "never have such masses moved with such celerity."

Napoleon's description of the battle formation of his army is worth quoting. "It was arranged," he says, "in six lines forming six double W's. The first and second lines were formed of infantry flanked by light cavalry; the third and fourth lines of cuirassiers; the fifth and sixth lines of cavalry of the Guard, with six lines of infantry of the Guard perpendicularly placed at the point of those six W's."

At half-past 10 o'clock the whole movement was completed. A profound silence lay on the battlefield. It was a moment's breathing space; the two great hosts gazed across the narrow valley on each other.

SCIENCE OF THE MONTH.

About the Wireless Telegraph.

A number of the journals deal with the feat of Marconi in sending the letter "S" from Poldhu, Cornwall, to Signal Hill, Newfoundland, on December 11 last by his wireless telegraph, but none give particulars of his new arrangement. The "Electrician" and "Electrical Review," January 17 (London), express the view that a trans-Atlantic wireless telegraph, with ten stations on each side, will not be able to compete with cables, even a single cable. Conjointly, according to the "Electrician," they would only transmit fifty words a minute, or five words to each, and a good cable does better. Yet these ten stations on each side would exhaust the practical limits of "tuning" or "syntonising the apparatus to keep the messages from interfering with one another. Moreover, they would render the wireless telegraph useless for vessels on the Atlantic, because their signals would interfere with those of the vessels. It remains to be seen whether this view will not be falsified by the further development of the system in the hands of Marconi, Tesla, or others. The "Scientific American" (January 4) gives photographs of Marconi and his kite at Signal Hill on December 11, and in the number for December 28 an illustrated description of the Slaby-Arco system of wireless transmission used in the German army. For military work the receiver is a microphone and a telephone, as in the original wireless telegraph of Hughes, discovered in 1879, but not published for twenty years. Box kites are employed in raising the exposed wires or antennae, and the whole outfit for a station weighs only thirty kilograms. The distance covered is about fifteen miles.

Potato Cure in Diabetes.

In diabetes the patient requires hydrates of carbon for his nourishment, and the problem is to find the best form for the purpose. Bread is allowed, but, as a rule, medical men, in spite of some protests, forbid potatoes. Nevertheless, M. Mosse, after five years of trial and research, concludes that potatoes are not only good in diabetes, but may be preferable to bread when given in the proportion of two and a half to three parts (by weight) of potatoes to one of bread. This result, according to the "Comptes Rendus" of the Academy of Sciences, holds for nervous, pancreatic, and arthritic diabetes, and he thinks it owing to potash in the potatoes. Physicians, in forbidding potatoes, have looked to the amylaceous matter, and

overlooked the salts and water they contain. The proportion of water in potatoes is double, and the proportion of salts equal to, that in bread; so that with three weights of potatoes for one of bread, the patient gets an equivalent of amylaceous and albumenoid matter with six times the water, and thrice the salts, of which the potash forms carbonate of potash in the body, and acts as an alkaline cure, stimulating the weak glycolytic action in cases of diabetes. The regimen of potatoes should, however, be watched by a doctor, especially in the case of albumenuria, where potash increases the toxicity of the blood. The Vichy cure confirms the cure by potatoes.

Helps for the Blind and Deaf.

The blind rely on their sense of touch, as in the raised letters of a book for the blind, but such figures are fixed and give little or no idea of continuous movement—for example, the flight of a bird. M. Dussaud, of the University of Geneva, has, therefore, invented an apparatus which does for the touch what a cinematograph does for the sight. In the cinematograph the flight of a bird would be represented by a series of photographs passed before the eye so rapidly as to coalesce and show the movements of the wings in flying, and in the instrument of Dussaud the photographs are replaced by a series of embossed figures of the bird on the border of a revolving disc, which passes between the forefingers of the blind person so fast that he can follow the movement of the wings. The disc is formed of two sheets of tin, back to back, each embossed with the figures, and it is mounted on an axle. Of course, the "moving pictures" thus produced are elementary, but they are an important step in the education of the blind. The apparatus is described and illustrated in "Cosmos" for January 11, and the same number contains an account of M. Dussaud's new invention for curing deafness—the "audiometric amplifier." M. Dussaud is a philanthropist as well as a savant, and has devoted much time to the amelioration of the lot of all who suffer from deafness. His amplifier is proving beneficial in almost all cases of deafness, whatever the cause. It consists of two crystal cornets applied to the ears by a steel band or spring round the head. The cornets communicate by flexible tubes with a large pipe in which the sound to be heard is made. The best source of sound is a phonograph or graphophone, giving songs, instrumental music, or speech. The intensity of the sound can be graduated by screws

compressing the flexible tubes leading to the cornets. By this means the hearing of the deaf is educated with graduated exercises. Suppose, for example, that the person cannot hear the vowel sounds of speech. He begins with music, which is gradually lowered as the hearing improves until he can distinguish the vowel sounds, then he is led on to syllables, words, and phrases. A card with the words or syllables marked on it enables him to teach himself by shutting his eyes till he identifies the sound, and corrects himself with the card. After a few months of this training the hearing is much improved simply by the cultivation of the ear.

Restoring Broken Noses.

As a broken nose is unsightly, and may injure the prospects of a person in life, the method of Dr. Gersunz, of Vienna, for restoring it to the normal shape will be welcome. It is quite simple, practically painless and harmless. The skin of the nose is first numbened by cocaine, then a melted mixture of paraffin wax and vaseline injected under it by a syringe, like that of Dr. Pravaz, and at every squirt the mixture is modelled by the finger. It solidifies at 36 or 37 degrees Centigrade, but for the hotter countries the paraffin of Dr. Eckstein, solidifying at 39 or 40 degrees, is preferable. The vaseline afterwards disappears, but the paraffin is encysted, or incorporated with tissues, and the cure is permanent. A slight irritation following the operation goes away in a few days. The method is described with photographs of a subject before and after treatment in "La Nature," January 18, and it is applicable to other deformations of the body. The mixture may also be tinted with carmine to relieve the white of scars.

Early Frescoes.

On the walls of the grotto of Combarelles, near Eyzies, in the Département of Dordogne, France, a large number of drawings of extinct animals have been discovered by MM. Capitan and Breuil. They extend on both sides of the cave, at a certain height, for over one hundred yards, and are partially covered with the alabaster or stalagmitic deposit of centuries. They are cut or carved in the limestone to a depth of one-fifth of an inch or so, and some of them are also painted in black and red along the outlines, or in the head and other parts. The animals represented are chiefly the horse, the ox, the reindeer, and the mammoth. Of the horses, two varieties are easily recognised, one large, with a big head, the other small and fine. A cover on the back, a rude bridle, and a halter show that they were domesticated. The

oxen are of a different shape from those of Europe now. The mammoths are either covered with hair wholly or in part, and have tusks curving upward in a marked manner. A human face, not unlike that drawn by a schoolboy on a slate, with dots for eyes and strokes for the nose and mouth, as well as a number of signs, including the letter M, arcs of a circle, and "cup-marks," or dimples, are also found along with them. Illustrations are given in the "Comptes Rendus" for December 9.

A Microbe in Epilepsy.

M. Bra, in a paper to the Academy of Sciences, Paris (see "Comptes Rendus," January 6) announces the discovery of a micro-organism in the blood of epileptic patients in or about the period of attacks of "fits," not at other times. The microbes, under a microscope magnifying 500 diameters, appear as round discs or spots, and as little worms with serpentine undulations, which often adhere to the red globules of the blood.

A Serum for Typhoid.

Dr. Chantemesse has prepared an antitoxic serum for typhoid from the toxine of the bacillus of the disease. Some ten or twelve cubic centimetres are injected into the forearm with sterilised instruments, and, according to "La Nature," December 21 last, act like a charm, reducing the fever and checking the development of the infection. The remedy is used along with the ordinary treatment for typhoid.

Ether in Engines.

The use of ether, as more volatile than water, in boilers for engines is an old idea, but only now has a practical engine of the kind been introduced. It is the invention of M. Desvignes de Malapert, and is illustrated in the "Scientific American" (January 4), together with an ether motor-car. Some think the ether engine may work a revolution in machinery.

Culture in Peaty Soil.

A discovery of M. Dumont which may be useful in Ireland and Scotland, where peaty soils are common, is given in the "Comptes Rendus" for December 23 last. It is to add carbonate of potash, or matter able to form this by double decomposition, to the soil. The carbonate renders the humus nitrifiable, and favours the action of ammoniacal ferments or manure, making the soil fertile. A paper by MM. Deherain and Demoussy in the same number shows that truffles can be grown in peaty soil when lime and potash are added, and the soil is inoculated with garden bacteria.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

The Russian Cobden.

A very interesting character sketch of the late M. Jean Bloch is given in the English "Review of Reviews":—

M. Bloch was a Polish Jew, who rose from the ranks, and in so rising, enabled the outer world to form some idea of the vast reservoir of human virtue, capacity, and genius which lies below the surface of that great Slavonic and Semitic lake.

M. Bloch at the Hague.

M. Bloch was not a peace man in the ordinary sense of the term, and although he was on friendly terms with all the representatives of the Peace Society that flocked to the Hague, he occupied a position quite distinct and apart from them all. He had devoted the last eight years of his life to the study of the question of the changes which modern science and the growing complexity of the social organisation had brought about. He had arrived at the conviction, which he had embodied in his great work on the Future of War, that in the modern world war had become an impossible arbiter of international disputes. He was an advocate of a permanent Court of Arbitration, not so much because of any abstract hatred of war or any theoretical devotion to the principle of arbitration. He was firmly convinced that war had become impracticable, and this being the case, it was an absolute necessity to provide some other method by which nations could settle their differences.

The Problem of Modern War.

The problem that presented itself to him was—first, military, and secondly, economic. He demonstrated triumphantly that owing to the increased power which modern arms of precision, smokeless powder, etc., gave to the defence, it would be impossible for any modern army to achieve the rapid victories by which Germany overwhelmed the armies of the French Empire in 1870-71. The war of the future must necessarily be a war of entrenchment and defence of fortified positions, which could only be captured when the assailant had an overwhelming preponderance of force. If a war were to break out between Germany and France, or between Russia and Austria, it would be a kind of stalemate, in which the armies would confront each other along an enormous front, in which the advantages would be so great for the defending force that it would be almost impossible for decisive battles to be fought. From the military point of view that was all that M. Bloch ever asserted, and as to the soundness of such a contention there is little difference of opinion among any military experts. That the war of the future will be a long war, a war of sieges between armies which would dig themselves into the ground, and hold each other in check, rather than a war in which the invader, in a series of decisive battles, would crush the forces of the enemy, and sweep triumphantly towards his capital, is generally taken for granted by the War Offices of all Powers. But from this premise M. Bloch went on to discuss the possibility of waging war of this protracted kind on such a gigantic scale and at the same time of keeping in motion the immense complex activity required to provide the necessities of life for the nations engaged in war.

Here he argued not as a military strategist, but as an economist. He was upon his own ground, and by an immense array of figures, of which no one has ever ventured to impugn the accuracy, he succeeded in demonstrating the practical impossibility of the task. With the exception of Russia, none of the European

States can feed themselves even in peace-time without great imports from beyond the frontier. To raise the necessary rations for the teeming millions of the Continent demands the uninterrupted labour of its whole able-bodied manhood and the purchase of vast supplies from beyond the sea. In a protracted war which would last for one, two or three years, the whole of the able-bodied manhood of the country would be in the trenches, doing spade-work solely of the military kind, and would therefore be unable to produce the crops and harvest the grain and attend to the stock necessary to provide the nation and the army with indispensable food. This deficiency of foodstuffs grown within the country could only be met by an enormous increase of imports, which it would be difficult to obtain without interruption from over sea, and which it would be almost impossible to pay for, owing to the fact that the operations of industry by which manufactured goods could be produced in payment for food-stuffs would be practically suspended during war. The inevitable result would be a great increase in the price of commodities, with a corresponding diminution of the purchasing power of the consumer. There would be both less food at a higher price, and at the same time there would be less means of paying for it. This would result in such severe privation as to provoke first discontent and then despair, which would culminate in revolution. Put in a sentence, M. Bloch's argument may be stated as follows:—A modern war must be a long war, and a long war must necessarily result first in starvation, and then in revolution. It is, therefore, indispensable to provide some means of settling disputes other than an appeal to a tribunal which could not give a decisive verdict before the costs of the procedure had reduced the litigants to bankruptcy and involved them in social chaos.

M. Bloch was so convinced of the soundness of his premises and the incontrovertible logic which led to his conclusions that he was often very impatient with those who persisted in regarding a great European war as lying any longer within the pale of practical politics. "War," he used to declare impatiently, "is a folly. It is nonsense, your war. You cannot make your war without entailing revolution, in which the State itself will disappear."

Holding this belief very firmly, he spared no effort in order to impress his ideas upon the minds of the members of the Conference. He gave them all copies of his book, and visited in turn all the leading plenipotentiaries for the purpose of enforcing his conclusions by personal argument. He was received everywhere with respect, and he undoubtedly produced a very deep impression upon many of the representatives of the Powers. At the same time he was to some extent in a hostile atmosphere. The military and naval experts who were attached to every delegation were somewhat impatient with his calm assumption that the advance which had taken place in the art of war had practically rendered war impossible, and many of the older members of the Conference had not enough freshness of mind to apply themselves to a thesis which pointed to so radical a conclusion.

After distributing his book and personally canvassing the delegates, M. Bloch decided upon a more public method of advertisement. He took a public hall, and delivered a series of four lectures in French, illustrated by magic lantern views, which were very largely attended both by the members of the Conference and by the general public. M. Bloch spared no expense to make those lectures attractive. A buffet lavishly supplied with champagne and all manner of fruit and refreshments was provided free at his sole expense, while he distributed among the ladies present the richest spoils of the gardens of Holland. Never before has

any propagandist of peace accompanied his propaganda with such generous provision for the entertainment and refreshment of his audience. M. Bloch's lectures were among the chief social events at the Hague during the meeting of the Conference.

M. Bloch won golden opinions everywhere. People thought he was a little opinionated, and perhaps too much a man of one idea, but he made many firm friends and devoted disciples. He stood as a kind of godfather of the Conference, and acted throughout as a herald of the approaching reign of peace. No doubt ever disturbed the calm serenity of his conviction, and if at times he marvelled somewhat at the obtuseness, indifference, and ignorance of those whom he sought to convert, no trace of this appeared in public.

M. Bloch was possessed of indomitable energy, of great mental capacity, and with the genius of his race for business he amassed a fortune as a banker in Warsaw, and did an excellent work in the construction of railways for the Russian Government. It was when he was accompanying the Emperor Alexander II. and his staff on their way to the seat of war in Bulgaria in 1877 that his attention was first turned to military questions. He found the best military authorities in Russia fully convinced that the war with the Turks would be short, and the whole army would be back in Russia in a very few weeks or months. M. Bloch had, even then, a better appreciation of the true state of things than the military experts, and the fact that they could blunder so grossly in estimating the chances of the campaign led him to reflect as to whether they might not be equally ill-informed as to the changes brought about in warfare by the new weapons. This landed him in an enquiry of which his book on "The War of the Future" was the outcome.

Wireless Wonders of the Future.

The English "Review of Reviews" gives, under this title, an admirable sketch by Mr. Fyfe, of the Royal Institution, of the services we may expect from wireless electricity. These services are not illimitable.

The Limitations of Wireless Telegraphy.

One question may be asked. What is to prevent wireless telegraphy from superseding land and ocean telegraphy by means of cables? The advantages of such a change would be inestimable. The laying of a wire or a cable to carry the current is an exceedingly expensive operation, and the copper wire itself is a formidable item in the bill. What a boon it would be if we could dispense with wires altogether, if no more land or submarine cables required to be laid, and if all messages could be sent through space! No all this may quite conceivably come to pass, but at present there are serious obstacles in the way, and this is why scientific experts declare that wherever it is possible to lay a wire it is advisable to do so, and that the proper field for wireless telegraphy is in cases where it is either inexpedient or impossible to lay a cable, as between ship and ship, and between ship and shore. A few of the obstacles of the Marconi system may be mentioned:—(1) Its slowness; at present Mr. Marconi is unable to send more than twenty words a minute at the outside, but with modern duplex and quadruplex telegraphy 6,000 words are possible every minute over land wires and 2,000 words over submarine cables. It has been pointed out that the greatest number of stations Mr. Marconi can erect for transatlantic signalling would be ten stations on either side, giving fifty words per minute. (2) Interruption from storms; on the coast of Cornwall Mr. Marconi has erected poles 200 ft. in height, in order to carry the collecting wires necessary for long distance signalling, and these are liable to be wrecked by storms. (3) Interruption of signals; electric waves travel in all directions, and thus messages intended for one receiver are liable to be "tapped" by another for which they

were not intended. During the last Naval Manoeuvres the wireless signals of one fleet were often either read by the enemy, or rendered unintelligible by conflicting waves from various sources.

Telephoning Without Wires.

By means of the "Orling-Armstrong system" wireless telephony is quite feasible. The transmitting and receiving apparatus is contained in a small box, which is connected up by wires to two iron stakes, driven in the ground some little distance apart. This constitutes a "station," and at the other distant station are similar arrangements. The writer spoke into the transmitter, and the vibrations of his voice were carried at lightning speed through the earth to the operator at the other station, who repeated the message, thus showing that it had been received. You may drive the stakes into the ground wherever you like, or you may immerse them in water, and provided you have a receiving apparatus you can converse with anyone up to distances of twenty or thirty miles. For longer distances more apparatus would be necessary, but the system would be the same. The inventors claim that they can so "tube" their instruments that any mixing up of messages or tapping of signals would be impossible. In many parts of the country private telegraph and telephone lines exist, and these are very costly; but now anyone can, for a small outlay, provide himself with a cheap and reliable method of wireless communication. The inventors also claim to be able to steer torpedoes, to work railway signals, and to do many other things by means of their system.

Wireless Transmission of Power.

Waterfalls are now harnessed in many parts of the world for the driving of dynamos, and the current thus generated is transmitted over long distances by means of wires. The longest distance over which electric power is transmitted is 221 miles; this is in San Francisco, the power station being situated on the Yuba River. Mr. Nikola Tesla dreams of transmitting electric power over the whole globe. Waterfalls, such as the Niagara Falls, the Victorian Falls on the Zambesi, etc., would supply the power for making the Tesla oscillators. The export of power would then become the chief source of income for many happily-situated countries, as the United States, Canada, Central and South America, Switzerland, and Sweden. Whenever you wanted it, electricity would be on tap; you would simply erect a pole, and draw off as much current as you required. Chimneys would be abolished, smoke would be a thing of the past—for coal would be no more used—overhead wires would be superseded, and the clean and smokeless, wireless current would do all the work that is now done by steam, gas, and other engines.

"Men could settle down everywhere," says Mr. Tesla, "fertilise and irrigate the soil with little effort, and convert barren deserts into gardens, and thus the entire globe could be transformed and made a better abode for mankind."

Wireless Lighting.

Numbers of householders prefer to use gas for domestic lighting, as they do not wish to go to the expense of having their houses "wired." Perhaps in the future gaspips and wires will be no more used. Power will be transmitted from waterfalls without wires, and our homes will be lit without the employment of wires. Mr. Tesla, some few years back, showed at the Royal Institution how alternating currents of some 50,000 volts could be made to light vacuum tubes brought within their sphere of influence. At the close of his lecture Mr. Tesla remarked: "It is hoped that the study of these phenomena and the perfection of the means for obtaining rapidly alternating high potentials will lead to the production of an efficient illuminant." Perhaps, when Mr. Tesla can spare a little time from being interviewed by American journalists in search of sensations, or in endeavouring to send signals to Mars, he will be able to devote his attention to the realisation of this desirable form of illumination.

Senator Hanna's Reminiscences of William McKinley.

In the February "National Magazine," Senator Marcus A. Hanna continues his biographical articles, "William McKinley as I Knew Him." Senator Hanna tells how Mr. McKinley first inclined toward favouring the free coinage of silver, and how with further study he became a firm opponent of this policy. His biographer says that the gold "plank" of the St. Louis platform was entirely Mr. McKinley's. "The last discussion," says Senator Hanna, "that I had with him upon the money question before he was nominated was a few days before I left for St. Louis, at my office in Cleveland. He turned to my desk, sat down, and wrote in lead pencil an article which he handed me when finished. 'There, Mark, are my ideas of what our platform should be upon the money question.' I carried the paper in my pocket to St. Louis some days before the Convention, and that declaration of William McKinley contained in substance what was afterward draughted into the plank in the platform on that question."

Mr. McKinley's Love of a Joke.

Senator Hanna says that no one enjoyed a dinner with congenial friends more than Mr. McKinley, and that he was sure to enter into the merriment with his whole soul. "When he once had a joke on me, he rung all the changes; and no one enjoyed a joke on himself more thoroughly than he did. In 1897, when I was a tenderfoot, recently arrived in Washington, he asked me to give up a dinner engagement with some gentlemen, to fill up the table, as an emergency man, at a dinner to be given at the White House that night. I declined, saying I had a better thing—not knowing that an invitation to the White House was equivalent to a social command. This joke on me was a delight to him. When he was a guest at my house for several days, or a member of a house party, his flow of genial spirits began at the breakfast table and continued uninterrupted all day. He seemed to feel as if he were on a vacation, and had the joyous spirit of a big boy home from school, always looking after the comfort of others, with never, apparently, a thought for himself. An ideal home-body was William McKinley, and the American fireside was a shrine of worship with him." He seemed happiest when quietly chatting and smoking with his close friends.

His Tastes in Music and the Drama.

Mr. McKinley had a great fondness for music, and his tastes were as catholic as a child's, as he enjoyed anything from a hand-organ to grand opera. "He would keep his hands or feet beating time whenever there was music about him. I

recall many Sunday evening home concerts. Every one was singing, and he would call for 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' and 'Lead, Kindly Light.' The radiance on his face when he sang those old favourite hymns, as if his whole soul was in it, is to me a sacred memory picture of William McKinley. He would urge me to try to sing, and insisted I had a sweet tenor voice, but the pleasant charm of the happy occasions was never marred by my vocal efforts." He was exceedingly fond of the drama, too, and of the company of the better class of actors. Joseph Jefferson and Sol Smith Russell were close friends of the late President, who never tired of seeing Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Cricket on the Hearth," his favourite plays

Mexico's Drainage System.

Early in the last century, Alexander von Humboldt pronounced Mexico the best-built city on the Western Hemisphere, and since Humboldt's day the city has increased enormously, in area as well as in population. This increase has mainly come within the past twenty-five years—the period of the Diaz administration. Many interesting facts regarding the growth of the city and country are brought out in a paper on "The New Mexico" contributed to the "National Geographic Magazine" for January by the Hon. John W. Foster, former Secretary of State. One of the topics covered by this paper is the great project, now well on the way to completion, for the drainage of the whole valley of Mexico, in which the city lies.

The City of Mexico is situated on the bottom of this valley, entirely surrounded by mountains, with a series of lakes on the south-east and north-west, draining into a salt-water lake which has no outlet. Thus, the city was constantly exposed to overflows, and at times it suffered from destructive floods. Furthermore, the sewage system, under such conditions, was necessarily imperfect, and that made the city's death rate high. To quote from Mr. Foster's paper:

For six hundred years, from the time of the ancient Aztec kings, the artificial drainage of the waters of the valley has been the vexed problem of each succeeding government. The Spanish viceroys exhausted the engineering science of their epochs, spent hundreds of millions of dollars, and sacrificed the lives of hundreds of thousands of the natives in the vain attempt to solve it. During the first half-century of the republic, spasmodic and feeble attempts were made to effect the drainage, but succeeding revolutions or foreign wars deprived the government of the financial means to accomplish the herculean task. It was reserved for President Diaz to achieve success in this great enterprise. He was forced to delay the beginning of the work for some years, until the financial condition of the public treasury would justify it, and until he was enabled to secure contracts with experienced engineers and trustworthy capitalists. Finally, for the last time, the project was entered upon, and was successfully completed

two years ago. The system consists of a tunnel six miles long, extending through the mountains, and with it is connected a canal, the total length of the waterway being nearly thirty-seven miles. It cost 20,000,000 dollars, including the drainage of the city, and may justly be said to take rank with the great achievements of modern engineering.

The city is now safe from overflow, and the last step in this great work is in process of completion,—the connection with the canal and tunnel of a new and perfect system of drainage for the capital. For some time past the streets have been torn up in laying the drainage pipes, but this work is now practically finished, and the municipality, with the aid of 2,000,000 dollars from the federal treasury, is engaged in the task of relaying the streets with asphalt pavement. When this is completed, the city of Mexico will be one of the cleanest, healthiest, and prettiest cities in the world.

An American View of English Statesmen.

"An American Publicist," who for many years has given close attention to British politics," supplies the "Pall Mall Magazine" with his views of certain British statesmen, which are accompanied by admirable "caricature-portraits."

Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour.

Lord Rosebery comes first. The writer declares that there are several Lord Roseberys, and enumerates the Foreign Minister, the Prime Minister, the party leader, the winner of two Derbys, the man of letters, the great landlord, the millionaire, and a friend of the King. The writer indulges in a warm eulogy of his genius, his charm, his beautiful private life, his humour, yet acknowledges a lack of decision of character. He says:

There is the key to his public character. He is a diplomatist rather than a national leader. He is adroit, ingenious, fertile in devices, baffled by no perplexity, misled by no adversary, capable of surprises, capable of a great policy. He thinks long and hard; he exhausts a subject. His resemblance to Mr. Gladstone lies here, and there it stops. Mr. Gladstone also saw all sides, but he chose one. . . . Lord Rosebery has spent part of his very brilliant political career in building forts on which he presently displays a flag of truce. His detachment of mind is a political defect. To recover the authority he has renounced, he needs but to simplify his politics.

But "there is no taint of diplomacy in his patriotism, any more than in his friendships."

Mr. Balfour also is sketched very sympathetically. He is described as "in the good sense of the word, a dilettante—a lover, before all things, of letters and of the arts." The writer uses the phrases "sweetness and light," "careless ease and crushing power," as indicative of his distinction.

The writer commends to his own countrymen a note which is common to both statesmen and most Englishmen: "They both have simplicity."

Leaders, Nominal and Potential.

Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman is ranked as a Parliamentary order of the second order: "A leader for men who won't follow." It is not Sir Henry's

way to think things out for himself. As Minister of War, he was much in the hands of the permanent clerks who bear sway in Pall Mall.

Of Mr. Asquith, it is said "he might, if he would, stand alone." He "naturally likes the erect position."

No man ever questioned his uprightness, few audiences ever proved obdurate to his eloquence; and whenever the party to which he belongs in the House really want to be led, they will be likely to ask Mr. Asquith to lead them. But it will be on condition that they are prepared to follow.

Wireless Telephones Next.

In "Harper's" for February, Mr. Waldon Fawcett tells, under the title, "The Successors of the Telephone," of the startling new electrical developments that mark the opening of the twentieth century, such as the teloptoscope, for transmitting optical images over a wire just as articulate speech is carried over a telephone line, and the successful experiments in wireless telephony.

Professor Collins' Invention.

The very acme of achievement in the transmission of messages would seem to have been reached in the wireless telephone system which has recently been developed by Professor A. Frederick Collins, an electrical engineer residing in Philadelphia. Spoken words are transmitted great distances through the ground without the use of a connecting wire, and in accordance with a plan totally different from that of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy.

The Collins system simply takes advantage of the fact that there are natural electrical currents in evidence slightly below the surface of the earth at any point that may be selected, and by this invention currents of this character are utilised to cause a flow of electricity between two instruments stationed above the surface of the earth. The only underground mechanism employed consists of small zinc-wire screens, which are buried in shallow holes, one at the sending station and the other at the receiving station. Above these are tripods supporting transmitting and receiving apparatus, such as is employed in ordinary telephony, a wire affording connection in each case with the buried screen. When the electricity from a storage battery is turned on, sounds of all kinds may be sent through the transmitter, and heard, in many instances, even more distinctly than were a regular overhead telephone employed.

Telephoning Across the Delaware River.

More remarkable still, in the experiments which have been made with this invention, messages have been telephoned without wires across the Delaware River at Philadelphia, a distance of fully a mile, and under all circumstances the words enunciated have been as sharp and clear as though uttered by a person only a few feet away. The Collins invention in its simplest form is adapted to sending a message but one way; that is, it is not possible to use a receiver as a transmitter and reply to a message received, but the transmitter and receiver are each equipped with an annex for performing the opposite function, so that to all intents and purposes this new telephone is not different from the instruments already in use.

How "Tuning" Avoids Conflict.

For a time it appeared as though it would be difficult for different subscribers to a telephone system of this character to talk without conflicting, but discoveries recently made by the inventor have remedied all this. In a nutshell, the plan employed may be described as

the provision on each telephone of two discs, somewhat resembling the combination of a safe. Then, if a subscriber wishes to call another subscriber, he merely revolves the dial until it reaches a point opposite the number of the subscriber with whom he seeks to communicate. This establishes a connection between the two instruments, and even though other persons were conversing by means of the wireless system in the same locality, no confusion would result, for the reason that each pair of instruments are "tuned" differently, as it might be expressed.

Another Wireless Telephone.

Experiments have been conducted in Europe with another kind of wireless telephony. Giant reflectors have been used to concentrate upon a fixed point many miles distant the full strength of "bow lights" of perhaps forty million candle-power. The luminous cone in which all the rays of such a reflector are united, striking a selenium cell, sets the telephonic apparatus in motion. In short, the luminous cone acts as a conducting wire. This mode of telephoning without wires has scarcely passed beyond the experimental stage, but it is believed that, owing to the movability of the big reflectors, the system can be employed to excellent advantage, particularly for communicating with ships."

Do Trades Unions Cripple Trade?

Mr. Charles Schwab, the manager of the Iron and Steel Trust of the United States, has been taking a holiday automobiling in the Riviera, and gambling at Monte Carlo. In the brief intervals which he devoted to business he emitted an opinion as to the cause of the superiority of American to British labour, which is thus chronicled by the interviewer of the "Daily Mail" of January 15:

"You ask me what reasons I can give for the superiority of American over British labour? Undoubtedly trade unionism. In England these corporations proceed upon utterly fallacious principles. Trade unionism in England takes away all the enthusiasm of individual effort. See how it restricts the output of labour. It will not even allow apprentices. Restriction with regard to labour is as wrong as it would be were the Trust itself to restrict output with a view to higher prices. Moreover, in destroying the enthusiasm for work and for individual effort you surely injure the quality of the work itself. It is not hard work that kills people, either," exclaimed Mr. Schwab, with a smile at the seeming reflection on his own robust health and his past life of effort and energy. "Of course," he added, reflectively, "labour should be well paid, and the English labourer has always, and still receives, on an average, less than half of what his American brother gets."

"In the United States the raw material is so excellent and so abundant that although we pay higher wages than any other country we can yet compete with the whole world. Of course," he added, as an after-thought, "American grip, push, and enterprise add greatly to this result."

"It was in England," he continued, "that Bessemer and Siemens gave birth to their inventions. Now it is we in the States, with our love of enterprise and enthusiasm for work, who have really made use of and developed these self-same inventions, for the benefit of the whole world."

As an item of consolation after this blighting statement, he added:

"England, to my mind, will, however, always stand foremost in steel products requiring delicate and special manipulation. We have not the necessary time for this sort of work, and consumers will prefer to pay a higher price in England for what they can obtain more quickly there. But in bulk—in rails, girders, and such manu-

factures—we shall always be able to compete with all countries."

Technical Education at Home and Abroad.

Professor S. G. Rawson recently contributed to the "Contemporary Review" a paper entitled "The Nation, the Apprentice, and the Polytechnic"—an earnest plea for a radical reform in our method of technical training. Some of his figures are very remarkable. The Charlottenburg Technical High School at Berlin has 2,000 day students. Even Darmstadt has 1,100, while in the Central Technical Institute of London there are only 272 students. The schools on the Continent overflow with students, while our own are empty. The causes of this he summarises as follows:—

There is (1) the want of all co-ordination in our educational system; (2) the neglect on the part of the State to cause the employer to recognise his responsibilities towards his youthful hands, for in the old sense of the word we cannot call them apprentices; (3) the finished apathy or ignorance of the parent, or if this be absent, then it may be replaced, of course with many exceptions, by his need or his rapacity.

The Agricultural Future of Madagascar.

In a carefully written article in the first December number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," MM. Muntz and Rousseau deal with the question of the agricultural future of Madagascar. They come to the conclusion that the best prospects of the island appear to lie chiefly in the cultivation of tropical plants, for which, however, large capital is required, on which the ultimate return would be extremely satisfactory. In the warm, humid parts of the island—notably on the coast—most tropical plants thrive, and the most profitable of these are coffee, cocoa, and vanilla. The growth of cinchona also offers good prospects; and we are told that the Dutch are now masters of the quinine market, because they took the pains to produce, by means of selection, plants which should be particularly rich in alkaloids, and that in this way they ruined the growers of ordinary quinine in Ceylon. Apparently, it is thought that the French in Madagascar may, by the same methods, seriously compete with the Dutch growers of Java.

The writers of the article recommend that the immense mountainous country in the centre should not be exploited, but should be allowed to remain in its present condition of pasture and forest. In this region, the only parts which could be cultivated are the valleys, and these, it is considered, should be reserved for the growth of such crops as are required by the inhabitants themselves. Due praise is given to the energy of General Gallieni in developing various branches of agriculture, which has already produced definite results.

The Chinese in America.

FROM THE CHINESE POINT OF VIEW.

Mr. Sun Voue Pang, a Christianised Chinese who was born near Canton about thirty-five years ago, but who has lived in the United States for the last eighteen years and has married an American, contributes to the "Forum" an article dealing with the case in favour of the Chinese Americans. He says that the law of the United States prohibiting the immigration of the Chinese has not a parallel in the world. The Chinese were invited to America in order to construct the Central Pacific Railroad. They were paid thirty-five dollars a month, and boarded themselves. White labourers got forty-five dollars a month, and were boarded in the bargain. When the railroad was finished 15,000 Chinamen were turned loose in the country to find support. But they went to San Francisco and the Western coast, and brought over many of their relations. In 1876 an agitation was got up in favour of their exclusion. The total population of the Chinese in America has never been more than 100,000, all of whom came from the district of Canton. Under the influence of the agitation, however, Congress prohibited Chinese immigration, and declared the Chinese ineligible for citizenship. Mr. Pang says that the Chinese, when the railroads were completed, were given the meanest employment, such as white men would not do. Hence they became (as there were very few white women among the inhabitants) domestic servants. As labourers they reclaimed the delta formed by the Sacramento and Edgcomb rivers, with the result of adding to the United States 5,000,000 acres of garden and farm land, valued at fifty-eight millions sterling, to the wealth of the State. After developing the mines and railroads, they went into horticulture, and produced vegetables and small fruits, developed the fruit and wine industries, and have taken an important place in all the light industries of the country. They became expert in embroidery, lace-making, and were invaluable in filling cartridges. As household servants, Mr. Pang declares that they are honest and cleanly. Mr. Pang gives the following curious account of one Chinaman:—

There is one multi-millionaire, Chin Tan Sun, who is the richest Chinaman in the country. Chin Tan Sun owns whole towns, and employs hundreds of white men and women in his factories and canneries. He owns ranches, city real estate, gold mines and diamonds; he runs lottery games; he imports labourers; he conducts a real estate business; and he has several merchandise stores in San Francisco. He is a self-made man, and very shrewd and progressive. He came to America in the steerage as a lad, and went to work in a kitchen. He married a white woman, and with their savings they originated a "little lottery" business in San Francisco. He was largely patronised by Americans, and soon grew rich enough to become a

merchant also. From this beginning he developed into a commercial and political power. He is called "Big Jim," on account of his size. He is six feet tall, and a well-proportioned, good-looking man. In business he is regarded as the soul of honour. His wardrobe is magnificent, and several valets are needed to care for it.

The Training of Danish Officers.

In the "Revue de Paris" is an interesting account, by the Duc de Guise, of Frederiksborg, the splendid castle within a short distance of Copenhagen, which has of late years been converted into a military academy. There the Duc himself was a cadet, he having chosen to learn the profession of arms in Denmark, owing to the fact that his sister is married to Prince Waldemar of Denmark.

The Danes, from whom England might learn many things with advantage, have greatly simplified their military system, their short-service men only serving from eight to ten months. Each arm has its own military college, but before a sub-lieutenant can become a lieutenant he must have spent some time at Frederiksborg.

Frederiksborg is, roughly speaking, divided into three sections—that to which are admitted the non-commissioned officers, who after a sojourn there may get a commission; the so-called medium section, for those who have passed the examination in the first section, as well as for non-commissioned officers who pass through with a view to rising in rank; and, thirdly, the head section, which concerns itself with the forming of staff officers of artillery and of engineers.

The Cadets' Day.

The Duc de Guise did not live at Frederiksborg, but was allowed to remain as the guest of his sister, at the Yellow Palace, Copenhagen; the young prince worked, however, according to his own account, quite as hard as did the other cadets, and by 6.30 each day he had left the Palace, and was walking to the military college as "the tramways did not start so early in the morning." By 8.30 all the cadets are hard at work, and, with the exception of a brief interval for lunch at eleven o'clock, lectures succeed one another till three o'clock, the rest of the afternoon and evening being devoted by the cadets to hard study and preparation for the next day.

Work, Not Play.

Outdoor games seem to play but little part in the life of Frederiksborg cadets; but a good deal of violent exercise is afforded in the riding school, where each cadet is expected to ride in due course every horse belonging to the college. During the warm weather the cadets, in groups of from half a dozen upwards, accompany the professors into the

country round Copenhagen, and are there taught something of the mysteries of military surveying.

The September autumn manoeuvres are held in Denmark simultaneously with the final examinations of those cadets whose sojourn at Frederiksborg is drawing to a close.

The few pages written by the Duc de Guise reveal on the part of the writer a pleasing Royal personality, and give some curious little glimpses of the happy simple life led by the various members of the Danish Royal Family, especially by the late Tzar of Russia, and the touching affection in which he was held in his consort's native land.

German Mistress and Maid.

In the second number of the "*Nouvelle Revue*" M. Raffalovich tells something of the trials and difficulties which beset the German housewife when anxious to provide herself with a servant or with servants. We hear much in Great Britain of the domestic problem, but it seems to be there much less acute than in Prussia, where in old days a domestic servant was more or less a slave, and as such regarded by her master and mistress. This is probably the reason why so many young German girls prefer to work in factories or in shops rather than enter domestic service. A Berlin official has been making elaborate enquiries concerning the whole servant question; he discovered that six years ago there were 61,000 women servants in Berlin alone. More recently he managed to circulate in every household a number of cards, which the servants belonging to the establishment were begged to fill up with their names, how long they had been in service, their wages, what time they rose in the morning and went to bed at night, and so on. At the same time Mr. Stillich addressed very similar questions, but of course phrased somewhat differently, to the heads of households concerning their servants: 646 domestics answered; only 187 heads of households took the same trouble; and a great number of his cards were returned to him filled in in an offensive and foolish manner.

Every German domestic servant is compelled on going to service to procure a little book which is given to her by the police, and of which a page is signed or filled up by each successive master or mistress. It has often been suggested that this plan should be adopted in France and in Great Britain, for it makes it almost impossible for a servant to obtain a good place under false pretences. The employer of the German domestic servant owes his servant certain duties which have been fixed by law; he is bound to see that each of his domestics is well fed and properly bedded, and he

is even supposed to keep an eye on their general morality and the practice of their religion. Any employer who does not conform to this law can be cast in damages, but it very rarely happens that a servant brings such a case into court. The German Empress is known to take the very deepest interest in the whole domestic question, and she herself decorates with a gold cross any servant who has remained in the same family for forty years and upwards; and following this good example the Municipality of Berlin also offers a certain number of money rewards to good servants. The Berlin housewife is always looking out for a country girl, and she much prefers finding such, even if utterly untaught, rather than taking what would be called in England a good experienced servant. Most German servants are from twenty to thirty years of age; the age of cooks is on an average greater. The German mistress expects her servant to rise early and work late. Mr. Stillich authenticated several cases where the general servant was expected actually to work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. According to a saying current among Berlin domestics, there are laws to protect animals, but there are none to protect servants.

As to the wage question, wages are very much lower in Germany than they are in England or in France. It rarely happens that even a very good general servant receives more than £14 or £15 a year; in fact, that may be considered the highest wages paid. On the other hand, it is usual to give each servant a handsome present at Christmas; this present is fixed by mutual arrangement when the servant is engaged, and it may vary from as much as £1 to £4.

The Tipping Question.

In Germany what may be called the old-fashioned tipping question is still in full swing. When a couple go and spend a social evening with their friends they do not leave the house without giving the servant who shows them out a present, and this of course makes a very considerable addition to the wages of the latter. Then, as in France, it is recognised that the servants receive on all household orders five per cent.—roughly speaking a halfpenny out of every tenpence. The worst point about the life of the German servant, according to M. Raffalovich, is the great discomfort of the sleeping arrangements. Incredible as it will appear to all English-speaking folk, it is quite usual for the servants in a German house to sleep in the passages, in the bathroom, and even in the kitchens.

"McClure's Magazine" contains an article, illustrated by photographs, taken by the author, entitled "In and Around the Great Pyramid."

The Best Food Product of the Earth.

Sir G. Clarke Nuttall describes the banana in "Longman's," and gives many grounds for his description:—

Incredible as it may seem, it is perhaps the best food product of the earth, being far more productive than either wheat or potatoes—the staple food of other nations. Long ago it was calculated that it is a hundred and thirty-three times as productive as wheat and forty-four times as productive as the potato; in other words, that the ground that would give thirty-three pounds of wheat or ninety-nine pounds of potatoes would, as far as mere space is concerned, give four thousand pounds of bananas, and with a fractional amount of the same trouble. The fruit is also very good if peeled, split down the centre, and baked with a little butter and sugar. The pith, too, of the banana stalk, being of a spongy, starchy character, is pressed into man's service. It is pounded and boiled, and thus forms a very nutritious food. The young shoots cooked make a palatable vegetable, while the fruit boiled in its earlier green stage is a really excellent addition to any dinner. A pleasant drink, something after the style of cider, is also obtained from the banana by expressing and fermenting the juice.

Then the banana fibre (known as Manila hemp) is already used for cordage, shoe-strings, and ropes, and will yet, it is said, add a vast mass of textile material to the world's stock. It will also make excellent paper. The writer proceeds:—

In the Tropics, we have seen, it is the staple food of millions; but it might also, if properly treated, take similar rank with us. It is scarcely ever realised that, as a form of nourishment, it can claim first place among vegetable products that are food for mankind, for it is twenty-five times as nutritive as the ordinary white bread eaten in this country, and forty-four times as nutritive as the potato, thus far outweighing either the wheat or the potato in food value. Hence on this account its position as a fundamental food or bread-stuff is amply justified.

It is, of course, not suggested that the banana fruit in its natural form should be used as food. Like the wheat, it would require drying and grinding down into flour. Mills might be erected where it is grown, or within easy reach, and then at the suitable time the fruit could be gathered, dried, and transformed into flour. The flour would possess all the nutritive properties of the fruit in its natural state, and it would further lend itself to easy and cheap transport, and thus it would furnish a valuable addition to the food of the world. Banana bread has been voted excellent, and is now made in Chicago, and might just as well be made in London, or, for the matter of that, in any other place could the flour be obtained reasonably.

This marvellous fruit could be made into a kind of marmalade. "The juice of the banana is very strong in tannin, and a highly satisfactory ink and shoe blacking can be obtained from it." The wax secreted by its leaves might be turned to a commercial account.

John Bull, despite all that is said of his supineness in the West Indies, does seem to be "waking up" to the value of the banana.

The coast of Honduras is a great centre of the export fruit trade, but in 1883 one little schooner was sufficient for all the requirements in the way of transport. Now three lines of steamers and sixteen sailing vessels barely meet the demands made upon them, and the greater part of the fruit they carry consists of bananas. The cargo of a steamer may be anything be-

tween 8,000 and 15,000 banana bunches; hence it is obvious great numbers are exported yearly. The West Indies, Cuba, Costa Rica, and Central America generally tell the same tale of increasing trade. From Jamaica alone we get millions of bunches now every year.

The dreaded shrinkage of the world's wheat supply need not now alarm us, if in the banana we have a superior food, and one that—in the Tropics —is more easily procured.

Glimpses of John Richard Green.

Mrs. Creighton supplies the readers of "Longman's" with a pleasant series of reminiscences of the author of "The Short History of the English People." Of his conversation, she says he was "like a man inspired by his subject," and made even the unlearned and the ignorant share his enthusiasm over some historical incident which had fired him. "His talks on historical subjects with a fellow-historian were even more animated and absorbing than his monologues. His enthusiasm inspired the other; books were taken out of the shelves to be examined and criticised, the ball flew backwards and forwards with lightning rapidity, as the talk went on till late into the night." We are further told that "he revelled in pure nonsense." Yet

pedantic, priggish it was impossible for him to be, but he could fire up with burning indignation in denouncing wrong-doing. One of his strongest hatreds was directed against Napoleon III.

The writer shows the historian in very pleasant relations with the young girls of his acquaintance. She says:—

I was a very young girl when I first knew him, and he was unflinching in his interest in my reading and studies. . . . "Read over anything you have written, and cut out all the passages that seem to you the most beautiful," was one trenchant piece of advice which lingers in my memory. . . . We used to think that the "Short History" would never be finished. He was always talking about it, but he wrote apparently only to improve and re-write. At last the first chapter was in print; he read it aloud to me as we sat in the garden one summer day, and, though I was then only a girl of seventeen, listened seriously to my comments and criticisms, and considered them, with others, when that first chapter was again and again revised, and, I believe, more than once completely rewritten.

I remember one long summer afternoon when, having snatched a volume of Spencer from the bookcase, he threw himself down on a step in the doorway leading to the garden, and read on aloud to me, breathless with excitement.

Mrs. Creighton says she never heard him preach, but his sermons, she has heard, were practical and outspoken. She tells of one "in which he exhorted his congregation, among other things, on the advantages of the use of hair-brushes."

Of the close friendship between Freeman and Green some pleasant glimpses are given. One may be cited:—

I remember, in the years when Mr. Green's health was causing so much anxiety to his friends, dining one day in Oxford in the company of Mr. Freeman. During dinner Freeman learnt that Green had just arrived from the Continent, to stay with some friends on the other side of the road. He could hardly wait till dinner was over to rush across to greet his friend, and when he came back he did not attempt to enter into conversation with anyone, but stood on the hearth with his back to the fire, tossing his great beard, and saying at intervals in joyful tones, "Johnny was so bright," heedless of the fact that most of his hearers had no idea who Johnny might be.

Beautiful Memories of Browning.

Every lover of the Brownings will be grateful for the "recollections" of "Browning in Venice," which appear in the February "Cornhill." They were written by the late Mrs. Katharine de Kay Bronson, originally of New York, but for twenty years chief hostess of English-speaking society in Venice, as Mr. Henry James relates in his prefatory pages. She seems to have been true hostess to the poet and his sister, showing them that hospitality of the soul which is all too rare. Consequently her reminiscences are marked by an insight into the poet's character which corresponds to the soul found in his works. One wishes that Mrs. Bronson could have written a "Life" of Browning.

An Old Age Itself a Poem.

It is a beautiful picture which the writer gives us of the poet in his glad and buoyant old age. "The poet's nature," she says, "was so essentially joyous that one was at loss to decide whether he took the keenest pleasure in his daily walks or his afternoon rows in the gondola. He seemed never to weary of either. 'He never passed a day without taking one or more walks; indeed, his panacea for most ills was exercise, and the exercise he chiefly advocated was walking.' She relates further:—

His memory for the poems he had read in his youth was extraordinary. If one quoted a line from Byron, who, he said, was the singer of his first enthusiasm, he would continue the quotation, never hesitating for a word. . . . He was very proud of his retentive memory, and of his well-preserved sight; the latter he attributed to his practice of bathing his eyes in cold water every morning. He was proud, too, of his strength, of his power of walking for hours without fatigue, of the few requirements of his Spartan-like daily life, and, above all, he was proud of his son, who was his idol.

His Love for His Son.

This is pleasant reading after what has been suggested by one biographer that paternal affection did not come by nature to the poet, but was rather a sedulously self-imposed duty. Mrs. Bronson is very emphatic on this point. She goes on:—

Yes, that was his vulnerable point, the heel of Achilles. People who praised or loved or noticed his only child found the direct road to his heart. . . . He said to me many years ago, while awaiting anxiously the result of his son's earnest art studies:—

"Do you know, dear friend, if the thing were possible, I would renounce all personal ambition, and would destroy every line I ever wrote, if by so doing I could see fame and honour heaped on my Robert's head."

In his boy he saw the image of the wife whom he adored, literally adored, for, as I felt, the thought of her, as an angel in heaven, was never out of his mind.

His Manners with Workmen and Servants.

Colonel John Hay has described Browning as a great democrat. Mrs. Bronson shows that his manners were as democratic as his poetry, and intensely reverent to the human personality, regardless of its wrappings:—

He found grace and beauty in the popolo, whom he paints so well in the Goldoni sonnet. The poorest street children were pretty in his eyes. He would admire a carpenter or a painter who chanced to be at work in the house.

Of a piece with this was his manner with servants:—

The saying that "No man is a hero to his valet de chambre" was disproved in the case of Robert Browning. He was so gracious and yet so dignified with servants that he was as profoundly revered by them as he was beloved. An exact account of his gentle geniality in this regard might read like exaggeration. He appeared to dread giving his inferiors trouble; it was as though he would fain spare them the sense of servitude. . . . "Nothing that I can do for myself should be done for me," he would say. . . . In Venice his memory will live in many a humble heart until its pulse has ceased to beat. "There'll never be another like him" is still the common saying whenever his name is mentioned to those who served him. On a certain day he met one of the servants, whose joy it was to wait upon him, carrying a rather heavy basket of grapes and other fruits on her arm.

"Oh, Giuseppina," he cried, "let me help you!" and seized the basket suddenly from her hand.

The woman, overwhelmed by such condescension, protested.

"Nonsense!" said the poet. "You are always helping me; won't you allow me for once to help you?"

Still the woman resisted, saying, "It is not for such as you, O signore!"

This was more than he could bear.

"We are all made of the same clay, Giuseppina," and, gaining his point,—for who could withstand his will?—he held one handle of the basket until they reached the palace-door.

His Horror of Pornography.

But though the poet had "no respect of persons," he had profound respect of characters:—

In his immense humanity he refused to make distinctions of manner among those of his own class of life who approached him, always excepting the rare cases where base qualities had been proved beyond a doubt to his mind. The thing he most abhorred was untruthfulness; even insincerity in its most conventional form was detestable to an upright mind which loved and sought for truth in all its phases. His first impulse was to think well of people, to like them, to respect them; they were human souls, and therefore to him of the greatest earthly interest.

The same purity of soul which led him as a boy to renounce his hero-worship of Shelley when he knew of his domestic irregularities appears in his old age in his horror of the romance "that smells of the beast." Mrs. Bronson quotes "a gifted friend" who wrote:—

It was evident to me that he always strove to excuse the faults of others and overlook their weaknesses, gathering all, with his large charity, into the great brotherhood of humanity. But his indignation at anything low, base, or untrue was like a flash of fire. His whole face would change and glow as he denounced those who used their talents to corrupt the world, as he thought some of the modern French novelists do. No word was too scathing, no scorn too intense for that great sin consciously committed.

The paper is full of endearing glimpses of the poet—glimpses of his daily visits to the public gardens with cakes and fruits for the imprisoned elephant who seemed so lonely; of his regular attendance, with his sister, every Sunday morning at the same Waldensian chapel "in which they seemed to take a great interest," of his tea-table chat with equal facility in English, French, or Italian; of his scrupulous carefulness in dress; of his love for the theatre, and of the comradeship of his sister, "his guardian angel." The whole article is delightful reading.

Is Paris Healthy?

Nowadays so many young Englishmen and Englishwomen spend some months of study in Paris before taking up their life work, that a practical interest attaches to M. Strauss' article in the "Revue de Paris" entitled "The Hygiene of Paris." He begins by giving a really terrible picture of what the gay city looked like, and above all, smelt like, just before the Revolution. Reading this page, one cannot wonder that the French Court preferred to sojourn at beautiful, spacious, and above all, clean Versailles.

During hundreds of years every kind of disease may be said to have been endemic in Paris; the plague, the black death, and small-pox decimated whole quarters of the town. Not till comparatively lately did the Parisian wake up to a sense of his dangers; now, however, Paris may claim to be one of the healthiest cities of Europe, and the Public Hygiene Department is admirably managed; one excellent sanitary precaution which might well be copied in London and other great British towns being the constant washing of the pavements and of the streets.

Six years ago a noted scientist actually held a Commission concerning the smells of Paris, and their virulence and unpleasantness are said to have sensibly diminished owing to the wise way in which his recommendations have been carried out.

Most people have heard of, and not a few English visitors to Paris have actually visited, the wonderful sewers which traverse the city from end to end. They wind about over a thousand miles of pipes and broad lofty sewers, and are roughly divided into four great sections, and yet the drainage system is far from perfect, and there are still innumerable

old houses in the more populous quarters of the town whose sanitary arrangements leave everything to be desired. This is a point which should be carefully looked into before foreign art students take up their dwelling in an otherwise healthy-looking suite of rooms.

Again, probably few visitors to Paris are aware that the city still boasts of six thousand wells in constant use, and it will never be known how far these tainted sources of water supply contribute to the fact that in spite of all the efforts made by the leading French hygienists, typhoid, and even cholera, is always more or less endemic in the capital. The writer pays a great tribute to the London County Council, and would like to see the Paris Municipal Council given the same powers. Small-pox, once a great French scourge, has of late years almost disappeared in Paris, though there was a small outbreak of it during the last Exhibition. Most French medical men, it may be mentioned, believe rather in isolation than in vaccination.

Mr. Chamberlain's Opportunity.

The "Fortnightly Review" devotes its first article to a discussion of Mr. Chamberlain's chances of succeeding to the Premiership. "Calchas" writes clearly and well, has definite views, and expresses them with commendable clearness.

Lord Rosebery's Lost Chance.

The thesis which he lays down is that Lord Rosebery has lost his chance. The Chesterfield speech was oracular beyond any of equal interest ever known in British affairs. It enabled everyone to interpret it after his own wish, and to maintain that it confirmed him in his prejudices, opinions and views. After the speech he might have put his back into the work and undertaken the organisation of a Chesterfield party, but he went back into his retirement, and one whole month full of psychological moments passed away. Though he probably retains the power to split the Liberal Party, and perhaps ought to exercise it, his opportunity of reconstructing a solid Opposition upon a Liberal Imperialist foundation is gone.

Ambiguity About Ireland.

The fundamental weakness of the Chesterfield speech was the jejune ambiguity of the reference to the Irish question. We are face to face with the first clear-minded separatist movement in Ireland since the Fenians. Yet Lord Rosebery shirks answering the question whether or not he repudiates Home Rule Root and branch. That question must be answered. If he repudiates Home Rule it would probably lead him and his followers to a high, if not a controlling, place in the Unionist Party. But

"Calchas" recognises with despair that it is all nonsense to hope that Lord Rosebery could carry the Party with him in repudiating Home Rule. The Home Rulers are probably now in more complete possession of the Party machine than they were in 1894. Gladstonians will withdraw nothing, qualify nothing, and defend everything in the past of Liberalism. So long as this situation continues, the utmost Lord Rosebery can do is to convert the Opposition into a pair of Siamese twins, with a difference—Siamese twins with their faces set contrary ways, and full of the desire to walk in opposite directions.

Mr. Chamberlain as Premier.

This being so, "Calchas" dismisses Lord Rosebery as a possible man for the emergency. The only man for the emergency is not Lord Rosebery, but Mr. Chamberlain. For four years to come the most powerful Imperialist majority of recent times will be supreme in Parliament. It desires nothing more than to be strongly led. It contains within its ranks the Minister who in energy, tenacity, practical insight, and fighting force is almost infinitely superior to all other men in public life. The solution, therefore, to which "Calchas" points is the revitalising of the Unionist Party by the recognition that Mr. Chamberlain is its leader. The question before the country in the next three or four years is not between the Unionist Cabinet and a Cabinet drawn from the present Opposition, but between a strong Unionist Cabinet and a weak Unionist Cabinet. This alternative presents itself in the choice between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour as Prime Minister. He admits that there is a prejudice against Mr. Chamberlain, somewhat of an intelligible, but mostly of a discreditable nature, among the Unionist Party. But if the Colonial Secretary were a person of hereditary title, it would not be possible to dispute his pre-eminent fitness to succeed Lord Salisbury. He won the General Election. Without him the present Government could not stand, against him it is very doubtful whether any Government could stand for long. To the objection made by those who argue that Mr. Chamberlain cannot be spared from the Colonial Office, "Calchas" replies by triumphantly declaring that as Lord Salisbury remained at the Foreign Office when he was Prime Minister, there is no reason why Mr. Chamberlain should not continue at the Colonial Office.

To sum up the whole matter according to "Calchas," acting upon Lord Rosebery's arguments about national efficiency, Mr. Chamberlain ought to be Prime Minister.

The United States and Newfoundland.

A POSSIBLE SOLUTION OF THE FRENCH SHORE QUESTION.

Mr. P. T. M'Grath, editor of the "Financial Herald" of St. John's, contributes to the "North American Review" an article upon the Anglo-French American shore, which brings for the first time a ray of fresh light to bear upon this thorny problem. Hitherto we have considered the Newfoundland fishery trouble as exclusively an Anglo-French affair. Mr. M'Grath reminds us that the United States have also a finger in the pie. The United States have a treaty right of fishing on the south-west shore of Newfoundland from Cape Roe east of Ramea. The right which the American colonies possessed, up to the time of the War of Independence, of fishing in all the Northern Atlantic waters, was continued to them after the recognition of the United States, and was exercised by them until 1842, when they lost it. After peace was restored quarrels arose resulting from the attempt of the United States fishermen to continue in exercise of their old rights, and the Convention of 1843 was made out, which gave them the right to take fish of every kind on the south-west and west coasts of Newfoundland, and to try and keep the fish in the unsettled parts of the southern seaboard. Such rights should cease in any portion of it as soon as such portion of the coast became peopled, unless the previous consent of the inhabitants could be secured. The American right is concurrent with that of British subjects. It exists for all time, and applies to every kind of fish. It is the bait obtained in Newfoundland harbours which forms the indispensable requisite for carrying on the deep-sea fisheries of Massachusetts. The herring is the best bait fish known, and every autumn a fleet of about fifty American vessels conveys cargoes of 1,000 barrels each to the home market. In the spring the herring goes into the Bay of St. George to spawn, and French, American, Canadian and Newfoundland vessels gather there, sometimes to the number of a hundred sail or more. The French maintain their prior or exclusive right of taking herrings before any other fishermen, and without any interference from them. They only pay thirty cents a barrel, while the Americans pay a dollar a barrel, but are not allowed to buy a single fish until the French are satisfied. Any attempt on their part to buy herrings at the same time as the French is forbidden by the British men-of-war, which invariably uphold the claims of the French. Mr. M'Grath maintains that the French have no treaty right whatever to forestall the Americans in their purchase of bait which they need. He says that in the past two years the Americans have refused to be trodden underfoot

as was the practice previously. They enjoy full rights conceded to them in 1818. He asserts that if a resolute Americanskipper would bring the herring straight from Gloucester, and let it out into the water of the Bay of St. George, he would defy the warships to touch him, and it would do more to bring the terrible question to a head than anything else. The French are every year becoming fewer, and they are unpopular, while the Americans pay much better and are much more appreciated by the Newfoundlanders. If Mr. McGrath is right, we should devoutly pray for the apparition of that American skipper with his herring seine.

Canada and the United States.

The Hon. John Charlton, M.P., member of the Anglo-American Joint High Commission, contributes to the "Forum" an article in which he discusses the future relations of the Republic and the Dominion. He declares that Canada is satisfied that the British model will serve its purpose very well. The young nation has taken stock of its immense resources, and is looking forward to the day when its people will number 100 millions. He deplores the fact that the trade policy of the United States in the last thirty-five years has rendered impossible the application of the system of free trade with the United States to the great Canadian Dominion. The years of repression and business estrangement and the development of a vast export trade with the motherland make this an unthinkable arrangement at the present time. What he thinks might be done is to establish free trade in natural produce, and an imposition of revenue duties upon a reasonable schedule of a financial kind. This, he thinks, would prove infinitely more satisfactory than present conditions, and would naturally lead up to such further developments as will concur with the wishes and interests of both countries. He warns the Americans that if they reduce their duties the Canadians will, in self-defence, be driven to drop the American tariff as against the United States. He declares that Canada is rapidly settling down to the conviction that there should be no unnecessary delay in adopting this course. Mr. Charlton sets forth the facts brought to light by the statistics of imports and exports, which he summarises as follows:—

(1) The Canadian tariff rates are less than one-half those of the United States. (2) The Canadian exports of farm products to the United States are only one-third as much as in 1866. (3) Canadian imports from the United States are now over four times what they were in 1866. (4) Canadian imports from Great Britain have increased less than ten per cent. since 1866. (5) Canadian exports of farm products to Great Britain have increased twenty-fold since 1866. (6) Canada buys three times as much from the United States as she sells to that country, leaving out of account the precious metals. (7) Without including raw cotton, Canada

buys from the United States two and a half times the amount of farm products that she sells to that country. (8) Canada buys at least 10,000,000 dols. more manufactures from the United States than from all the rest of the world. (9) Canada finds her chief market for farm products in Great Britain. (10) Of the total imports of Canada sixty-three per cent. comes from the United States. (11) Canada gives the United States a free list of 56,884,000 dols., or seventy-three per cent. of her entire free list. Included in the free list from the United States are 39,000,000 dols. of free farm products, free forest products, and free manufactures. (12) Canada receives practically no free list from the United States, except the precious metals.

England and Russia in Persia.

THE CASE AGAINST CONCESSION.

There is an article in the "Quarterly Review" for January which puts forward in as reasonable a way as could be expected the case against the proposed rapprochement which we are to cement with Russia by making certain concessions, chiefly in the direction of Persia. The writer is strongly against making such concessions, but he writes in the rational spirit of one who wants good relations with Russia, while thinking the price proposed a fatal one for ourselves, and while evidently convinced that we can have the rapprochement without paying the price.

No Path to the Persian Gulf.

The reviewer begins by declaring flatly that he cannot credit the supposition that any British Government would consent under present circumstances to Russia acquiring a port on the Persian Gulf. He says that "hatred and suspicion" of Germany are the cause of such suggestions, and argues, in reply to the case based upon the alleged futility (as proved in the past) of attempting to bar Russia's advance, that though this is quite true, every Russian advance has been marked by a corresponding British move. Though we may admit Russia's reasonableness in wanting a port, from her own point of view, we cannot allow that she has any right to expect us to favour such a concession if it would conflict with our interests.

The writer is convinced that it would be in conflict with our interests. But, what is more important, he says it is a delusion to expect that any concession would result in Russian friendship. A Russian port on the Persian Gulf would mean the absorption of the hinterland by that Power. It could not be a mere commercial port, and, as Captain Mahan has pointed out, it would inevitably be a menace to India:—

But can it be conceded—as it appears to be assumed in some quarters—that Russia has not, and never will have, any idea of invading India? What is the warrant for such a sweeping assertion? The opinion of leading men in Russia! But nations, like individuals, do not always consciously make plans; they go on from day to day, and so they achieve. Possibly, enlightened Russian statesmen and generals have no design of in-

vading India; but deep down in the sub-conscious aspirations of the Russian people lies the Tartar impulse of rolling down upon the prizes of Asia.

It would be interesting to hear the reviewer's authority for the "sub-conscious aspirations," in view of the fact that the Russians themselves, who are always discussing the problem, cannot agree for ten minutes as to whether their aspirations are European or Asiatic.

The Solution.

The reviewer's solution is the partition of Persia or the dellimitation of spheres of interest in such a way as to cut Russia off for ever from the Gulf. He says:—

We hold that the course of England in Western Asia is plainly indicated by the finger of Nature. Her influence must continue supreme, not only in the Persian Gulf, but also over the zone of mountains interposed between that seaboard and the table-land of Persia. These must continue to be threaded by the various commercial arteries introduced by the enterprise of her sons. The cities upon or near the northern slopes of those mountains—Kerman, Yezd, Shiraz, and Isfahan—must be preserved at all hazards from the Muscovite net. The true boundary in these regions between the two predominant Powers is that vast salt desert called the Lut, capable of engulfing a whole army, which may be said to extend all the way from the neighbourhood of Afghanistan almost to the threshold of the capital of Persia, Teheran. A relic of the Miocene sea which stretched across Western Asia, probably down to the period when the great succession of tablelands had already been raised above the adjacent levels, it is a phenomenon familiar to most travellers in Persia who have followed along its southern outskirts, with the mountains on their left hand, during the ride from Kashan to Kum. This natural division leaves to Russia the companion fertile zone on the north of Persia, the vast province and considerable cities of Khorasan.

One advantage of this would be that in the event of a Russian move against India we could reply by a flanking movement upon the position which she is destined to occupy in Southern Armenia and Northern Persia. "The true guarantee of peace between the Powers lies in the equal chances of attack and defence."

The reviewer is therefore altogether against concessions to Russia made with the object of thwarting Germany.

The Golden Rule in Politics.

At the time when Mr. Kipling is exhorting the British Christians to regard the prosecution of wars of conquest as "the lordliest life on earth," it is rather startling to read in the "Arena" for January Mr. Theodore F. Seward's paper on the adoption of the Golden Rule as the governing principle of American politics. Mr. Seward declares that the spiritual birth of the American nation dates from last year, when on March 26, in New York, at a meeting addressed by the Chinese Ambassador, two Jewish Rabbis, and Christian clergymen of all shades of belief, including one negro,

the following two resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

(1) To organise a permanent Golden Rule Brotherhood; and (2) to recommend a discussion of the Golden Rule annually throughout the world, and in order to make such discussion as effective as possible, it was proposed that the subject be considered once a year, in the schools on Friday, in the synagogues on Saturday, and in the churches on Sunday. In the following June, at the Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo a public meeting was held, when the Brotherhood was formally organised, and an appeal was ordered to be issued to all nations asking them to enter into the plan of an annual Golden Rule Day. The Golden Rule revival of 1901 was based upon the principle that the widespread recognition of justice to our fellowmen is the only practical law of life, individual, social, industrial, or political. Mr. Seward thinks that the force of this appeal was immensely strengthened by the subsequent outburst of sympathy occasioned by the assassination of President McKinley, and now he claims that a new ideal has established itself in the minds of the American people. He quotes a remarkable letter from President Roosevelt, written six months before his accession to the Presidential chair, which is worth while keeping on record:—

Washington, D.C., March 20, 1901.

Mr. Theodore F. Seward, Secretary:

My Dear Sir,—I have your letter of the 11th inst. It is a matter of real regret that I cannot be with you. In this country, of all others, it behoves us to show an example to the world, not by words only, but by deeds, that we have faith in the doctrine that each man should be treated on his worth as a man, without regard to his creed or his race. Wonderful opportunities are ours, and great and growing strength has been given us. But if we neglect the opportunities, and misuse the strength, then we shall leave to those who come after us a heritage of woe, instead of a heritage of triumph. There is need of the aid of every wise, strong and good man, if we are to do our work aright. The forces that tell for good should not be dissipated by clashing among themselves. In no way is it so absolutely certain that we will worse than nullify these forces as by permitting the upgrowth of hostilities and division based on creed or race origin. Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, if we only have the root of right thinking in us, we are bound to stand shoulder to shoulder and hand to hand in the effort to work out aright the problem of our national existence, and to direct for good and not for evil the half-unknown social forces which have been quickened into power by our complex and tremendous industrial development.—With all good wishes, I am, faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Not only so, but when Mr. Hay, the Foreign Secretary of the United States, addressed a meeting in New York, he declared, referring to the underlying principle of American diplomacy, "The briefest expression of our rule of conduct is, perhaps, the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule." Mr. Seward

thinks that one of the first results of the adoption of the Golden Rule as the American principle is that America will lead the world in doing justice to the Jews. The adoption of the principle, he hopes, will revolutionise American local government. In Toledo, in Ohio, there is a Golden Rule City, with a Golden Rule Mayor, in the person of Mr. S. M. Jones, and a Municipal Golden Rule Committee, whose members include orthodox Protestants, Roman Catholics, Jews, Theosophists, Christian Scientists, and Labour Union men; in fact, any and all who wish to join hands for promoting the highest interests of the community. A Golden Rule mass meeting was held at Toledo, at which a Committee was elected, and Mr. Seward suggests that such a meeting should be held in every town and city.

This is good hearing. It would seem as if the idea of the Civic Church, with its motto, "The union of all who love in the service of all who suffer," is really going to get itself translated into fact in the New World.

Is an Invasion of England Possible?

From a German point of view, Major Hoenig, a German officer, in an article in the "Pall Mall Magazine" for February (translated from "Die Woche"), thinks that if it is not possible now, it certainly will be if we do not look more to our coast defences; but in discussing the question he seems to take it for granted that it must be France who attempts the invasion. Great preparations for an invasion could never be concealed from England. If a Power builds a new armoured cruiser, she knows. Also Major Hoenig remarks that for years past one of England's maxims has been that her fleet shall outweigh those of Russia, Germany and France combined. "That she can accomplish this in future seems almost impossible." If we are to face a possible coalition of Great Powers, we must alter the laws governing enlistment, alter the organisation of our home troops, and have a systematic system of coast defence. Only France could attempt to land enough troops, and so long as England has not this to fear, only a coalition of France and some other Power puts her in danger; and at present England could diplomatically avert such coalition. But should diplomacy fail and our fleet be once defeated, says Major Hoenig:

England stands like a gigantic fortress which need no further be attacked from without, because she carries death within herself, in the form of grim starvation, which sooner or later must beat down all her powers of resistance. England must therefore prepare herself to oppose invasion of her shores to the utmost, and, in case she is unable to prevent this, must be prepared to quickly expel the invaders. The present coast defences and the army organisation of to-day do not give much promise of a consummation so devoutly to be desired by her sons.

How to be Healthy and Strong.

By SANDOW.

"Sandow's Magazine" for January opens the new volume with a brief but valuable paper by Sandow himself on "The Life Physical." In it we have the strong man's prescription as to how everyone can possess the inestimable boon of vigorous health. Sandow begins his paper by a sketch of his ultimate ideal, which is that of a state of compulsory physical education for all scholars in our public elementary schools. Every scholar, he says, should be exercised daily under medical supervision. No school should be built without a swimming bath or a set of shower baths. But, pending the realisation of this greater ideal, he condescends to give plain, practical directions to business men and others as to how they can best secure a healthy life. How to secure an unhealthy life is easy. You should just get up in time for breakfast, bolt it, rush off to business, spend the day in an insanitary office, bolt another heavy meal in the middle of the day, return home at night to a heavy dinner, and then go to bed. This is absolutely certain to end in physical ruin.

But if you wish to be healthy and strong this is the way to attain it. In the first case, get up early in the morning, summer and winter, and as soon as you get up take twenty minutes' exercise, with or without a Sandow apparatus, but on the Sandow system. The essence of this system he explains in an interview with Mr. Ira L. Wood, jun. It is that of concentration of thought. The whole secret of his system lies in the knowledge of human anatomy—in knowing one's weakness, and in concentrating the mind and energies upon that weakness with a view to correct it. Nothing will make a man strong save his own concentration of thought. Intelligent and constant exercise intended to develop every muscle of the three hundred and sixty-three in the body to the fullest capacity, by concentrating one's mind upon them, will revitalise mankind. After twenty minutes' exercise, then take your cold bath, in such a way as to feel glowing and happy after your dip. Take the chill off the water if you do not get good reaction, and if your heart is weak restrict your bath to a chest sponge or sponge down. After the bath rub down vigorously, and dress quickly. Then rest quietly reading the papers, going through your letters, take a short walk in the open air, then come in and take a substantial breakfast, taking plenty of time to it. No rushing for trains, 'buses or trams should be indulged in. He recommends that everyone should walk at least a part of the way to business, during which most of the problems of the day can be solved, thus leaving the mind free for detail work. Sandow is against the heavy mid-day lunch.

It should be light and nourishing. We should walk part of the way home, and then take a light dinner of not more than three courses, sit a while after dinner, then take another walk in the open air, and so to bed. Sandow says that too much meat is eaten, and that the quantity of food consumed is vastly in excess of what is required. He is not a vegetarian, but he thinks that vegetarianism has brought about great improvements in the diet of this country. He is not an abstainer, but he is much averse to young men and women taking alcohol except under medical advice. The hours of sleep should be regular, and every adult should have eight hours. Tobacco in excess is bad, but in moderation he personally would miss it badly. An apple or an orange first thing after the morning tub is a very healthy habit. He strongly insists upon preserving Sunday sacred from business for health reasons. One day's rest in seven is necessary from the mental strain of the week. Clothing should be sensible, night-clothing not too heavy; bedrooms should be well ventilated.

Indian Famines and Their Remedies.

The "Quarterly Review" for January contains an article under this heading, which is illustrated by a map. The article is ostensibly a review of Sir Arthur Cotton's *Life* (by Lady Hope), and of Mr. Vaughan Nash's and Mr. R. C. Dutt's books on Indian Famines, and it deals only with the immediate causes and effects of famines, and not with the general economic condition of the country. The writer, therefore, does not avail himself of the light thrown on the question by Mr. Digby, and his article is correspondingly limited in its recommendations.

Irrigation the Chief Remedy.

The reviewer is strongly on the side of the late Sir Arthur Cotton. Irrigation, he points out, wherever it has been applied, proved a remedy, and no other ameliorative measure can compete with it. Sindh, with the most deficient rainfall in India—averaging only fifteen inches—completely protects itself from famine by irrigation, whereas it is in districts with a rainfall of from fifteen to thirty inches that famines are most prevalent. The moral is that it is not lack of water, but lack of regulation and distribution which is the cause of famine. The effect of the Godavari and Kistna canals in 1876-77 was so great that in one year of famine they produced crops valued at nearly £5,000,000, or four times the whole capital outlay on the works:—

The benefits of irrigation are, first and foremost, insurance against famine. Irrigation works should be credited with the whole increase of production, not merely with the slight addition to the revenue from the

water-rate. The use of canal water allows valuable crops, such as sugar-cane, rice, wheat, indigo, to be cultivated instead of the less profitable millet and barley. The whole production in time of famine depends upon irrigation, since without it hardly an acre would come to maturity. It saves the lives of an incalculable number of human beings and animals, and prevents immense loss to Government from the direct cost of famine relief and from remissions of land revenue.

The Effect of the Railways.

The Indian Government has, nevertheless, adopted a policy of starving irrigation in favour of railways. Yet even from the point of view of communication, canals proved more profitable. Even from the point of view of famine relief, railways are of no great value, since they cannot carry all the food that is required; and they have the further bad effect of encouraging the cultivation of non-food crops, such as jute, for purposes of export, thus encroaching upon the area devoted to foodstuffs. Of course this would be economically profitable if there were some means of importing food. But this is not so; and in a period in which the population increased 17 per cent. the area under food-grain increased only 8 per cent. The export trade, which is the result of railways, has raised prices locally altogether out of proportion to the amount exported. Altogether, railways have had a bad effect for the small cultivator, the only profits going into the hands of great landholders and dealers in produce.

The Decay of Local Industries.

The reviewer points out, as another cause for the severity of recent famines, that European competition has crushed out of existence local industries and increased the dependence on the land. The remedy for this is the encouragement of native industries. Reforestation is also necessary, the cutting down of forests aggravating the deficiency in the rainfall, while cattle manure, which should go to fertilise the land, is burnt owing to the lack of other fuel.

The Growth of Co-operation in Italy.

Mr. H. W. Wolff, in the "Economic Review" for January, gives a very interesting paper upon the growth of co-operation in Italy, which is a kind of complement to the paper upon "Italy and Her Socialists," which was contributed in January to the "Westminster Review." He says that there is at the present moment no country more full of interest from a co-operative point of view than Italy. A great change is in progress there, extending co-operation over much new ground, and making it much more democratic and more beneficial to the working-classes alike in town and country than it has ever been before, and the Socialist organisations vie with one another in promoting the good

cause. A special brief from the Pope led the priests to found, for the benefit of poor cultivators, more than 1,000 village banks and other societies equally useful. The co-operative movement received a severe check in 1898, when the Government used the soldiers for the purpose of closing co-operative societies, confiscating their property and trying their members by court-martial. But since then the madness of the mood of the hour has passed, and both Church and State co-operate in promoting the extension of people's banks and co-operative societies of all kinds. The Co-operative Union at Milan has established the first Rowton House in Italy, a huge building with 530 bedrooms, with everything of the most faultless make and perfect pattern. Co-operative pharmacies are much appreciated by the working-classes. There are seventeen general stores in connection with the Turin Co-operative Alliance, and excepting with regard to bread, the Turin Alliance has adopted the old Rochdale principle. Bread is sold under current rates. The stores are open to all the world, and all who deal receive the same amount of dividends, but provident benefits, free medical treatment, and education at the popular university are reserved for members only. The productive societies are for the most part humble. The societies of bricklayers and stonemasons undertake contracts for executing buildings, and give general satisfaction. Italian co-operators do little as yet in respect of providing labourers' dwellings; but, on the other hand, the Agricultural Banking Movement has spread far and wide throughout Italy. Mr. Wolff's paper will be read with special interest in Ireland, where they are already far in advance of England in all such matters.

The British Academy of Learning.

THE BLESSING OF A QUARTERLY REVIEWER.

An article in the "Quarterly Review" for January will probably be regarded as a great encouragement to those who are attempting to start a British Academy. The reviewer is emphatically in favour of the idea, and tells us that "we share with Turkey alone the discredit of having no recognised and state-supported Academy dedicated to the progress of knowledge." We should have been much wiser had we followed the example of the French and Germans, and started an Academy long ago.

The French Precedent.

The reviewer begins with a description of the Academies of Paris and Berlin. The Académie Française, he points out, is really only one of five branches of the French Institute; the other branches being devoted to Art, Science, Inscriptions

and Belles Lettres, and Moral and Political Science. The French Institute receives a subsidy of no less than £28,000 a year from the State. It has a common palace, administration and library, and constitutes a focus and organising ground for every kind of scientific and literary enterprise. The German Academy is equally useful.

Our British Learned Societies.

The British Association is our best known unifying institution, but it excludes history, philosophy and philology, while the Royal Institution is devoted almost exclusively to furthering the natural sciences. Neither is supported by the State. What we want, therefore, is something corresponding to the Académie des Inscriptions and the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques in Paris. All our present learned societies have the disadvantage that they overlap, thus wasting much time and force, and that they are unable to keep up a high standard in their publications. The most obvious way of organising these societies would be for each to appoint delegates who should establish a central bureau; but in view of the difficulties involved the reviewer is in favour of the direct establishment of an academy of historic, philosophic, and philologic studies as is proposed.

What the Academy Would Do.

What would be the advantages? The reviewer sums them up under five headings:—(1) The recognition of merit and its encouragement by an authoritative body. The recognition, at present, given by the universities is only to establish reputations, but an academy could seek out young men who are doing good work without reward. (2) It would correct the evils of specialism, which lie in the tendency of workers in individual fields to overlook what is done outside. (3) It would be able to deliver authoritative judgments on social and historic matters, and to advise the Government or remonstrate when the interests of knowledge are involved. The writer complains of the neglect shown by the authorities to historic monuments in countries under British rule:—

When we contrast the way in which historic remains are protected in the Crimea with the way in which they are at the mercy of all comers in North-West India, we see that there are matters in which the sense of the whole educated world would decide that Russia is far more civilised than England.

(4) It would organise research in such a way as to prevent loss of time by students doing over again work which is already done. (5) It could endow research, and pay the expenses of scholars of merit whose work is hampered by lack of means. Altogether the reviewer is very much in favour of the idea.

Two Artists—In Memoriam.

Mr. Austin Dobson contributes to the "Art Journal" for February an appreciation of the work of Miss Kate Greenaway; and Mr. M. H. Spielmann pays a tribute to Mr. Onslow Ford, the sculptor, in the February "Magazine of Art." Mr. Austin Dobson writes:—

There is a third country, a child-land inhabited almost exclusively by the sweetest little child-figures that have ever been invented, in the quaintest and prettiest costumes, always happy, always playful in a decorous manner, and nearly always playing, always set in the most attractive environment of flower-beds or blossoming orchards, and red-roofed cottages with dormer windows. Everywhere there are green fields and spring skies, in which a kite is often flying. No children are quite like the dwellers in this land, they are so gentle, so unaffected in their affection, so easily pleased, so innocent, so trustful and so confiding. And this is Greenaway-land.

I should shrink from anything approaching a description of the quiet, unpretentious lady, whom it was always a pleasure to meet and to talk with. But I know that she told me that she had been brought up in just such a neighbourhood of red roofs and "grey old gardens" as she depicts in her drawings; and that in some of the houses it was her particular delight to turn over ancient chests and wardrobes filled with the flowered frocks and capes of the Jane Austen period. It was fidelity to her individual vision and personal perception which constituted her strength. She yielded, no doubt, to pressure put upon her to try figures on a larger scale; to illustrate books, which was not her forte, as it only put fetters upon her fancy; but, in the main, she courageously preserved the even tenor of her way, which was to people the artistic domain she administered with the tiny figures which no one else could make more captivating or clothe more cunningly.

Writing on the work of Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. Spielmann says:—

Onslow Ford was not rapid in design. When he had once decided upon his scheme, he worked quickly enough; but in the initial stage he was inclined to wait for inspiration. A year or so ago an American gentleman called and asked him if he would undertake a memorial design for him. Onslow Ford declared himself happy to do so. "Well," said his visitor, "When can you let me see a sketch? The merest scribble of a drawing would do. Could I see something if I called again this afternoon?" "This afternoon?" echoed the sculptor. "I fear I don't work like that. If you call again in three weeks I may be able to show you something of that kind." But three weeks would not do, as the American visitor had to sail in the course of a day or two, and the commission was necessarily abandoned.

The delightful understanding that existed between Onslow Ford and his friends similarly controlled his relations with his assistants. . . . By such as these Onslow Ford was personally idolised, while his solicitude for them and for their advancement called forth their warmest gratitude. Among the younger men who served with him, and whose powers he did much to call forth, may be named Mr. Frank Bowcher—who has developed into our leading medallist—and Mr. Lucchesi, one of the leading and most prolific of our young sculptors in ideal work.

Mr. J. B. Atlay does a public service by recounting afresh in the pages of "Cornhill" the case of Governor Eyre.

The Course of Evolution.

Contributions to the study of evolution, by Dr. E. Wasmann, appear in the last two numbers of the "Biologisches Centralblatt."

Fossils found from time to time show that plants and animals have presented most striking differences at different stages of the earth's history. For example, the reptiles of the Reptilian Age were different from anything that now exists, both in form and structure. Fossils show that these prehistoric reptiles often measured forty feet in length, and some of them had enormous clawed wings that measured twenty feet from tip to tip. The animals and plants of past times, apparently, have not been directly superseded by those of the present, but changes came about gradually, many fossils and skeletons having been found that possess some characteristics of two different types, and may be taken to represent transitional forms.

A whole series of animal and plant forms has been found, extending from the time of the first appearance of life on the earth to the present, and forming an almost complete chain of development from the lowest to the highest forms of life. From this remarkable sequence has arisen the theory of evolution, which assumes that the living beings now in existence have risen from the simple organisms that appeared in the beginning by progressive development, aided by the natural tendency of plants and animals to adapt themselves to their environment, and by the survival of those best adapted to the conditions under which they lived.

This theory is further supported by the fact that during the embryonic development of each individual plant or animal it reviews the history of the race, instead of taking the most direct road to its own perfect form—a chick embryo passing through stages of development where it resembles a fish, and at other stages resembling less highly organised animals.

A Study of Beetles and Ants.

Some scientists contend that if such changes occurred in the past we ought to be able to observe similar ones going on now. Dr. Wasmann believes he has found evidence of such progressive changes now going on among certain varieties of beetles which he has studied in their natural habitats, extending over a wide area of Europe. Four kinds of these beetles live in company with four different kinds of ants, and are found in the ant nests, each kind of beetle associating itself with a special kind of ant.

Between the different kinds of beetles and the ants with which they make their home, there exists a regular proportion of body size and of similarity in colour. The large beetles always live in

the complex nests of the large ants, the small beetles in the simple earth nests of the small ants. The co-ordination of colour between the two seems designed to make the visitors less prominent and less liable to become the object of antagonistic attentions, the darkest beetles living with the darkest ants, and the two coloured ones with those more nearly resembling them. The hosts attack the beetles if the kinds are exchanged for experiment.

The different kinds of beetles show varying degrees of complexity of structure as compared with one another, the most highly developed ones being found in those parts of Europe that first became free from the ice and the seas of the glacial epoch, and the least-developed ones in the regions that remained covered longest.

Between these extremes are found those in intermediate stages of development. The simplest ones are smaller and have shorter wings than the others; next to them come beetles with broader bodies and thicker antennae, and so on through a series of forms extending in geographical range from northern Europe to Spain. Taken together, these form a complete series, all in different stages of species formation, with a few intermediate stages among them, and all tending to develop into the same type of beetle.

"Three Months of President Roosevelt."

The "Atlantic Monthly" for February begins with an article under this title from Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson, who writes of the President's work as he observed it in Washington since last September. He gives the first place in the order of importance in the work that President Roosevelt has accomplished to the civil-service changes. He says that the federal offices in the Southern States had been captured by predatory politicians, and were filled "almost without exception with social outcasts, whose business in politics was not only to enjoy the emoluments of office, but to sell quadrennially to the highest bidder nearly one-third of the delegates to the national convention of their party." President Roosevelt was, of course, exceptionally well equipped to deal with this situation, with his long record of experience as a civil-service reformer.

Widening of the Civil-Service Classes.

Mr. Nelson enumerates several changes of the first importance, among them the change of the order exempting from the operation of the civil-service law certain employes and labourers of the War Department. The revocation of this order, which had not been put into operation, restored 1,600 persons to the classified service. Another im-

portant order placed 60 Indian agents in the classified service.

Giving the Commissioners Power.

Again, Mr. Roosevelt has issued a new rule giving the civil-service commissioners power to compel testimony regarding violations of the civil-service law under penalty of dismissal. The evasion of the law through transfers has been prevented by the President's order, forbidding transferring anyone who has not served for six months in the office before its inclusion in the classified service. That Mr. Roosevelt is going to give members of the army and navy an opportunity of advancement by merit, Mr. Nelson regards as proved by such acts as the appointment as chief of ordnance with the rank of brigadier-general of a captain who was twenty-ninth on the list of the officers of his corps.

Prompt Action in the Schley Case.

Another achievement of the new President is the prompt hushing up of the harmful gossip and scandal in the Schley matter. "In censuring General Miles and Admiral Dewey, and in endorsing the just verdict against Schley, the President had no thought but to do that which he deemed right—to do justice, to teach a lesson of discipline to the lieutenant-general of the army, to put an end to a disrupting controversy in the navy, and in doing this he invited a storm of criticism, faced an angry mob in and out of Congress, but taught a needed lesson to the two services."

The Late Horace E. Scudder's Life of Lowell.

In the "Atlantic Monthly" for February, a reviewer, presumably Mr. Bliss Perry, the editor of the magazine, deals with the new and authoritative life of James Russell Lowell by Mr. Horace E. Scudder, whose death was announced on January 11. Mr. Scudder had been an eminent figure in the literary life of Boston through much of the period in which Lowell shone so brilliantly. Indeed, Mr. Scudder began his career as an author as early as 1862, with a book of tales for young people. He was for more than a generation connected more or less intimately with the firm of Hurd and Houghton and its successors, at times as literary adviser, again as a member of the firm; as editor of the "Riverside Magazine" for young people; and for eight years, after Mr. Aldrich's retirement, in 1890, as editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" itself. Such a career, joined with the essentially literary and scholarly instincts and acquirements of Mr. Scudder, naturally fitted him for

the task of saying the final word about James Russell Lowell.

Lowell as a Petrarch of the Nineteenth Century.

The "Atlantic Monthly" says of this biography:

As we muse over this record of a life, Lowell appears, not only as the poet, the man of letters, and the minister of the state, but as having fulfilled in his age something of the role which Petrarch played in the time of the early Renaissance, or Erasmus in the sixteenth century. His high character as a man, his capacity for affairs, his entire devotion to ideal ends,—these qualities, combining with his endowment of imagination and his acquirements as a scholar, placed him upon a pinnacle in the eyes of the world. Such a life deserved a careful and an ample record; there was called for in the biographer a rare union of gifts in order to do justice to so rich and complex a career. No one who reads the "Life of Lowell," by Mr. Horace Scudder, can rise from its perusal without a profound sense of gratitude that it was given to him to write this biography. He has wrought out his task with painstaking and conscientious fidelity, bringing to it qualifications which no one else possesses in equal degree. Tenderness and reverence, delicacy and restraint, are everywhere apparent. There is criticism and comment, but always subordinate to telling the story of a life. The hand of the accomplished literary artist is manifest in the disposition of the material. But especially valuable to the reader is the insight which serves for the interpretation of Lowell's work. Incidentally, also, the book becomes a history of American literature in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Lowell's Wife Could Not Read the "Biglow Papers."

Mr. Scudder has not failed to point out some of the defects in Lowell's attitude and in his mental make-up in the earlier years. There were traces of crudeness and of dippancy, an apparent effort always to be saying new or smart things, an air of jauntiness and of forced jocularity, as though these were essential features of the literary attitude. To some extent it appears in Lowell as a sort of intoxication with life, exuberant and tumultuous. Perhaps it was likewise a reminiscence of what may be called the Knickerbocker phase in our history, when affectation became almost natural, and to give humorous expression to life was the aim of every young aspirant for self-expression. But in Lowell's case the wit, the humour, and the satire had deeper roots and touched more closely the springs of life, yielding fruit as in the "Fable for Critics," and finally, in its perfected form, the "Biglow Papers." Here also deep moral purpose underlay the humour. It is an interesting incident, which Mr. Scudder records, that Lowell's second wife could not endure the "Biglow Papers." She was not by any means without a sense of humour, but she told Mr. Stillman that she thought this line of expression was unworthy of her husband's genius.

Lowell was first married to Miss Maria White, when he was twenty-one. He went to Philadelphia, and supported himself by his writings in a rather meagre way. He was in Europe in 1851-52, and had just returned when his wife's health gave way, and she died in 1853. Only one of their four children survived. In 1857, Mr. Lowell married Miss Frances Dunlap, one year after he had entered on his Harvard professorship. It was in this year, too, that Mr. Lowell became editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," which, after fifty years, still lives by the ideals he set up for it.

Lowell's Shortcomings as a Teacher.

He was, indeed, an inspiring teacher, as is evidenced by the testimony of his pupils. The routine of his position, however, was irksome. He took little interest in faculty meetings, nor could he bring himself to perform certain functions of his office such as conducting examinations or assigning to pupils their rank, without feeling a degradation of himself or of the subject he was teaching. Thus, a story is told of him that on one occasion a student asked for the mark assigned to some thesis he had written. Lowell, in reply, after enquiring what grade was expected, offered to give it rather than undergo the drudgery of reading the paper.

This review is most largely occupied, of course, in treating of Mr. Lowell as the typical, even aggressive, American, his enthusiasm for freedom in human brotherhood, and of his position as a man of letters and as a scholar. "He became, as it were, the mouthpiece of humanity, and for this reason grew dear to his world, receiving in life and in death its highest honours. His wit and humour, as the years went on, became more simple and mellow, more like that of Lamb or of Goldsmith. It may be said of his writings as Walter Scott said of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' that their charm lies in their power to reconcile us to life."

Toys, Old and New.

In what may be called the Christmas number of the "Nouvelle Revue" is an interesting little article concerning the origin of toys. France, and especially Paris, has long held the supremacy in this most fascinating branch of modern industry; but though the toy shop—that is to say, the shop devoted entirely to toys—seems to have been unknown to our ancestors, even in the days of the Romans little dead children were buried with their toys, and in many museums may be seen Greek friezes showing children playing at games that have come down to us from those days. Probably few people are aware that the magic lantern was the invention of a British monk, Roger Bacon, who, thanks to his discovery rather than invention, was soon believed by the ignorant country folk around Ilchester to be a magician. The fame of Friar Bacon and his lantern reached the then Pope, Clement IV., who sent for it. Fortunately, it obtained his approval, and became very popular, not only in England, but also on the Continent.

In the Middle Ages, Nuremberg was the great toy centre; even now the old German city has retained an absolute supremacy in the matter of lead soldiers and lead toys. Eight hundred work-people are employed in this branch of the toy industry alone, and they turn out something like one hundred thousand lead soldiers a day. During hundreds of years, Limoges was the French Nuremberg, and it was there that the court gallants

and court dames sent when they wanted to present some particularly charming toy to an infant prince or princess. For a very long time, all toys were very small, and were carved out of wood, out of ivory, or modelled in gold and silver. Most of the Paris jewellers, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, also kept a toy department, and there still exists a receipted bill of a toy regiment of soldiers, ordered for a future king of France, which cost the donor the very large sum of 6,000 francs (1,200 dollars). Then, as now, splendid toys were lavished on royal children, and on the children of very important people. Cardinal de Richelieu gave £80 (400 dollars) for a doll presented by him to a little princess. Dolls' houses became quite the fashion, and were as beautifully finished as the most expensive and splendid furniture. Croquet was invented about the sixteenth century, and was known as *pellmell*; *ninepins* are even older. After the Revolution, the number of Paris toy-makers and toy-sellers increased by leaps and bounds, and fifty years ago there were over two thousand toy shops in the gay city. At the present time, the French toy-makers and toy-vendors have formed themselves into a kind of guild, and France sells to foreign countries 34,000,000 francs' (6,800,000 dollars) worth of toys each year, of which, it is interesting to learn, the greater number are dolls.

American Inferiority in Science.

Mr. Karl Snyder contributes to the "North American Review" for January a lamentation over what he describes as America's inferior position in the scientific world. He says that America has produced many great men of science. Among others he mentions Benjamin Franklin, Count Rumford, Joseph Henry, the co-discoverer with Faraday of electrical induction; Draper, the first photographer of the stars, Professor Langley, the inventor of the bolometer, and the astronomers Pickering, Burnham, and Keeler. But despite many notable figures, America's position in the world of science is inferior to that of other nations who are less favourably situated so far as endowment goes. He laments that the Americans have nothing analogous to the Pasteur Institute or to the Royal Institution, or to the College de France, or to the Sorbonne, neither have they anything like the Jardin des Plantes.

He then passes in review the various departments of modern science, and finds America has done little or nothing in any of them. In the last ten years Pasteur, Lister and others have almost revolutionised medicine. But in all this brilliant list of discoveries and applications no American name

is found. In wireless telegraphy Marconi, Clerk Maxwell, Herz, Lodge, Preece, and Professor Bose have all done good service, but not one Yankee genius has done anything.

In metallurgy the Americans are equally behind-hand. They make more iron and steel than any other country, but when Mr. Snyder turns over the latest volume of metallurgy which sums up twenty years of marvellous work, while there are a multitude of names—Belgian, Dutch, German, English, French, and Russian—there are only two Americans whose contributions, direct or indirect, were worth while mentioning. In the discovery of the cathode rays both Englishmen and Germans have done work which is destined to play a leading part in all future conceptions alike of chemistry and physics. After them came a long line of investigators whose results filled bulky volumes, but not one observation has been contributed by the nation which boasts itself the best educated, the most progressive and enlightened of all.

In chemistry, which has made prodigious developments of late years, the history of the science might be written in full detail without mention of perhaps more than a single American name. In electro-chemistry it might be thought that the Americans would distinguish themselves, but although they have been quick to use electricity, they have done nothing in the way of original research. Dutchmen, Swedes, Poles, Frenchmen, Germans are to the front, but nowhere is the remarkable isolation of the United States from the rest of the scientific world more clearly illustrated than in the absence of any American names from the list of those who have extended the boundaries of human knowledge in this department. Other wise men from among many peoples have come bearing their gifts, but in the long line you discover no faces from the American continent.

Mr. Snyder asks why it is that the American people now marching to the industrial conquest of the earth has done so little comparatively in the realms of science. He thinks it is because of the rich prizes of business that the Faradays and Claude Bernards found, are not to be found in the United States. He thinks that the Americans are lacking in anything like the German university system, which gives German professors so wide a latitude of time for original experimental work. He describes what is done in France, and then devotes the close of his article to an eulogy of our Royal Institution, which he says is the stronghold of English science, to which have come the most brilliant discoverers in England. It was founded by Count Rumford, who was an American, and was born Benjamin Thompson in a village near Boston. He says that, although there are but three professorships, the system is ideal, and it is simply

a marvel that a single institution in a single century could show such an array of great names, such a roster of great achievements. The Royal Institution has done more for science than all the universities. He concludes by urging the Americans to form a similar institution in New York, which should be at once a scientific club where the chief notables in Europe and America might be gathered, and also a seat of scientific research.

Elevated Streets.

The problem of pedestrian transit across the busy thoroughfares of large cities is increasingly complicated in proportion as the streets become more congested with the growth of the cities, and more dangerous to pass, now that motor vehicles of all kinds are coming into general use. Dr. Hans Schmidkunz, in his article on "The Stratification of Municipal Traffic," in the "Gegenwart" for November 2, suggests a plan of elevated sidewalks. Streets having several strata are nothing new, as the writer points out, referring to Venice, with its canals for general traffic and its streets, open places, or bridges for pedestrians, several feet higher. "Two-story" transit, again, is illustrated by the elevated roads, and wherever streets, railroad tracks, or navigable rivers are bridged, and "three-story" transit by the subways. The city of the future will extend this principle to the sidewalks. A large part of the heavy traffic must necessarily always remain on the street level, as trucking for building and business purposes. The lighter traffic, and especially the pedestrians, can more easily be transferred to a different level. Sidewalks for the latter could be constructed to run parallel with the second stories of buildings, resting on pillars or suspended by chains, and, if possible, roofed over. Wherever a system of elevated roads exists, sidewalks could be added to that structure, and also bicycle paths. Automobiles would remain on the street level. The writer thinks, again, that a system of arcades, built into the houses, at a height of about twenty feet, would not only be feasible, but might become a source of architectural beauty, leading to the development of new styles, conditioned by the more extensive use of steel as a new building material. Shops and magazines would line the arcades, which would become an integral part of the large office or store buildings of the business section. Crowded squares, where many car lines meet, could be made safe for pedestrians by tunnels, or by bridges at whose point of intersection a pavilion might be made an architectural feature. Some such system of elevated sidewalks, concludes the writer, has already been

seriously proposed in a Berlin paper by the eminent German financier, Werner von Siemens.

Crime and Finger-Prints.

There is a curious article in "Casell's Magazine" by Mr. Tighe Hopkins on "Crime and the Finger-Print," describing the manner in which Mr. Francis Galton's system of identifying criminals by their finger-prints, taken by Indian ink on white foolscap, as superseding the Bertillon anthropometrical system of identifying them by measuring certain portions of the framework, which in the adult do not change. Mr. Galton has come to the conclusion that the chance of two finger-prints being identical is less than one in 64,000,000,000. He says:—

If, then, in using the finger-print as a means of identification, two such prints are compared and are found to be identical, no doubt can be entertained "that they are prints of the same finger of the same person; if they differ, the inference is equally certain that they are made by different fingers. The prints of one finger, if clearly taken, are, therefore, enough to decide the question of identity or non-identity, and if the prints of three or more fingers be taken and compared, all possibility of error is absolutely eliminated."

The lines and patterns of the finger-prints are found to be more enduring than anything else in the body. From early infancy to extreme old age they never vary; not death itself, nothing but decomposition of the skin, or, of course, an accident, can destroy them.

As the result of a Royal Commission of Enquiry into the Bertillon and Galton systems, the Province of Bengal has adopted the latter as being surer, less costly, and more simple.

The New President of Cuba.

The "American Monthly Review of Reviews" contains an illustrated article upon General Tomas Estrada Palma, the new President of the Cuban Republic. The new President will not be formally elected until the 24th of February, but the elective body is already committed to General Palma's support. Palma was, with Gomez, one of the most important men in the struggle against Spain. He was the Cuban agent in the United States, and was the motive-power which underlay the American crusade. It was thought at one time that Gomez would be elected, but Gomez had no ambition for office, and while his candidature was being discussed he visited the United States and urged Palma to offer himself.

General Palma, the writer says, is the son of a wealthy planter in the eastern provinces of Cuba, and he was educated as a lawyer in Cuba and Spain. He was a general in the insurgent army

in the rebellion of 1868-78, and afterwards became President of the provisional Government. In the end he was taken prisoner to Spain, and his property confiscated. He refused, however, to swear allegiance, and since then has not set foot on Cuban soil. Palma married the daughter of the President of Honduras, and acted as Postmaster-General of that Republic. He is a highly educated and experienced man, and always kept in touch with the insurgent leaders. "Of all living men," says the writer, "he is unquestionably the one best fitted to be the first President of the Cuban Republic."

The French Convict Settlement in New Caledonia.

M. Carol continues, in the "Revue de Paris," his interesting account of the French penal settlements in New Caledonia. According to this optimist, the existence is so delightful in New Caledonia that the convicts are far happier there than they would be in an ordinary French prison; and he further declares that a French convict has a much pleasanter time of it than has an ordinary French soldier, and is more fortunate than the ordinary worker in our great cities. He observes that the convict has solved in the most pleasant manner the eight-hour problem—he sleeps eight hours, he works eight hours, and he idles eight hours. The great object of every French convict is to either feign or become really ill, for then they are sent to the hospital, a beautiful building looking out over the sea, and where all the nursing is done by French nuns, who give up the whole of their lives to this rather disheartening work. The same convict who delights in being in hospital has an awful horror of the insane asylum, for, strangely enough, when a convict becomes insane he is not sent home to some French public asylum, but is put in the New Caledonia insane asylum. Curiously enough, the inmates of this melancholy building are not men who have committed any very terrible crimes, but either foolish anarchists who have got into some scrape at home or some convict who is also an inventor.

Telepathy.

In the "Monist" of Chicago for January, Dr. N. Vaschide, a pupil of Dr. Jeannis of Paris, describes "Experimental Investigations of Telepathic Hallucinations." In the first part of the article he summarises the evidence and dissents from the conclusions of the English Society for Psychical Research, and in the second part he describes his own experiments, which seem to have

been very carefully performed. But Dr. Vaschide is very sceptical and very precise in laying down the need for exact observation, record of time, etc. He says the psychologic life of man is a tissue of lies, of illusions, of false perceptions, of beliefs, ideas and judgments seldom co-ordinated upon any fixed, well-defined plan. He reports that in seventy-eight cases of telepathy recorded by a Madame N., in all of which she believed with absolute confidence, seventy-six errors were proved, and only in two cases was there any agreement whatever. Dr. Vaschide says: "Officials, magistrates, peasants, and university men are always ready to agree upon anything that involves the marvellous. Never undertake to convince these sincere and honest witnesses of the truth of the facts, for you will not succeed." The paper is to be continued in another number.

The "Never Never" Land of Opal.

"Blackwood" has a very graphic paper on "Prospecting on the Gem-fields of Australia." Its importance appears from the opening paragraph:—

There is still a land sacred to the pioneer, a land where neither syndicates nor limited companies exist, and where fortunes are frequently made by "one stroke of the pick." This Land of Promise is in the great Australian desert, on the extreme west of Queensland and New South Wales. The aborigines know it as the "Never-Never" country. At best it is a region of dreary desolation, on which the sun shines with terrific heat by day, and where by night innumerable pests make life almost unbearable. But it is the El Dorado of the fortune-seeker, for with grim sarcasm nature has gifted that inhospitable waste with a wealth of precious opal; and who can resist the allurements of that blood-flashing gem? The average value of the gems, however, is about £10 per ounce; and as it is quite a common occurrence for a man to break through a matrix seam carrying anything under one hundred ounces, it is at once evident that "opaling" has some advantages over gold-mining.

In the "Leisure Hour" for February Mr. T. H. S. Escott discusses "The Rise and Fall of Society Journalism," from the erratic "Owl" of Laurence Oliphant and Kinglake fame to the "Lika Joko" of Harry Furniss and the "World," with its exposure of West-end usurers. For this turning on of the editorial search-light the "World's" editor got into Holloway and gave a serious blow to society journalism. In fact, when everyone knew that everyone else either aspired to contribute or actually did contribute spicy pars to some society paper, people felt more or less under constant restraint, and this still further weakened the society paper. And, again, the writer thinks that the well-to-do classes have lately begun to take far more interest in serious questions of the day, and so have less time to give to mere personalities and gossip.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The Fortnightly Review.

"Calchas" paper on Mr. Chamberlain as "The Man of Emergency" is quoted at length elsewhere. Mr. Chamberlain as an "emergency man" is indeed an admirable conception, for none of our statesmen resembles so closely those Irish "emergency men" who are employed by covetous landlords to knock down cottages and break up homes. "Pollex's" article, "A Bismarck en Pantoufles," is worth special notice, as well as Mr. Long's paper on the late M. de Bloch.

Victor Hugo and Napoleon.

Mr. Havelock Ellis contributes an interesting paper upon Victor Hugo, who was born just a hundred years ago. He compares him with Napoleon, whose career and genius had marked points of resemblance. Both were great conquerors, both made a great stir in the world, and both saw their direct influence speedily swept away by their successors. They were both men of low birth who fought their way unaided; they were alike in their pride and ambition, and in the overweening sense of their mission. They were both great forces rather than lovable personages, and both had an element of commonplace vulgarity which saved them from falling over the verge of insanity upon which they lived.

The Relations Between England and Italy.

"Anglo-Italian" contributes a very interesting article upon the change that has come over the relations between Great Britain and Italy. In brief, it comes to this—that when Lord Salisbury took office Italy was our friend, and we could rely upon her support in the Mediterranean. As the net result of Lord Salisbury's policy, Italy is now the friend of France. M. Camille Barrere has triumphed all along the line, even the vexed question of Tripoli has been solved in favour of Italy, and on the other hand Italy raises no objection to French designs in Morocco. The story of how this came about is set forth by the writer with much detail, but it is too long to set forth here. The characteristic dawdling and inability of Lord Salisbury to make up his mind was largely responsible for this disastrous change in the grouping of the Mediterranean Powers. The Italians felt that we sacrificed their interests to France, and then discovered to their delight that France was willing to renounce in favour of Italy rights in the hinterland of Tripoli, which Lord Salisbury had recognised as French.

The United States and South America.

Mr. Benjamin Taylor writes a long article upon the New Anglo-American Treaty. Mr. Taylor points out that the terms now obtained by the United States Government are to a large extent those claimed by Mr. Blaine in 1881. Mr. Taylor thinks that the policy of the United States in South America will be compelled by the construction of the canal. May not Washington's warning against entangling alliances be construed as a pre-text for annexing the whole Isthmus to the Federal Union as Porto Rico and the Philippines have been annexed?

The Cost of the War.

Mr. H. Morgan Browne writes an article with many interesting figures on the cost of the war. Up to the present time there have been seven distinct demands for money necessary to bring the war to a definite conclusion. The last was made on March 8, 1901, and it did not bring the sum beyond £143,867,000. He expects that the aggregate expenditure will amount to £172,405,000 on March 31. Other considerations point to the fact that the army in South Africa will cost at least £70,000,000 during the current financial year. Of the pay of the troops one-third of the money, or £8,000,000, went to pay one-fifth of the men, who were supplied by Australia, Canada, South Africa, and the Imperial Yeomanry. The average cost of these sons of the younger nations to the old Empire was £100 a head as against £50 a head, which is the average cost of regular troops.

Other Articles.

Mr. Arthur Symonds writes a very appreciative criticism of D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini." Hannah Lynn praises Madame Darneser's poems up to the skies. Mr. Mallock spends twenty pages in setting forth his views upon free will. Mr. Escott contributes a somewhat disappointing paper on Mr. Tuckwell's Life of Kinglake under the misleading title "The Analysis of Jingo." Mr. Holt Schooling diagrammatically describes the way in which seats are to be distributed in order to equalise the proportions between electors and elected in England and Ireland.

The brilliant career of the only English Pope, Nicholas Breakspear (Adrian IV.), is epitomised in the "Dublin Review" by the Very Rev. L. C. Casartelli. Even a Protestant will supply the obvious inference, what might not another English Pontiff achieve for mankind?

The Contemporary Review.

The "Contemporary Review" for February is a good number. No space is wasted over the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, and there are several articles of more than average interest.

Mr. W. M. Crook replies to Mr. E. T. Cook in an article which is studiously devoid of the irritants with which Mr. Cook so plentifully garnished his essay on "Copperheads" in a previous number. Mr. Crook brings his article to a close by a plea for Home Rule. This commonwealth of free nations, free to go and free to stay, was a conception of which men could be proud.

Motors and Cycles.

Mr. Joseph Pennell writes one of his light and charming articles upon cycling, with which, from time to time, he enlightens the non-cycling world. At present he complains that the manufacturers of motors with scarcely an exception have catered only to the enormously wealthy. The motor-car is not yet to be thought of by the person of moderate means, especially if he lives in a large city, and has to look after it himself. It is otherwise with the motor cycle, which Mr. Pennell describes as light, compact and cheap. He has crossed the Swiss passes, and has toured all over England, Italy, and France on a motor cycle. Of the machines which he has tried he speaks most highly of the "Shaw," which is the most comfortable and the fastest. At his first attempt he surmounted Handcross Hill on the Brighton-road without any trouble, and rode through miles of mud and ruts without any side-slip. This, he says, may be the machine of the future.

Home Rule All Round.

Mr. Godfrey R. Benson, in a paper entitled "Federal Government for the United Kingdom," maintains that the time has come at last when we should recognise that Parliament has hopelessly broken down, and that the only way in which we can mend matters is by a thorough-going measure of devolution, which consists in the creation of subordinate legislatures for England, Scotland, and Ireland. These local parliaments would have very large powers, but they would be forbidden to deal with the Army, Navy, Post Office, lighthouses, etc. Each subordinate Parliament would have in it and responsible to it the Ministers charged by the Crown with the domestic business of its own country.

Lost Opportunities in Siam.

Sir Andrew Clarke tells the story of his first visit to Siam twenty-seven years ago. In every-

thing in Siam there has since been progress—one thing alone has declined and gone back, and that is British influence. We acted in a haphazard and indifferent fashion, thrusting troublesome questions into official pigeon-holes. The ruler of Siam was heart and soul for the British Alliance; he dreamed night and day for the prosperity of his kingdom under the protection of England. Other views prevail to-day, under the neglect and want of sympathy which the Foreign Office and the Indian Government have shown to the kingdom of Siam.

The Arrest of English Fecundity.

Mr. J. Holt Schooling, in an interesting article upon "The Natural Increase of Three Populations," calls attention to the fact that a fall in the birth-rate has been for long years common to all European nations, but no nation in Europe has lost so much of its birth rate as the United Kingdom. In 1880-84 the average birth rate per 10,000 of the population was 371 in Germany, 323 in the United Kingdom, and 248 in France. In 1885-95 the figures had fallen to 301 Germany, 291 in the United Kingdom, and 220 in France. The comparative decrease in the birth rates of the three nations may be expressed by the figures 10, 32, 28. The death rate has also decreased in the same period, but the decrease has been nearly three times as great in Germany as it has been in England, although the average birth rate in Germany is very much higher than in England. During the twenty years from 1880 to 1900 the percentage of increase of the population has been in Germany 24 per cent., in the United Kingdom 18, and in France 3. Mr. Schooling thinks that a short-sighted selfishness and an undue love of ease and luxury are making abnormal checks operative in reducing our birth rate.

A Good Word for French Protestantism.

Mr. Charles Merle D'Aubigne has been provoked by Mr. Richard Heath's article on Protestantism in France to tell the British public a few facts concerning the present status of the Protestant Church, which will be read with the keenest interest and sympathy by English people. Dr. D'Aubigne maintains that the Protestants are increasing in the large towns and industrial centres. In 1835 there were not more than ten Protestant Churches in Paris, to-day there are 105 in the city and suburbs. In 1857 there were only 738 pastors in France, there are now more than 1,200. In some districts whole villages have come over to the Protestant faith, and have adhered to it; while they have never had so many candidates for the ministry as at present, and their theological halls have doubled the number of students they had thirty years ago. Altogether, Dr. D'Aubigne says

that French Protestants, all told, who are not more numerous than the population of the city of Glasgow, contribute £267,000 a year to the support of religious and charitable organisations.

The Monthly Review.

The "Monthly Review" opens with a mild and by no means angry protest against Mr. Kipling's Islander definition of warfare as the lordliest life on earth. The editor says that Mr. Kipling's intention was to use not poetry but prophecy in the Old Testament meaning of the word. He saw before him the public as a self-complacent beast, and in his desire to rouse it, it was not the lyre or banjo which his hand closed upon but the sjambok. But although admitting this mournfully he tells Mr. Kipling to remember that neither force in arms nor the safety it brings is an end in itself. To the Moloch of safety the Islander is not willing to sacrifice. Money he would give, comfort he would give, but not his own goodwill to man and the last hope of a peaceful mind and a progressive civilisation in Europe.

European Expansion in Asia.

Captain Younghusband calculates that by the end of the century the white men of the world will have increased from 500,000,000 to 1,500,000,000, while the Asiatics under European control will, in the same time, increase from 340,000,000 to over 800,000,000. The 400,000,000 Chinese are not likely to increase to more than 800,000,000. Countries like Arabia, Persia, and Asiatic Turkey may keep their populations stationary by war and massacres.

Public-House Trusts.

Lord Carlisle devotes ten pages to a denunciation of Lord Grey's public-house trusts. Lord Carlisle writes from the point of view of the extreme prohibitionist, who, unfortunately, has about as much chance of obtaining statutory power to carry out his ideas as we have of constructing a railway to Mars. Lord Carlisle, however, does good service in insisting upon the great necessity of giving the municipalities an absolute monopoly in the sale of drink. A public trust may conduct its houses on the most ideal lines, but if a rival public-house stands just across the way run in exactly the opposite way, the result will leave much to be desired. Lord Carlisle gives a curious story as to the extent to which teetotallers become drunkards when they run public-houses, but surely the experience of the "Anchor of Scayne's Hill" is exceptional.

A Plea for Profit-Sharing.

Mr. Ralph Neville, writing upon "British Industry and the Wage System," points out that the time

is ripe for some vigorous effort to enable the working classes to share directly in the increase of profits which would be brought about by increased efficiency of labour. He says, "Profit-sharing and co-operative production are making way even under the dead weight of hostile opinion formed in the vast majority of cases without enquiry of appreciation. Given a fair trial I believe that by the law of selection they would gradually oust the old system. The profit-sharing concerns already employ 60,000 workpeople, but it may be doubted whether what profit-sharing can do if fully developed has ever been tried. . . . The problem that we have to face is how to change the mental attitude of the working man, how to insure his interest in his work, and to excite him to put forth his full powers in view of the fact that trades unionism has to be accepted."

The Cosmopolitan.

In the "Cosmopolitan" for February there are more pretty illustrations than striking or quotable articles. Mr. Nixon discusses the development of shipping in the United States, illustrating his paper with pictures of the new seven and six mast schooners, of which Uncle Sam is extremely proud. In an editorial Mr. Walker writes of the Capital and Labour Commission held last month in New York at the suggestion of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. "This," Mr. Walker says, "seems to me the most important step in social progress that has occurred since the French Revolution." Mr. Julian Ralph has a very prettily illustrated paper on the postcard craze, by which he says the Germans are most badly bitten, the French coming next, and the English a bad third.

Two Stories of President Roosevelt.

Mr. Jacob Riis, writing enthusiastically of President Roosevelt, tells two stories of him which are worth quoting. He says:—

A classmate of Roosevelt told me recently of being present at a Harvard reunion when a professor spoke of asking a graduate what would be his work in life. "Oh," said he, "really, do you know, nothing seems to me much worth while."

Roosevelt, who was present, got up at that, and went round to the professor's seat.

"That fellow," he said, with a thump on the table that was not meant for it—"that fellow ought to have been knocked in the head. I would take my chances with a blackmailing policeman sooner than with him."

Speaking of the President's saving gift of humour, he says:—

It flashed out when two troubled citizens approached him, anxious that he should not embroil us in a foreign war.

"What, a war?" cried Mr. Roosevelt. "With me cooped up here in the White House! Never!"

Cassier's Magazine.

The January number might almost be called an electrical one, as it contains so many articles upon the subject.

Harnessing Niagara.

Philip P. Barton, the Superintendent of the Operating Department of the Niagara Falls Power Company, contributes a most interesting article upon the organisation of the force which operates and maintains a power plant capable of delivering continuously electrical energy to the amount of 50,000 horse power. He says that the first appointments to the various positions were made with the utmost care, and an experience of three years of actual working has failed to indicate any point in which the general plan of the organisation could be changed to advantage. There could hardly be a better tribute to Mr. L. B. Stillwell, who did the organisation. The responsibility on everyone in the shops is considerable, as the slightest mistake may be disastrous. For this reason there are three separate bodies of operators, working in eight hour shifts, and the successful occupant of the position of electrician-in-charge must possess an unusual combination of qualities. He requires considerable theoretical knowledge, ripe experience, sound judgment and an unshakable nerve, and a decision of character and courage to act instantaneously in every sudden emergency, and of course must have a most intimate knowledge of the entire plant throughout all its ramifications. Mr. Barton gives a minute account of the special work which each man has to do.

Wireless Telegraphy.

The past and present status of Wireless Telegraphy and its prospects are discussed by Wm. Maver, junr., in an instructive article. One is struck by the fact that this telegraphy is after all only a development of methods of communicating intelligence to a distance even before the Christian era. It is, however, with recent developments that the writer chiefly deals, and, as is only natural, Signor Marconi's methods are most discussed. It is a pity that Mr. Maver gives no account or mention of the use made of wireless telegraphy in the Sandwich Islands. It is an interesting fact that probably the only newspaper in the world which depends entirely upon wireless telegraphy for its local news should be published in the capital of this group of islands, which is not even telegraphically connected with the rest of the world. News from America is always three weeks old, but from the outlying islands of the group information is sent to Honolulu by means of wireless telegraphy. Up to now the Marconi system

has been chiefly employed for coastwise signalling stations and naval vessels.

A Dream of the Future.

W. C. Popplewell writes an article upon a smokeless London. A London without fogs would indeed be a boon, and this can largely be obtained if smoke is done away with. Already much improvement has been effected in this way, and observant people have been able to detect a distinct improvement in the air of London during the past few years. But it is still more by using gas as fuel instead of coal that the great change is to come, and very simply too. Electricity will inevitably supersede gas as an illuminant, and the then useless gas pipes laid all over the metropolis will induce the gas companies to manufacture a gas which, while quite good enough for fuel, will be inferior, and therefore much cheaper, than that now supplied. Another advance will be the centralisation of power, which will be distributed electrically, and the further this is carried the fewer will be the industrial chimneys.

Harper's Magazine.

The February "Harper's" contains an article on "The Successors of the Telephone," by Mr. Waldon Fawcett, which we have quoted from in the Leading Articles of the Month. The prominent aesthetic feature of this "Harper's" is the sumptuous appearance of Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village," with full-page illustrations by Edwin A. Abbey. A specially inserted "signature" of heavy tinted paper for this contribution gives the soft printing effects desired.

Existence Seven Miles Above the Earth.

In an essay on "Man and the Upper Atmosphere," Dr. R. Suring, of the Royal Meteorological Institute of Berlin, shows the effects on the human physiological system of existence in the upper strata of the atmosphere. He describes the effects on himself and a companion in ascending to a height that he estimates at 35,000 feet, or nearly seven miles. Of course, this could not be accomplished without the artificial aid of oxygen. "The events which took place at an altitude above 34,000 feet are a little confused to both of us. It seems that finally we became too weak to breathe regularly and deeply, and therefore we did not get enough oxygen. The falling asleep became more frequent, and therefore more dangerous. When Mr. Berson found me asleep at that point, he resolved quickly to pull the valve. He succeeded; but the effort was too great; he collapsed altogether, and lost consciousness. Before or after this act, I too remember several clear moments,

when I tried to impart more oxygen to my sleeping partner, but apparently in vain. Probably both of us had lost the breathing-pipes, and then sunk into a heavy swoon, from which we recovered almost at the same time, finding ourselves at 20,000 feet."

Belgium's Art Crusade.

Mr. Charles M. Robinson tells of Belgium's "Art Crusade," which has produced such pleasing results in Brussels and other cities since Eugene Broerman, a young artist, took up the movement, in 1894. A society was formed to introduce some art principles in the streets of Belgian cities, and it actually succeeded to some extent in persuading tradesmen that their signs and advertisements could be made really decorative and commercially effective at the same time. The society is trying to get power for a division of the city government to prevent the defacement of good facades by inharmonious advertisements.

McClure's Magazine.

There are a number of readable articles in the February "McClure's." The magazine opens with an account, by Mr. Ray S. Baker, of Marconi's recent successful experiments in wireless telegraphy, which are discussed elsewhere.

An Estimate of ex-President Cleveland.

Mr. William Allen White continues the character sketches of notable Americans in public life which attract so much attention in a sketch of ex-President Cleveland's career. He tells us that Mr. Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian minister. Grover Cleveland was born in New Jersey, but grew up in New York State, and went to Buffalo when he was eighteen. He was admitted to the bar in 1859, when he was twenty years old, and made sure progress in his profession and in local politics. As a young man, Mr. White describes him as "a tall, burly, hard-faced, soft-voiced but quick-spoken fellow, hard-headed, hard-living, hard-working, close-fisted, honest, sturdy, manly." Mr. White's estimate of Mr. Cleveland as a statesman is suggested in the following: "He founded no institution; in the political life of his time, he constructed nothing. As a statesman, he will be remembered as one who every hour of the working day did what he thought was exactly right, and who never attempted to guide the current of the public business, but always to see that the business was wisely and honestly done. He was a modest, to the motto 'A public office is a public trust' industrious public servant, who lived so closely that people came to believe he invented it,—which he did not."

The Pygmies of the Congo.

Sir Harry H. Johnston, the African explorer, gives an account of "The Pygmies of the Great Congo Forest." The two tribes described are dwellers in the forest of West-Central Africa, and are the most backward of all the savage races of the Dark Continent. These dwarfs are probably the pygmies written about by Herodotus, and the "cranes" with whom they fought are probably the ostriches of the Soudan. These Congo dwarfs have no language of their own, but talk more or less imperfectly the tongue of the big negroes who are their nearest neighbours. The average height of the men is four feet seven inches, and of the women four feet two inches, the tallest specimen measured by the explorer being about five feet in height.

The Century.

The February contributions to the "Century's" "Year of American Humour" include J. N. Piercy's Oklahoma story, "A Government of the People," four typical negro songs by J. C. McNeill, and humorous sketches by Albert Bigelow Paine, Elene Foster, and Beatrice Herford.

The opening descriptive article is on "Chicago's Great River-Harbour," by Elliott Flower, who attempts to defend the Chicago River, in spite of its unsavoury reputation.

M. Victor du Bled gives an interesting account of "The Salon of the Princess Mathilde," who in Paris has for fifty years held "the sceptre of clever and artistic refinement." She is own niece of Napoleon I. At an age of over eighty years, the Princess Mathilde keeps her perfect health and wonderful mental activity, and rules the Paris world of culture with the same unquestioned certainty she did a generation ago.

There is a pleasant account of "A Visit to Mount Vernon a Century Ago," from the diary of the Polish poet, Niemcewicz; some reminiscences of Lincoln, by C. T. Sutton; a discussion of "The Uses of a Cathedral," by Bishop Potter, and an account of the improvement of Washington City from the time of L'Enfant to the present plans, which promise so much.

Scribner's Magazine.

In the February "Scribner's," Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip continues his articles on "The American Commercial Invasion of Europe." He tells, in this chapter, of his investigations in Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy.

The Isthmian Canal.

Mr. William H. Burr, a member of the Isthmian Canal Commission, writes on the proposed isth-

mian ship canal, and discusses the advantages of both the Panama and Nicaragua routes with considerable detail, giving a particularly full account of the organisation of the present Panama company and the work it has accomplished. Mr. Burr, in comparing the merits of the two routes, decides in favour of the Nicaragua, as being the most practicable and feasible, but his article was written before the Panama people showed a disposition, as they have now done, to deal reasonably in the matter of price; and an examination of his conclusions seems to indicate that he would favour, under the present status, the Panama route. One point in which he favours the Panama Canal as against the conclusion of the whole commission is in the matter of time. Whereas the commission estimated ten years for the completion of the Panama enterprise, and eight years for the Nicaragua Canal, Mr. Burr thinks these relations should be exchanged, or at least the time of completion for the Panama route should not be estimated greater than for the Nicaragua.

Mr. Francis E. Leupp gives a pleasant descriptive sketch of "Washington, a City of Pictures," and Jules Guerin adds interest to the essay with some highly striking pictures in various tints.

The Ladies' Home Journal.

In the "Ladies' Home Journal" for February, Mr. Clifford Howard tells about the "Paradise Lost" of Madame Modjeska and her colony of Polish artists who flourished for a short time in Southern California. The head of the colony was Count Chlapowski, Modjeska's second husband, and the band included such notable people as Henry Sienkiewicz, the artist Kroschski, and the poet Valdskot. These ardent spirits came to the Santa Ana Valley in 1876, bought a farm of 150 acres, and founded a co-operative colony "where they might bask in the sunshine of freedom and find contentment for their poetic souls amid the semi-tropic glories of nature." But the colony was not rich, and "made no pretence of being practical." "One afternoon the barn burned down while the Philharmonic Club of the colony was absorbed in a Bach concert under the live-oaks a short distance away." Treatises on agriculture did not operate to make the farm a paying venture, and one after another the colonists went away. Modjeska stayed in America, mastered the English language, and soon began a new stage career. She and her husband eventually purchased her now famous home, "The Forest of Arden," in Santiago Canyon, about fifty miles south-east of Los Angeles.

Mr. Wu Ting Fang gives his "Impressions of American Women." The most striking quality of the American woman he considers to be her quick-

ness of understanding. "There is one word in the English language which, it seems to me, aptly describes the American woman: she is 'interesting.' I do not know whether to characterise this predominant trait as cleverness or intelligence. But the fact remains that the American woman is always interesting. She reads the latest novels, the current magazines, and the daily papers; she can talk about political conventions, society gossip, about affairs in the European capitals, South Africa, or the far East. She takes a broad view of the world's events. I think this is because she mingles in conversation with men, not only in her own family, but also at dinners, parties, and other social gatherings."

Mr. F. B. Wiley's descriptions of "Summer Homes of Famous People" show a remarkable diversity of taste in home-making among the notables he selects.

Frank Leslie's Monthly.

In the February "Frank Leslie's," Mr. William D. Hulbert writes of "Our Inland Fleet," and of the enormous development of water transportation on the Great Lakes. The greatest changes that have come in this generation have not been in passenger-carrying, although the great ships North-West and Northland had no prototypes a generation ago, but in the enormous freighting vessels. "Three hundred and fifty seven vessels passed the 'Soo,' during the 1900 season of navigation, whose carrying capacity averaged very nearly 4,000 tons, and not one of the 357 carried less than 2,000. The William Edenborn, which holds the world's freshwater record for big cargoes, lacks only a few inches of being 500 feet in length, has a beam of 52 feet and a depth of hold of 30, and carries over 8,000 net tons at a load. She has three sister ships of practically the same size." Mr. Hulbert says that the vessels of the Great Lakes are probably the most economical beasts of burden the world has ever seen.

Mr. Norman Hapgood gives an episode in Washington's career—"The Attempt to Capture Benedict Arnold." In fact, there were two attempts, both under the general direction of Washington, and under the special direction of Maj. Henry Lee, better known as "Light-Horse Harry Lee." The method followed was to send an apparent deserter into the enemy's lines; but in both instances Arnold so changed his plans, apparently without suspicion, that the attempt was foiled.

This number of "Frank Leslie's" opens with a pleasant description of the docks of the Greater New York, by Carl Hovey, and there are many short stories, among them a Japanese story, "The Pot of Paint," by the Japanese author, Onoto Watanna.

The World's Work.

In the February "World's Work," Mr. Richard T. Fisher gives some interesting facts about "The Big Trees of California," the oldest living things. Sequoias are survivors of the Miocene period, and are probably five thousand years old. Mr. Fisher says there are scarcely five hundred very large trees left, and there is danger of their complete extinction. Mr. Fisher makes a strong plea for the preservation of these oldest of living things. He says that they are not particularly valuable as timber, being soft and brittle, and their bigness makes logging them a wasteful and destructive business. He makes a good argument that they would pay the State of California much better as living curiosities than as dead wood-piles.

Will All Transportation Be Free?

Under the title "The Best-Governed Community in the World," Mr. F. C. Howe writes of Mayor Tom L. Johnson's activities in Cleveland. Mr. Howe says that Mayor Johnson is not at all satisfied in a final manner with his victory in the fight for three-cent railroad fares, and that the mayor thinks the street-railway service should ultimately be free, following the development of the highways of the country. Not many years ago, toll roads were almost universal, whereas with the advance of civilisation they have been almost entirely abolished. So Mr. Johnson thinks, as time goes on, the railways will be maintained and supported by public taxation, as a means of facilitating transit throughout the community.

Tobacco Raising Under Shade.

Mr. Arthur Goodrich, under the title "Agriculture Under Cloth," tells of the wonderful improvement in growing tobacco in Connecticut under conditions that protect and shelter the leaves. This gives promise of a new era in leaf-culture. The process consists briefly in placing posts on the tobacco-field, and stretching from stringers of galvanised wire a cheesecloth covering, closing in the field about and on every side. The work costs about two hundred and fifty dollars an acre. The shade-grown tobacco sells for more than twice as much per pound as that grown outside.

The Largest Olive Grove in the World.

Helen L. Jones describes "A Great American Olive Ranch" in the San Fernando Valley, the largest olive grove in the world; F. H. Gambell tells of the first delivery to the post-office at Kotzebue, Alaska, the most northern post-office in the world, which must be reached by sledding a thousand miles over snow and ice; Mr. Hamilton Wright Mable contributes an appreciative sketch

of Dr. Lyman Abbott, and Mr. M. G. Cuniff gives some figures showing the gradual absorption of railroad lines and the several areas of control.

The Quarterly Review.

The January number of the "Quarterly Review" is, on the whole, a very good one. We have dealt among the Leading Articles with the papers on "Indian Famines and their Remedies," "A British Academy of Learning," and "Persia and the Persian Gulf."

Sienkiewicz and His Contemporaries.

One of the best of the other articles deals with Sienkiewicz and the other living novelists of Poland. The reviewer explains Sienkiewicz's selection of subject as due to fear of the censor. His ambition was that all his books might be read by Poles in Germany, Austria, and Russia, and he had, therefore, to avoid offending the susceptibilities of these three nationalities with whom almost all Polish history is bound up. He characterises Sienkiewicz's genius in the following passage:—

Though every page in these works bears the stamp of patriotism, it is the patriotism of a broad-minded man, to whom the fanatical hatred even of his country's enemies is an odious thing. If we cannot quite say that he feels a certain sympathy for them, he always tries to regard them with unprejudiced eyes. Even whilst he depicts the most atrocious scenes of carnage and torture, he makes full allowance for times and passions; and paints so vividly the pangs of harshly thwarted ambition in a mighty soul that the fell deeds of revenge which follow appear, if not less wicked, less diabolical.

The other novelists dealt with are Rejmont, Zeromski, Sieroszewski and Przybyszewski.

The Progress of Women.

Another reviewer deals sympathetically with "The Progress of Women." He remarks that the entry of women into public life has been accompanied by a great strengthening of family ties, and by a general rise in the standard of morals. As to the position occupied by women in the various European countries, the reviewer makes the curious remark that in France, women doctors are looked upon with suspicion, where they are allowed to practise as doctors, while in England exactly the opposite is the case. In India a native lady has been allowed, by special decree, to practise at the Bar.

Making Theists.

Everyone knows how the Spaniards discovered traces of the Christian religion among the ancient Mexicans. The defective methods which anthropologists employ when engaged in enquiries among primitive peoples is shown by the following pas-

sage from an article entitled "Anthropology—A Science?"—

The traveller or missionary, often through an interpreter, asks the savage:

"You believe in a Supreme Being, don't you?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Does he not live up there?"—pointing heavenwards.

"He does, sir."

"Is he not the Creator and the Father of men?"

"Certainly, sir."

"What is his name?"

Any name, or the name of some local god proposed to supremacy, is given. And then our author collects this evidence, and makes it a proof of primitive Theism.

Other Articles.

There are several other articles of more or less interest, of which we can quote only the titles. "Local Taxation" is perhaps the most immediately interesting. Another paper deals with Fenelon and his Critics, and a third with Mary Queen of Scots.

The Edinburgh Review.

The "Edinburgh Review" for January contains no article requiring separate notice, with the exception of that on Martial Law. The most important of the other papers is one entitled "The Empire and the Kingdom," which is based chiefly upon Mr. Bernard Holland's book. The reviewer is altogether opposed to Mr. Holland's solution of a federal system for the United Kingdom. He says that the peace and safety of the Kingdom depend upon the unquestioned supremacy of Parliament over every part of it:—

Imagine the central Parliament at Westminster at issue, as it well might be, with the Parliament and Government of England! A Tory ministry in England would not make things very comfortable for a Radical Cabinet supreme over the United Kingdom! And is any good result likely to come from giving a national form and complexion to local and party differences? The truth of the matter is that federal Home Rule was not advanced by Mr. Gladstone, because he recognised that, of all possible schemes, it was the most hopeless. And such favour as it now finds it enjoys solely because, more fortunate than its predecessors, it has escaped the disaster of taking shape as a concrete measure, and has never been exposed to the ordeal of Parliamentary discussion.

Ireland.

The reviewer who writes the article on "Present Irish Questions" sees in the Galway election one of the most significant of recent Irish events. If there was anyone whose claim upon the goodwill of an Irish electorate might have been expected to override normal considerations, and to have subordinated party politics to material interests, it was Mr. Plunkett, yet the electors went out of their way to return a man whose only claim was that he had fought against Great Britain. The Galway election shows the existence of a temper in Ire-

land much more bitter and much more intolerant than the comparative calm of the waters of Irish politics in recent years had led people to suppose. The reviewer foresees the emergence of the Irish question again "in its most acute, most unpleasant, and most menacing form."

There is an appreciative review of the Life of the late Lord Wantage, a paper upon "Educational Ideals," which does not contain anything notable, an article upon "Bollingbroke and His Times," and an interesting account of the voyage of the German exploring vessel Valdivia.

The Engineering Magazine.

The January number opens with an article by General H. L. Abbott, which very strongly urges the advantage of the Panama route for the Isthmian Canal.

Panama v. Nicaragua.

Special interest attaches to the article, because when written the official commission of enquiry into the merits of the two routes had reported in favour of the Nicaraguan, a report which has now been superseded by a unanimous recommendation by the same commission urging the adoption of the Panama route! In an introduction to the article the Editors say:—

The same policy which leads the magazine steadily to urge the scrapping of inefficient machinery leads it also to stand squarely for the completion of the Panama route, and the utter rejection of the Nicaraguan. For the United States, the very embodiment of restless activity in seeking the best appliances—of daring in casting out everything which is below the maximum of serviceability—to choose now deliberately the poorer instrument in this colossal investment would be a reversal of national policy from which would grow a harvest of mortification and loss for years to come. . . . The United States will fall lamentably from every ideal in their history, political or industrial, if they seize the inferior and let the better go. If they are so misguided, others—wiser—will take what America rejects, and, having the best, will leave her vanquished and dishonoured. Her perversity will be Britain's or Germany's opportunity.

Present State of the Panama Canal.

Following on the liquidation of the original company, a new one was formed in 1894, whose chief objects were:—(1) To investigate every element of the problem in the most thorough manner, in order to construct the best possible canal; and (2) to locate the excavation as to avoid useless expenditures, whatever plan might ultimately be adopted." These investigations have been going on since the formation of the company, with most gratifying results. They have proved that the bete noire of the old company, the Chagres River, so far from being an obstacle to the canal, is admirably suited to meet all the needs of navigation. Climatic conditions are found to be much

more favourable on the Panama Isthmus than in Nicaragua, although in both places white men cannot do hard manual labour, which has therefore to be done by the blacks of the West Indies. The danger from earthquakes is greater in Nicaragua than in Panama. In fine, says General Abbott:—

The plans are perfected, based on a thorough understanding of the subject. The route now presents no serious difficulty from an engineering point of view. The concessions are ample, and good progress has been made in actual construction. A parallel railroad, the existence of numerous quarters for labourers, and a considerable supply of tools are available for immediate resumption of work on a grand scale. As compared with its most formidable rival, Nature has given a route only about a quarter as long and requiring only about half the number of locks; an exemption from about fifty miles of river navigation which cannot but be dangerous to great ocean steamers by reason of very bad curvature and troublesome fogs and winds; and, lastly, harbours which have aided in making it the favourite transit route since the Spanish occupation five hundred years ago, meeting all the demands of commerce heretofore, and admitting of future improvements at moderate expense, should such become desirable.

Other Articles.

All the other contributions to the magazines this month are of a technical character. The digest of the Russian law of gold mining, given by C. W. Purington and G. B. Lanfield, junr., deserves, perhaps, a longer notice than it is possible to give here.

The Atlantic Monthly.

We have quoted in the Leading Articles of the Month from the review of the late Horace E. Scudder's life of Lowell, in the February "Atlantic Monthly."

Mr. Daniel G. Mason discusses "Two Tendencies of Modern Music," in a comparison of the classic art of Brahms with the romantic innovations of Tchaikowsky. He looks upon the latter as an innovator, but a charming innovator, "opening up unexplored fields of emotional expression; 'losing in art,' to be sure, 'what he gains in poetry,' but enriching the resources of music just as Schumann enriched them before him. Once looked at in this light, Tchaikowsky falls into his true place, and we see that his fresh and sincere expression is a real contribution to the development of art, awaiting only some future Brahms to assimilate and reconstitute it in those forms of inner harmony that can alone give music its highest eloquence."

Mr. William G. Brown gives an excellent sketch of the career of Stephen Arnold Douglas, under the title "Lincoln's Rival." Of the three great rivalries of American politics, Hamilton and Jefferson, Clay and Jackson, Douglas and Lincoln, Mr. Brown thinks that the third was by no means the least.

In an essay on "The Fame of Victor Hugo," Mr. George McL. Harper predicts that literary history a hundred years hence will say of the author of "Les Miserables" something like this: "He was immensely popular in his day, and long afterward. Although he was a character and an intelligence of secondary order, he was popularly accepted as a leader of opinion and feeling in the nineteenth century; but posterity has hearkened not so much to the popular voice as to the great French critics of his time, and they found him wanting in many qualities which the larger public thought he possessed."

Country Life.

"Country Life" for February gives "A Glimpse of Skibo Castle,"—Mr. Carnegie's Scotch estate,—from the pen of "A Scotch Country Editor." Mr. Carnegie has been as energetic and bold in his home-making as in his steel-making. At Skibo, he has not only rebuilt the castle, which promises to be the finest laird's residence in the North of Scotland, but he has vastly improved his moors and forest stocks and transformed his angling lochs and streams into the most productive, for their size, in the Highlands. Mr. Carnegie has taken great pains, with Mrs. Carnegie's help, to improve the social condition of his numerous tenants and dependents, and the traveller in the Skibo country hears the praises of the new Laird sung on every side.

Mr. A. R. Dugmore and Dr. C. Hart Merriam celebrate the life and character of the 'possum, with Mr. Dugmore's marvellous photographs of the living animals to aid; the editor presents the philosophy of the new nature-study idea which has taken such a sudden hold on American people; Mr. I. D. Bennett tells "How to Make a Garden;" Mr. Arthur Hewitt prints some photographs of scenes "In the Abandoned Farms Country," and there are numerous other contributions in the "Country Life" vein.

"Scent in Dogs" is the subject of an instructive study by J. G. McPherson in "Gentleman's." He tells how Dr. Romanes, after many striking experiments with his setter, concluded that she "distinguished his trail from that of all others by the peculiar smell of his boots, and not by the particular smell of his feet. The exudations from his feet required to be combined with those from shoe-leather; and brown paper can stop the transmission of the scent of both. He also concluded that the whole body of a man exhales a peculiar or individual odour which a dog can recognise as that of his master amid a crowd of other persons.

Foreign Magazines.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

The "Revue" is not so interesting as usual, and will have much ado to keep abreast of its powerful rivals during the twentieth century, unless something is done to make its contents more topical and up to date.

M. D'Avenel continues his series of articles on the Mechanism of Modern Life in the first January number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" with a paper dealing with the relations between French dramatic authors, theatrical managers, and theatre-going public, which, in view of the present movement for a National Theatre in England, possesses an added interest. The French dramatic authors, by adopting what are practically trade union methods, have made their calling the most profitable in the kingdom of letters. The rules of the Society of Dramatic Authors are very strict, and no doubt they are sometimes violated, but on the whole it has been of the utmost benefit to authors, and has saved them from being shamefully exploited, as the earlier masters of the French stage were undoubtedly. Moreover, when any violation of the rules is proved the penalty is swift; only last year the Society fined one manager £500 for what an English manager would very likely consider nothing more than a piece of sharp practice. The authors' fees on the works of dead writers are still collected, for the benefit of charity when no descendants can be found—indeed, the Association not long ago discovered some heirs of Mozart, and paid them the fees on "Don Juan" and "The Enchanted Flute." Altogether, France is a veritable paradise of dramatic authors. About half a century ago it earned only about £50,000 a year; but if we include the value of the authors' tickets, it now makes for its clients some £170,000 a year.

M. Leroy Beaulieu is evidently uneasy at what he regards as America's new Colonial ambitions. He approves of the United States' desire for ports in the Philippines, but thinks that harbours and coaling stations are preferable to actual territory.

The Viscount de Vogue, who has done so much to familiarise France with the best Russian literature, gives a long account of Anton Tchekhof, who seems to be at the present moment Gorky's only rival in the literary affections of the Russian people.

The second January number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" is quite curiously non-topical. The place of honour is given to a long article on the French Art of the fifteenth century as exempli-

fied in the works of Jehan Fouquet, a Court painter, who was born, who lived, and who finally died at Tours, the capital of France's most charming province Touraine. Yet another long erudite article deals with the hitherto unpublished correspondence which took place between Voltaire and Choiseul; and many pages are devoted by M. Dumas to combating the place Dumas pere has won in the French, and indeed in the cosmopolitan world of letters.

Under the title "The Two Parliamentaryisms," M. Benoist analyses the great part played in America by the Supreme Court, the Mecca, according to Mr. James Bryce, toward which all good Americans turn their eyes. The French writer, who, like most thoughtful Frenchmen, has a horror of the increasing power gained in his country by Parliamentaryism, urges the establishment in France of something analogous to the United States' Supreme Court.

The Nouvelle Revue.

"La Nouvelle Revue," which now offers its readers an immense number of short articles instead of the more solid fare provided during the editorship of Mme. Juliette Adam, contains a curious and, to those interested in such matters, a really notable addition to the history of palmistry, in the shape of an account by Mme. de Thebes, the famous Paris palmist and prophetess, of a visit made by her to the unfortunate Blanche Monnier, who, though belonging to a respectable family of Poitiers, was confined for upwards of twenty-five years to the same room, her family—notably her mother and brother—refusing to have her put under proper care, in spite of the fact that she was mentally deficient. Mme. de Thebes obtained leave from the head of the charitable institution where Blanche Monnier is now being treated for her malady to make a special study of the unfortunate woman's hands. As a result, she declares that Blanche Monnier was not always deficient, but owes her mental state directly to an ardent sensitive nature, probably crossed in love early in life.

How French Actors are Trained.

M. Sorel gives a short account of the Conservatoire, a kind of dramatic college where French actors and actresses are trained, and which has long been subventioned by the State. The most noted French dramatic artists are delighted to give their services for nothing; indeed, it is considered a great honour to be asked to take a class there. The Conservatoire also plays a literary role, for the pupils only take part in what may be called

the classic drama. This keeps alive in France the great traditions of the past, as summed up in the works of Moliere, of Racine, and of Corneille.

A curious article also indirectly touching on the dramatic world treats of the role played by animals, both in acted plays and in circuses. Of course the habit of bringing animals on to the stage is a very ancient one, in fact dates from the early Romans. The writer gives some curious details concerning the influence of music on animals. According to some experiments lately tried both in Paris and in London, the bear is peculiarly sensitive to sound, so is the condor, so is the serpent. Hippopotami will always beat time, the lion seems paralysed by the too near presence of a band; tigers, and all those animals who resemble the dog, have a violent distaste to singing and instrumental playing.

A friend of the late Captain Gilbert sums up, in the "Nouvelle Revue" in two sentences his final conclusions concerning the South African War. The first is, that "the weakness of the Boers has consisted in the absence of an ordinary permanent army, and their lack of discipline and of military spirit;" the second, "their greatest strength has consisted in their extraordinary strength of mind and determination never to own themselves vanquished."

The Kaiser as Protestant Pope.

M. Wolff attempts to give a new reading to the political character of that great mystery man of modern Europe, William II. The writer holds the view that the German Emperor is immensely influenced by his early religious training; further, that he aspires to become the practical head of the Protestant religion all the world over. M. Wolff believes that it was to please himself quite as much as to please his Empress that he followed in the steps of the Crusaders, and made a solemn pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

The French Peasant as Criminal.

Of late years the French peasant has become more and more sober, moral, and law-abiding; on the other hand, crimes in which love of money plays a part are more common in country districts than in towns. Parricide and arson, for instance, may be called two essentially peasant crimes; and in both cases love of money, and, roughly speaking, the passion of self-interest, almost invariably determine the act. The writer, M. Filliol, gives some curious statistics concerning his subject. Corsica is extraordinarily more criminal than is France itself. After the Napoleon island, the most criminal section of France is the Department of the Alpes Maritimes, that which lies almost opposite Corsica, and is bordered by

the Mediterranean. Curiously enough, almost as many suicides take place in the country as in the towns.

La Revue.

"La Revue" for January is unusually interesting reading. Space forbids noticing at length several articles worth more attention, notably M. Mellin-and's paper on "Children's Games and Playthings," urging that children should have toys which stimulate their imitative and imaginative faculties.

The Recent Riots in Greece.

M. Jean Psichari says that the recent riots in Greece have been much misunderstood by the European Press. They were attributed to a religious motive; this, however, was only a side issue. They were then attributed to an uprising against Pan-Slavism; this was the trend which they only took afterwards. The cause, he says, is not at all the mere translation of the Gospel, but the fact that it is translated into everyday modern Greek. Modern Greek is an admirable language, formed by a natural evolution from ancient Greek. But the Greek purists understand nothing of evolution. To them modern Greek is the result of abominable corruption, itself the result of the long past of misery and slavery through which Greece has come. Hence the feeling that the Gospel has been profaned.

All these purists and their scholastic squabbles, says M. Psichari, will not only lose Greece Macedonia, but will wreck her ship altogether if she is not careful.

An International Language: Is It Possible?

Yes, says M. Leon Bollack, not only possible, but highly desirable; and he is not the only believer in its possibility, for he has at least Count Tolstoy, M. Breal, and M. J. H. Rosny to bear him out. Such a language must be able to be spoken and written. There is no question of a single universal language, but only of a second tongue. Each nation will still keep its own special language, adapted to its own habits of thought and feeling. No language could be created sufficiently elastic to permit of doing without our current languages. The secondary, international language will not be literary, but merely utilitarian. It ought to be capable of expressing ordinary scientific conceptions, commercial expressions, and those of every-day life.

There are but two ways of forming the language. It might be evolved from the stock of existing languages—which M. Bollack thinks impracticable; or it might be created artificially. International jealousy would, of course, prevent the stock of any particular language being used. There

should be about twenty letters in the alphabet; and no letter must have more than one sound. Sounds difficult to many nations (English *h* or Spanish *j*) must be ruled out. M. Bollack himself is the creator of a would-be universal language—*La Langue Bleue*. In Paris there is already a society whose aim is the adoption of some international form of speech. To it, in one year, more than fifty other societies, chambers of commerce, have adhered.

Public Health Reform in France.

Senator Strauss discusses with great approval the new Public Health Act just passed in France, after a ten years' fight. Compulsory vaccination is included among the many and, M. Strauss thinks, none too stringent measures to be enforced for the public health. He casts eyes of admiring envy at our Local Government Board, with its 178 directors, etc., at the head office, and over 8,000 at large in the provinces, and contrasts it with the French bureau d'hygiène of seven persons and two inspectors.

Practical Phonetics.

M. Finot has a long illustrated paper on recent experiments in phonetics (the science of sounds and their transformation). These experiments, he claims, have succeeded in making both the dumb speak and the deaf hear, besides curing obstinate cases of stammering. More wonderful still, by means of these experiments the German may even learn to speak tolerable French, and, "what is hardly credible," English women have been taught to pronounce French correctly.

The Revue de Paris.

"*La Revue de Paris*" publishes several interesting articles, of which the Duc de Guise's account of the Danish military college at Frederiksborg, M. Strauss' "*The Hygiene of Paris*," and M. Carol's account of how French convicts live, are noticed elsewhere.

The historical student will naturally turn with the most intense interest to Anatole France's vivid reconstitution of the great Siege of Orleans. With this article, to which is given the place of honour in the first January number, is published a curious map of medieval Orleans, and in this first chapter of what promises to be a very elaborate history of the siege, the writer scarce does more than to allude to Joan of Arc, though in the second number of the "*Revue*" he remedies the omission, and gives a wonderful and poetic account of all the discussions and events that preceded the reception of the mysterious shepherdess by the King of France, recalling the many prophecies

which had predicted that France would finally be saved by a maiden, and describing some of Joan the maid's precursors.

Appealing to a very different public, but to one at least equally wide, is the continuation of Renan's early letters from his seminary at Issy. These give a delightful picture of the youthful writer, but throw but little light on his views and convictions as a priest. At the time these letters were written to his mother, Ernest Renan seemed to have been quite happy and content with his lot, and these immensely long and intimate epistles, many extending to five pages of close print, give a pleasant picture of the life led in the seminary, of which he preserved to the very end of his life, and long after he had unfrocked himself, the most affectionate recollections.

Toys are decidedly the fashion in France, and Madame Tinayre devotes some pages to the fascinating subject, which is now topical owing to the great toy-making competitions lately organised in Paris.

China provides material for two articles; the one, very slight, gives a brief account of what the French branch of the Red Cross Society was able to achieve during the late Chinese campaign. Two complete field hospitals, each containing two hundred beds, were sent out, the staff consisting of six doctors, two chemists, ten orderlies, and some fifteen Sisters of Charity. Close on a thousand cases were treated, and nearly £5,000 worth of warm clothing, medicine, wine, sterilised milk, and books, many of them gifts from wealthy private individuals, were despatched. The other Chinese contribution is also anonymous, and consists of extracts from a diary written during the siege of Tientsin. These pages are enriched with an interesting little map of the city, but the writer has nothing new to say concerning the campaign.

The "*Church Quarterly Review*" is evidently not very sanguine as to the educational intentions of the Government. It quotes with hearty approval Lord Rosebery's emphasis on the efficiency of education. In enumerating "the principles of a Church policy," it actually insists on putting efficiency first, and a sound religious education second! It approves the County Council as the appropriate local authority in education. But, it adds, "we are not at all hopeful that anything wise or statesmanlike will be produced by the present Government." It refers to "rumours that we are to have another dole. It is time surely for the Church to say that it does not want any more doles, that it wants wisdom and justice."

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

London: the Queen City of the World.*

It is impossible to describe London except by superlatives. Its mere extent is so vast, the numbers of its citizens so overwhelming, its wealth so immense, and its government so complex, that the imagination almost refuses to grasp its true proportions. London is not only the capital of an empire, and the metropolis of a kingdom, but it is also the greatest of the world's municipalities. Its elected representatives are charged with the task of caring for the health and well-being of a population which rivals that of a minor European State or a great Colonial Dominion. That in itself is no light burden. But the modern municipality is daily undertaking new duties and new responsibilities which the city of a generation ago willingly left to the individual or the private company. Private monopoly is giving place to municipal monopoly, and the citizen is coming to depend more and more upon the municipality to provide him not merely with the absolute necessities of corporate existence, but also with the amenities of private life. The government of a gigantic city like London involves an amount of time and trouble, a perfection of organisation and an expenditure of money, of which the average citizen has no adequate idea. This ignorance, coupled with the bewildering confusion in which London government is still involved, accounts for the apathy and indifference with which the people of London for the most part regard the working of their city's administrative machinery. Three recent publications throw a flood of light upon the extent, the resources and the government of London. Every year there is issued from the offices of the London County Council a ponderous volume jammed with statistics and packed with facts of all phases of London life and government. At seven pounds and four ounces by the scale, the totals and percentages, is more than the average man can stomach. He prefers to take his facts and figures in a more attractive form and a more convenient shape. He will find all that he requires in the admirable manual that Mr. Robert

Donald edits year after year. It is as full of information as an egg is of meat. It is clear, it is concise, and it is accurate. While containing all the necessary information to make it an invaluable handbook of London government, Mr. Donald's manual will interest those besides to whom a page of statistics is repugnant. A third publication that describes another aspect of London life is the slim blue-book in which the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police prints his belated report on criminal London. A study of these great masses of raw and partially digested material brings out many striking facts about the great metropolis.

A City Without a Rival.

Looking down from the stone gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral upon the prostrate city at one's feet, stretching away on every side to the circle of surrounding hills upon the horizon, one obtains a glimpse of the immensity of London which time never effaces from the memory. In the same manner, from out of the midst of the clinging fog of statistics and the minutiae of petty details, the greatness of the metropolis looms dimly before the mind of the student of the reports of London's multitudinous municipal authorities. It is a city without a rival. It stands alone, without a parallel either in by-gone ages or the present day. There is no standard by which to measure the magnitude of London. Take population as a test, and we see at once how unique is the position of the capital among the great cities of the world. It is only by adding town to town and capital to capital that we can build up another London. The County of London covers 118 square miles, and contains 4,536,063 persons, living in 608,000 houses. Greater London, over which the Metropolitan Police keeps ceaseless watch and ward, has a population of close on 6,000,000 and an area 688 square miles in extent. In vain we search elsewhere for an equivalent to these figures. The combined population of the three greatest Continental capitals—Paris, Berlin, Vienna—could be comfortably stowed away within the limits of Greater London. The three most populous American cities are New York, the second largest city of the world, Chicago, and Philadelphia. Yet if the inhabitants of these three cities were to be transported bodily to London, it would only be necessary to provide accommodation for an addi-

* "The London Manual, 1902." Edited by Robert Donald. (Edward Lloyd.) 1s. and 1s. 6d.
 "London Statistics," vol. x., 1899-1900. (P. S. King & Son.) 5s.
 "Report of the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, 1900." (Eyre and Spottiswoode.) 8½d.

tional half-a-million of people. Countries, not cities, are the only rivals of this great province of bricks and mortar, with its teeming millions of citizens. The whole populations of Federated Australia or of the Dominion of Canada do not equal the number of London's inhabitants. Neither Scotland nor Ireland can boast so large a population. Belgium, Portugal, or Roumania are States over which princes are proud to rule, but their subjects do not outnumber those of the capital of the British Empire. Twenty-three of the boroughs into which London is divided contain over 100,000 people each. A dozen of the great provincial towns might easily be accommodated within these minor municipal areas. The united populations of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and Bristol could be accommodated on the northern banks of the Thames. Finally, the population of London is one-seventh of that of England and Wales, although its percentage of area is only .20 of that of the predominant part.

First in Wealth—

In two other respects London stands supreme, a sovereign among cities. It is the wealthiest municipality upon the face of the globe, and it is the greatest seaport of the world. The actual wealth of the city, which not many centuries ago was a dreary marshland, can only be guessed at. The value of its insured property is £932,598,661. The rateable value of its 600,000 houses is over thirty-nine million pounds sterling, and their gross rental value cannot be estimated at less than £48,000,000. The significance of these figures is apparent when we find that the combined rateable value of all the other boroughs in England hardly equals that of London. The wealth of London is not stationary; it advances year by year with leaps and bounds. The rateable value of the new property built annually within the limits of the metropolis is half a million sterling, while the rise in the rateable value of the existing property in the last five years has been £1,845,000. The reconstituted City of Westminster, although but a fragment of London, boasts that it occupies the first place among the wealthy cities of the world. It can at least justifiably claim that position among the twenty-eight boroughs of London, not excluding the City itself.

—and in Shipping.

As a port London far outstrips all its rivals. The shipping which enters the Thames is equal to one-fifth of the total for the United Kingdom. If we take value and not bulk as the measure of our imported commodities we find that one-third of the imports annually poured into the British Isles from the four quarters of the world are discharged

in the docks of the capital. London also can claim one quarter of our total exports as her proportion of the nation's trade. Mr. Donald's brief summary of the comparative position of the world's greatest seaports emphasises the remarkable position held by London:—

Liverpool, which ranks next in the quantity and importance of its shipping, has a tonnage entered of 8,282,774, against 14,682,971 for London, and a tonnage cleared of 7,458,218 as against 8,250,733 for London. Excluding Cardiff, where the trade is of a more special nature, Glasgow is the next British port, with a tonnage of shipping entered of 3,034,680, and of shipping cleared of 3,415,296. Of foreign ports, New York comes first, with a shipping entered of 8,115,528 tons, or 52.7 per cent. of London; then Hamburg, with a shipping entered of 7,765,950 tons, or 50.5 per cent.; Antwerp, with 6,842,163 tons, or 44.5 per cent., and Rotterdam, with 6,323,072 tons, or 41.1 per cent.

The Protective Services.

Such are the gigantic dimensions of London when tested by population, by wealth, and by its shipping. If we turn for a moment to the services which guard and protect the citizen of London from danger to health and life and property, we find the same gigantic scale. The drainage of the densely-crowded area is a colossal undertaking, which costs the ratepayer an annual sum of £235,000. In return for that payment the city is drained, the 81,680,000 gallons of sewage is rendered innocuous, and the 2½ million tons of sludge remaining is carried fifty miles out to sea and there disposed of. An average of 223,780,000 gallons of sewage flows daily through the 87½ miles of main drains, which even now are insufficient for the work demanded of them. Five new main drains are being built, at a cost of £2,940,000, to provide for the increase of population in the last forty years. They will not, however, be completed for another five years.

To grapple with the fire-fiend requires an annual expenditure of £291,000, equal to a poll-tax of about 8d. In recent years the Fire Brigade has been greatly increased, and rendered more efficient. There are now sixty-six steam fire engines scattered over the County of London, and the Brigade numbers 1,137 men and 260 horses. Horse fire-escapes have been substituted for the old hand-propelled escapes, the fire-alarm posts have been nearly doubled in number, and are being linked by telephone to the nearest station; and more than 17,000 additional fire hydrants have been fixed. On an average, there are about 3,200 fires in the year, of which 200 are serious conflagrations.

The third great protective service is paid for by the Londoner, but in its control he has no voice. This is the Metropolitan Police Force, which is charged with the duty of maintaining law and order within an area of 688 square miles, protecting the lives of six millions of people, and

guarding property assessed at a rateable value of £44,000,000; 15,847 constables are required to protect the capital, a force larger than that of the police of all the other cities of England and Wales and of the constabulary which maintains order in the counties. On an average there are three and a half policemen to every hundred acres, two and a fraction to every thousand of the population, and almost two to every hundred inhabited houses. For this protection the citizens of the metropolis pay £1,300,000 a year, and the comparative statistics of crime show that they receive full value for their expenditure. Considering its huge population, London compares favourably with other great towns in the matter of its crime statistics. There has been a steady diminution in offences against persons and property. 108,267 persons were apprehended in 1900, and 83,000 were convicted. Over 14,000 persons were arrested on criminal charges. The value of the property stolen was £212,340, of which a little over £39,000 was recovered. There were 367 burglaries and 1,416 housebreakings, but on the whole the occupation of the burglar does not seem to be a remunerative one. In 685 cases the value of the property stolen did not exceed £5. The duties of the metropolitan police are much more numerous than is usually supposed. The policeman is a night-bird, but a large proportion of the force is employed in regulating the traffic. During 1900 they received 37,000 reports of persons missing, and restored more than 8,000 persons to their friends. They discovered almost 24,000 doors and windows open or insecurely fastened, stopped 218 runaway horses, seized 3,000 dogs, and received at the lost property office 1,000 articles found in public carriages, of which 10,550 were returned to the owners. Among these mementoes of the thoughtlessness of mankind were 180 watches, 3,239 purses, and 19,077 umbrellas. Over 70,000 letters were written to drivers, conductors, and the general public.

One Thousand and Ninety Million Passengers.

Every day of the week an immense army of workers flows like a human tide into the inner belt of London. In the evening this tide sweeps backward towards the suburbs. Rapid travelling facilities are a supreme necessity of London life. A million people enter and leave the City alone every twenty-four hours. The present means of coping with this gigantic daily migration are utterly inadequate. There are 1,483 tramcars, 3,685 omnibuses, 7,531 hansoms, 3,721 cabs, and 215 miles of railway within the County of London. But all of these combined are insufficient to provide for the needs of the public. The table which Mr. Donald has compiled, showing the distribution of the annual passenger traffic, is yet another illus-

tration of the immensity of London. During the year there were:—

351,000,000 railway passengers.
331,438,283 tramway passengers.
356,245,560 omnibus passengers.
53,500,000 cab and steamboat passengers.

This gives a total of 1,092,183,843 passengers. In spite of the competition of the tube railways, the omnibus still obtains the largest share of the traffic. The popularity of the various underground railways, however, proves the urgent necessity for more rapid means of communication. Thirty-five million passengers travelled by the Central London Railway in the twelvemonth; over 10 million passengers were carried by the City and South London, and over 4 millions by the City and Waterloo. The tramways are responsible for the conveyance of one-third of the travelling public. One hundred and fourteen miles of tramways are now owned and operated by the London County Council, which out of the profit earned has been able to devote £29,000 to relief of the rates, after improving the service, reducing the fares, and bettering the condition of the employees. At length there is a prospect of the problem of locomotion being taken seriously in hand. Tube railways are being planned in all directions; the County Council is about to substitute electric traction for animal on the tramways, and to build cars carrying seventy passengers, and travelling at the rate of from ten to twelve miles an hour; the Underground Railway, thanks to American enterprise, is also going to adopt electricity as its motive power; and new tramways, both surface and covered, are authorised or projected. The electric tram is already running in the outlying districts of the West-end, and at the present time 60 miles of electric tramway are in operation, under construction, or authorised, to be increased to 106 miles when the scheme mapped out by the London United Tramways Company is completed. Until these schemes are carried out the 2,000 miles of roadway maintained by the local authorities of the metropolis at an annual cost of £1,600,000 will remain in a state of almost chronic congestion.

Building a Town for 40,000 People.

Another of London's urgent problems is the question of housing. The average number of persons living in a house is eight, but there are close upon a million people who pass their lives in conditions of overcrowding. In its attempt to mitigate this terrible evil, the London County Council has become one of the great landlords of the metropolis. In the immediate future it will have 40,700 tenants, and be in receipt of about £100,000 a year in rental. Recently the Council has begun to build cottages in the suburbs in great numbers for the accommodation of the overcrowded. At

Tooting 1,244 cottages are being erected, at a cost of £400,000, which will provide living room for 8,582 persons. At Norbury thirty-one acres have been purchased, for the erection of 551 single cottages of three, four, and five rooms each, and 211 double cottages in which 5,800 persons will be provided for. At Holloway a site has been bought, capable of housing 1,050 people and 1,400 will be re-housed at Islington. But all these schemes are small compared with the township the Council is preparing to build at Tottenham. It is the largest undertaking of the kind ever attempted by a municipality. In describing it Mr. Donald says:

It will mean, in fact, the creation of a new town of 40,000 inhabitants. In the centre will be reserved a site for the accommodation of shops and public buildings and near by will be an open space through which the River Moselle will meander. All around, shooting off in every direction, will be the streets, made up of prettily designed cottages, some semi-detached, others standing close together, and down the sides of each thoroughfare, trees will be planted at intervals. The estate is situated about six miles from London, and comprises 225 acres. Building operations will be at first confined to the larger portion of the estate—that lying nearest London. Here accommodation will be provided for 33,000 persons, in 4,750 self-contained two-storied cottages, and 2,000 more will be provided for in tenements over shops. The cottages will be of various classes, and each cottage will have its own garden.

The estimated cost of building this portion of the new town is £1,530,858. When all these projects have been carried out, housing will have been provided for over 59,000 people. But this is not the only direction in which London is being transformed. Every year the Council spends about half a million sterling in street improvements, of which the most important will be the great new thoroughfare from the Strand to Holborn, that is now in course of construction. In the last twelve years almost six millions have been expended in various improvements in all parts of the metropolis. A new bridge is being built over the Thames at Vauxhall, and two new tunnels are in course of construction below Tower Bridge, at a cost of almost three millions sterling.

Recreation.

The London County Council, ever since its formation, has thrown itself with zeal into the work of providing recreation for the citizens of London, and of supplying them with open spaces and playgrounds. In the last ten years the area of these open spaces has been doubled. At the present moment they number eighty-nine, varying from a fraction of an acre to many hundreds, and in all amounting to 4,000 acres. If the Royal parks and some other commons and parks are added the total is raised to 6,152 acres, and this gain becomes 9,540 acres if those breathing spaces in the immediate vicinity of London are included. Mr. Donald notes the interesting fact that the proportion

of open spaces to the city's area is practically the same in London as it was in ancient Rome. In London it works out at 12.64 per cent., in Rome, the proportion was 12½. Seven hundred and eighty-one men are continually employed in tending to the various parks under the supervision of the Council, and every effort is made to make them beautiful gardens as well as first-class playing grounds:

Special gymnasiums for children have been placed in most of the principal parks, and in two of them huge sea-sand pits have been provided, for the enjoyment of the children. Provision is made for the playing of bowls, cricket, croquet, football, hockey, hurling, lacrosse, lawn tennis, quoits, and even golf. In the winter months the Council uses every precaution for the securing of good skating surfaces on the lakes; and in the summer time boating and bathing are encouraged. The Council has also earned considerable popularity by insisting that reasonable tariffs shall be charged at all the refreshment houses in the parks.

There are 385 cricket pitches a week to be allotted; 1,120 applications from cricket clubs were received, and 16,500 games of cricket played during the year. There are 466 tennis courts, and 4,400 games were played on them during the season. Ten thousand games of football also are played during the winter. There are forty-five ponds, with a total water area of sixty-eight acres suitable for skating, boating, or bathing. On a hot Sunday morning as many as 25,000 bathers have been counted in Victoria Park. In addition to this the Council gives band performances in its various parks during the summer months. Last year 1,197 different performances were given at 62 places within the county of London.

900,000 School Children.

The points at which the elected authorities of the metropolis come in contact with the lives of the citizens are innumerable. To set them forth in detail would occupy too much space. But a few figures will show the extent to which the various municipal bodies have become the servants of the community at large. The number of children, for instance, who are educated at the public expense in London, is equal to the population of the largest of our provincial towns. There are 752,259 names on the school registers, and almost 900,000 children of school age within the metropolitan area. The average daily attendance is over 600,000. The cost of educating the children of London who attend the Board schools is three and a half millions sterling a year, or an average cost of £3 6s. per scholar. Last year evening classes were also held in 395 schools, with an average attendance of almost 80,000. £154,000 is annually spent on Technical education, and the university and the Board school are now linked together by a scholarship ladder.

The Free Libraries are another means of education and recreation. Of these there are now fifty-

nine, with a stock of books which numbers 600,000. Four and a half million volumes are issued to readers during the year; and although over three millions, or 80 per cent., of these are works of fiction, it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of placing good and healthy literature within the reach of the poorest members of the community. The annual cost of maintenance is £61,000.

1,600,000 Hospital Patients.

The failures and wrecks of the great city also come under the protecting care of the community. There are from 116,000 to 125,000 paupers provided for, at an expense of £28 each a year. They number about twenty-six to every thousand of the industrial population of the metropolis. The 15,000 inmates of the Council lunatic asylums cost the ratepayer almost £470,000 a year. The sick and suffering of the great city, however, are still looked after by voluntary effort. Every year over 1,600,000 persons receive treatment, either as in or out patients, at the London hospitals and dispensaries. There are eighty-five hospitals and fifty dispensaries scattered fairly evenly over the city. Almost a million pounds are spent every year in hospital work, £30,000 is expended in work among the sick poor, 30,000 surgical appliances are distributed, and over 21,000 fever cases are received yearly at the hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board. Who can calculate the vast amount of pain and suffering those figures stand for?

Apathy.

The Londoner does not express his gratitude for benefits received by that intelligent interest in the affairs of the community which is the salt of municipal government. Sixteen millions sterling are expended annually for his comfort and well-being, of which about thirteen millions and a half are spent on the service of the metropolis, the remainder being interest on loans. For a sum equal to £3 12s. per head paid into the common fund of the city he receives in return all the advantages of good government. Still he remains apathetic, and does not attempt to unravel the mysteries and the complexities of London government. He can plead some good reasons for his indifference, for there is no unity in London government, nor in London areas, nor in London rates; but, whatever the cause and whatever the excuse, the fact remains that the citizen of the greatest of the world's cities does not take sufficient pride in his city to even see that his name is on the register, or if it is there, to vote at an election. There are 1,166,496 men in the metropolis over the age of twenty-one. Of these only 51 per cent. are to be found on the Parliamentary register. Half a million citizens at least are not entitled to express their opinion on the city's affairs either from want of

occupation qualification, the failure to claim a vote, or the imperfection of the method of registration. Of those on the register not more than one-half take the trouble to record their votes. Only 40.8 per cent. of those entitled to vote did so at the last County Council Election, and only 45.9 per cent. actually went to the polls in the contest for the election of the various borough councils within the London area.

A. W. Kinglake.*

Mr. Tuckwell has written a book about Mr. Kinglake which Mr. Kinglake himself would have liked to read. It is a brilliant book, worthy of the brilliant author, of whom it presents us with a brilliant and life-like picture. It is also a brief book, as Mr. Kinglake would have wished it to be. No English man of letters whom I ever met was so fastidious, so anxious to squeeze the water out of whatever was written. To him padding, even a superfluous word, to say nothing of a superfluous sentence, was absolutely abhorrent.

In this book Mr. Tuckwell has divided Kinglake's life into three sections. The first is his literary and parliamentary career, which has "Eothen" as its chief fruit, the second deals with his epic history of the Crimean War; and the third is chiefly occupied with Mme. Novikoff, who, in the last twenty years of Kinglake's life, was regarded by him with a sentimental and romantic affection which lasted till his death. When Kinglake died, all the letters to his family were destroyed; but his voluminous correspondence with Mme. Novikoff, which began in the early seventies, and only closed on his death, afforded Mr. Tuckwell an admirable store of material for a life-like picture of the witty, cynical, and irreverent man of letters, who formed one of the most familiar figures of the literary history of the Victorian era.

Of Mr. Tuckwell's literary criticisms all that need be said is unstinted praise. Mr. Tuckwell thinks that Kinglake will be remembered in English letters as the author of "Eothen" rather than as the historian of the Crimean War. "Eothen" has long since become a classic, and yet, as Mr. Tuckwell says, it fascinates by violating all the rules which convention assigns to viatic narrative. He gives us everywhere not history, antiquities, geography, descriptions, statistics, but only Kinglake, only his own sensations, thoughts, experiences. Speaking of it in comparison with the Crimean War, Mr. Tuckwell says:—

To compare an idyll with an epic, it may be said, is like comparing a cameo with a Grecian temple. Be it so, but the temple falls in ruins. The cameo is

*"A. W. Kinglake. A Biographical and Literary Study." By the Rev. W. Tuckwell. (Bell.)

preserved in cabinets, and it is possible that a century hence the Crimean history will be forgotten, while "Eothen" is read and enjoyed.

His magnum opus, Mr. Tuckwell rightly says, is the *Invasion of the Crimea*, but to appreciate it we must look upon it as a great prose epic. Its argument, machinery, actors, episodes are all subordinate to a predominant, ever-present hero. Lord Raglan is the Hector and Lord Stratford the Agamemnon of the Crimean Iliad. Kinglake had accepted the vindication of the great Field-Marshal's fame as a sacred charge. It would be difficult to describe more admirably or to criticise more justly the work to which Kinglake devoted the whole of his later life. Of his famous description of Prince Louis Bonaparte Mr. Tuckwell says:—

It is perhaps unequalled in historical literature. I know not where else to look for a vivisection so scientific and so merciless of a great potentate in the height of his power. It is the loathing of a gentleman for a scoundrel, set to the measure not of indignation but of contempt.

Mr. Tuckwell says that, in addition to all other causes of quarrel with Napoleon, Kinglake had been his unsuccessful rival for the affections of Miss Howard. He says:—

He quarrelled with him finally, and lastingly, over rivalry in the good graces of a woman, Miss Howard, who followed Louis Napoleon to France in 1848, and lived openly with him as his mistress.

But "The Invasion" was over-elaborated as a literary work. The proof-sheets were a black sea of erasures, intercalations, blot; but the book missed by excessive polish the reposeful, unlaboured, classic grace essential to the highest art. Inspiration avenges itself as soon as diction is made paramount. "Artifice, which demands and misses watchful self-concealment, passes into mannerism; we have lost the incalculable charm of spontaneity." Nevertheless, although "The Invasion" is Corinthian as compared with the Attic of "Eothen," "it remains a great, an amazingly great production; great in its pictorial force, its omnipresent survey, verbal eloquence, firm grasp, marshalled delineation of multitudinous and entangled matter."

The most interesting pages in the book, however, are those which deal with Mr. Kinglake as a man, and especially in the charming relations which existed between him and Mme. Novikoff.

They were, as he himself phrased it, almost as May and December, but although he was old enough to be her father, he always treated her with a chivalrous gallantry which might easily have had its source in a tenderer passion than that which exists between parent and child. Out of devotion to her he wrote his famous preface to the first volume of the Cabinet edition of his *Crimean Invasion*, and it was in deference to her objections that he struck out three-fourths of the contents of that preface, which contained a hostile

impeachment of Russia, its people, its Church, and its ruler. He modified the deleted passages, and published them as the preface to the second volume. Mr. Tuckwell gives a sketch of Mme. Novikoff, who, he tells us, was the god-daughter to the Tsar Nicholas I., a devoted Imperialist and a still more ardent Slavophile, whose articles of faith are orthodoxy, autocracy, and Nationalism. Mr. Tuckwell declares that "her political aspirations have been guided, and guided right, by her tact and goodness of heart."

It is not generally known that Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Bulgarian horrors was sent to Mme. Novikoff by Mrs. Gladstone as Mr. Gladstone's answer to the passionate appeal which Mme. Novikoff wrote to him after the death of her brother in the Servian cause. It was at Carlyle's suggestion that the articles which Mme. Novikoff contributed to the "Northern Echo" in 1877 were collected and republished in a little book entitled "Is Russia Wrong?" to which Mr. Froude wrote a preface. Kinglake was furious with Froude for the moderate and ultraprudent tone in which he wrote. Kinglake was of opinion that "by studying the *etat* of Queen Elizabeth, Froude had gone and turned himself into an old maid." He had divested himself of the old maid's estate two years later, when he wrote the preface to her second book, "Russia and England: A Protest and an Appeal." Kinglake wrote the opening pages of a review of the books, which appeared in the "Quarterly Review" of 1880, in which he declared:—

Mme. Novikoff has mastered our language with conspicuous success. She expostulates as easily as she reproaches, and she exhibits as much facility in framing shafts of satire as in framing specious excuses for daring acts of diplomacy.

Of Mme. Novikoff Mr. Tuckwell speaks in terms of the highest praise—

From her natural endowments and her long familiarity with Courts, she has acquired a capacity for combining, controlling, entertaining social "circles," which recalls "les salons d'autrefois," the drawing-rooms of an Ancelet, a Le Brun, a Recamier. Residing in several European capitals, she surrounds herself in each with persons intellectually eminent. In England, where she has long spent her winters, Gladstone, Carlyle, and Froude, Charles Villiers, Bernal Osborne, Sir Robert Morier, Lord Houghton, and many more of the same high type formed her court and owned her influence.

Kinglake used to complain that writing to Mme. Novikoff through the *poste restante* was like trying to kiss a nun through a double grating. He was fond of writing nonsense verses to her, of which the following is a sample:—

There was a young lady of Ryde, so awfully puffed up by pride,
She felt grander by far than the Son of the Czar.
And when she said, "Dear, come and walk on the pier,
Oh! please come and walk by my side;"
The answer he got was "Much better not," from that awful young lady of Ryde.

Oftenest the letters are serious in their admiring compliments; they speak of her superb organisation of

health and life, and strength and joyousness, the delightful sunshine of her presence, her decision and strength of will, her great qualities and great opportunities: "Away from you the world seems a blank." He is glad that his Great Eltchi has been made known to her; the old statesman will be impressed, he feels sure, by her "intense life, graciousness and grace, intellect carefully masked, musical faculty in talk, with that heavenly power of coming to an end."

His letters are full of chaff at the number of her admirers. He jests at Froude's loverlike galanterie. "Poor Saint Anthony," he cries, "how he hovered round the flame!" And he laughs at the devotion of that gay Lothario Tyndall, whose approaching marriage will, he thinks, clip his wings for flirtation. To her, he said, it would be given to say of her conquests in England, not "Veni, vidi, vici," but "Veni, videbar, vici."

They agreed very much in their dislike of the Papacy. "Roman Catholics," said Kinglake, "have a special horror of being called schismatic, and that is, of course, a good reason for so calling them." But his wickedest remark was that "London ladies, when discussing the meaning of the word 'Filioque' (which was quoted in the "Quarterly" article upon Mme. Novikoff), declared their belief that it was a clergyman's baby born out of wedlock."

All his letters are full of delicate flattery and banter. For instance, when he tells her that the Liberal victory of 1880 was her victory and her triumph, with the result that, to quote from one of his letters, "England is stricken with incapacity because you have stirred up the seething cauldron that boils in a Gladstone skull, putting in diabolical charms and poisons of theology to overturn the structure of English polity."

On another occasion he wrote to the fair lady of Claridge's, at a time when Mme. Novikoff used to stay in that ancient and famous hostelry not yet vulgarised into the modern hotel:—

There is a fair lay of Claridge's,
Whose smile is more charming to me
Than the rapture of ninety-nine marriages,
Could possibly, possibly be.

"It is the gracious fooling of a philosopher," says Mr. Tuckwell, "who knows his company. Mr. Kinglake knew his associates, and was not ashamed to frolic in their presence."

The Making of an American.

There are three good reasons why this book should be included among the notable books of the month. In the first place, it is an admirable autobiography saturated from cover to cover with the character and personality of the writer; in the second, it is a cheery and inspiring account of a successful battle with some of the worst results of modern city life; and lastly, it is a splendid object-lesson of the way in which the great Repub-

lic is making Americans of the foreigners who find a new home within her boundaries. Mr. Riis is a New York journalist who believes that it is the journalist's vocation not merely to record but to get things done. He has used his pen as the knight-errants of old handled their sword and lance, for the deliverance of the oppressed and the helpless, and the destruction of the corrupt and the tyrannical. In looking back over his career and what he has been able to accomplish in the cause of good municipal government, he has every right to believe that the shedding of ink in the cause of right is more likely to set the world further ahead in our day than all the blood-shedding of the ages past.

A Danish Emigrant.

Mr. Riis' story is a most interesting one. He was born in Denmark, the son of a schoolmaster of the little town of Ribe. But at a very early age he turned his face westward to the great unknown and mysterious land across the Atlantic, where he hoped to make his fortune, and so win the hand of the little Danish maiden to whom he was devotedly attached. In 1870 he landed in New York with £8 in his pocket, a pair of strong hands, stubbornness enough for two, a light heart, and a strong belief that in a free country a man would find the corner where he belonged. In this he was right, but it took a great deal of shaking before Mr. Riis settled down in the niche which Providence had selected for him. At first he tried his hand at iron mining. The outbreak of the Franco-German War abruptly terminated this initial attempt at earning a living. His Danish blood boiled with the war fever. He pawned all his possessions, and set off to New York, determined to enlist against the German despoilers of his native land. He had but a single cent in his pocket, there was no one willing to pay his fare; every attempt he made ended in failure. He soon began to feel the pinch of hunger and to regard dinner as one of the superfluities of an effete civilisation. At this time he made the acquaintance of the New York slums, with which in after years he was to wage a deadly warfare. During this period of working and wandering, making bricks, and selling books and flat-irons, his heart never failed him. At last he secured a post in a New York news agency, and shortly afterwards became editor of a small Brooklyn paper. His advancement was not a mark of confidence so much as a regard for economy on the part of the owners of the paper. They did not want an editor with views, or scruples, or ideas. Mr. Riis was crammed with all these, and the position soon became intolerable. Mr. Riis cut the Gordian knot by buying the paper for a trivial sum and becoming his own editor, reporter, pub-

lisher, and advertising agent. He rapidly made it a power in the locality. His zeal for reform proved highly inconvenient to the party leaders of the neighbourhood. They proposed to buy the paper. Mr. Riis sold with alacrity, for his Danish maiden had consented to become his bride, and he was impatient to cross the Atlantic and claim her hand.

The Battle with the Slum.

At last he found his true vocation as a police reporter for the "New York Tribune" at Mulberry-street, the police headquarters of New York. The police reporter of a New York paper is one who gathers and handles all the news that means trouble to somebody. Mr. Riis is a journalist to his finger-tips, and he put his whole soul into his work. On his way home in the early mornings he had to pass through the worst wards of the city. He saw the slum when it was off its guard. "I got a picture of the Bend upon my mind," he says, "which, so soon as I should be able to transfer it to that of the community, would help settle with that pigsty according to its deserts. It was not fit for Christian men and women, let alone innocent children, to live in; and therefore it had to go. So with the police lodging-rooms, some of the worst of which were right there at the Mulberry-street station." He soon found himself engaged in a death-grapple with these two enemies. How he was to destroy them he did not know, but he was convinced the way would open as soon as the truth was told. "The trouble was that people did not know, and had no means of finding out for themselves. But I had," Mr. Riis says in recording the beginning of his ten years' war with the New York slums "Accordingly I went poking about among the foul alleys and fouler tenements of the Bend when they slept in their filth, sometimes with the policeman on his beat, more often alone, sounding the misery and the depravity of it to their depth." Mr. Riis won the battle. To-day there is a park upon the site of those foul and filthy tenements.

A Mystic on a Motor-Car.

"Motor-Car Impressions by Maurice Maeterlinck" is a headline that makes one almost jump. There is such a splash of incongruity about it. But of course the mystic triumphs. It is all a prose poem, which "Harper's" gives us—a pean of man's victory over Space. Time as yet must "appear unconquerable," but Space is yielding at last:—

Here, in this little chariot of fire, so docile and light, so marvelously untiring; here, between the unfolded wings of this bird of flame that flies low down over the earth in the midst of the flowers, that caresses the

A Journalist with a Purpose.

With the same impulsive impetuosity Mr. Riis turned upon the police lodging-rooms where the tramps were lodged. They were an outrage upon Christian charity and all decency, and Mr. Riis determined they had to go. And go they did, after a prolonged campaign which is an object-lesson in what a journalist with a purpose can accomplish. Mr. Riis was not received graciously even by those who were engaged in the same work he had at heart. But he is an optimist who believes that the cause of right and justice is always the winning side. The walls of ignorance and indifference must fall, if you blow hard enough and long enough, with faith in your cause and in your fellow-men, he declares. It is just a question of endurance. If you keep it up, they can't. And he did keep it up in the following fashion:—

I was a reporter, and it was human nature to assume I was merely after a sensation; and I did make a sensation of the campaign. That was the way to put life into it. Page after page I printed, now in this paper, now in that, and when the round was completed went over the same road again. They winced a bit, my associates, but bore it, egged me on even. Anything for a change. Perchance it might help. It didn't then. But slowly something began to stir.

Such was the preparatory spadework which enabled President Roosevelt to close these haunts of vice and disease. In this spirit and after this manner Mr. Riis waged his long war with the slum. He wrote books, he lectured, he photographed, he never missed an opportunity of driving home the true condition of the lives of the poor into the public mind. He has lived to see the reward of his labours. It is with a cheery and happy contentment that he pens his final words:—

The old days are gone. I myself am gone. A year ago I had warning that "the night cometh when no man can work," and Mulberry-street knew me no more. I am still a young man, not far past fifty, and I have much I would do yet. But what if it were ordered otherwise? I have been very happy. No man ever had so good a time. Should I not be content?

corn-fields and rivulets, welcomes the shade of the trees, enters village after village, passing open doors and tables spread for a meal, that counts the harvesters at work in the meadows, flits by the church with its girdle of lime-trees, takes its rest at the inn on the stroke of noon, and then, singing, sets forth once more, to see at one bound what is happening amongst men at three days' march from the place of halt, and surprises the very same hour in a new world—here space does indeed become human, proportionate to our eye, to the needs of this soul of ours, which is at once quick and slow, colossal and narrow, content and insatiable; here it is of us at last, it is ours, and at every turn presents us with the things of beauty that in former days would be offered only when the tedious journey was ended.

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Daily Mail

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As in the past, this new offer will be limited, both as to the number of sets available and the time in which the offer may be accepted. Those, therefore, who hesitate for a second time will not only lose the opportunity which now presents itself for the last time, but will probably be unable to secure the work at all, unless it be at the prices originally established by the publishers, Messrs. A. and C. Black—viz., £37, £45, and £65 respectively, according to style of binding.

THE BOOK AND ITS CONTENTS.

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BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN AUSTRALASIA.

By "AUSTRALIAN."

Prospects.

Our view of the commercial and financial position of the Commonwealth in February has been dubbed the "view of a pessimist." Since, trade has continued abnormally dull; there has been no increase in production; further, no improvement in the weather, which largely rules production. Therefore, if anything, the position has become worse. This is now beginning to be more widely recognised—a fact which may lead to a radical economy, which is desirable to meet the effects of continued dullness and depression. Throughout Australia everything points to a further decline in production of agricultural and pastoral produce, and during the next few months, if the weather does not improve, while it is questionable whether fair rains would have any material effect for some time to come. Altogether the position is unsatisfactory. With the decline in production the purchasing power of the community has naturally been much reduced, and this in its turn must affect the import trade peculiarly. The Government shows an expansion. This is partly due, we believe, to home manufacturers' erroneous ideas of the value of their goods, and large shipments being forwarded for sale and

partly to expectations held at the close of last year of improved trade conditions in the States. The result is that we are in danger of over-importation, and if this view be correct, the dullness now ruling will probably be much accentuated in the near future. Prospects call for caution in all commitments.

The Financial Outlook.

At least the lead of the "Review of Reviews" has been followed, and there is a regular crop of articles appearing in the daily press on economy, etc. The wonder is that this matter has never been taken up before by the dailies. For the past two years the "Review of Reviews" has been persistently referring to the extravagances of the Governments and the mounting up of expenditure, and official statistics have been quoted showing how great the increase has become. We pointed out the danger of losing the horse. The dailies are now shutting the stable-door after he is lost. In February alone, New South Wales expended £701,000 of loan moneys. True, the increase was partly due to payments in connection with the harbour resumption; but even allowing for this, the total is calculated to strike terror into the heart of the ratepayer. New South Wales' expenditure (proper) and loan expenditure since 1895-96 have been as follows:

	Expenditure Proper.	Expenditure From Loans.
1895-96	£9,852,034	£1,279,098
1896-97	9,616,092	1,477,313
1897-98	9,397,783	1,644,769
1898-99	9,734,100	2,032,634
1899-1900	10,119,740	2,211,581
1900-01	11,350,442	2,879,727

Taking the two headings together in five years, the expenditure has increased by practically £3,100,000 per annum. The increase promises to be much greater for 1901-02, and under the new administration we can scarcely regard anything but a revolution of taxpayers as capable of wiping out the existing extravagance.

When Sir George Turner was "liquidator" of Victoria, a tight hand was kept on the loan moneys, and instead of the £4,134,000 squandered in 1889-90, in 1896-97 the sum had dwindled down to £182,850. Of late, however—though we must admit Victorian finances have been better conducted than those of the other States—there has been an extraordinary tendency for expenditure to increase. The figures for the last six years are as follow:

	Ordinary Expenditure.	Loan Expenditure.
1895-96	£6,540,182	£219,106
1896-97	6,568,932	182,850
1897-98	6,692,444	334,011
1898-99	7,114,706	712,093
1899-1900	7,293,136	1,005,889
1900-01	7,986,475	939,782

The increase on the two items is nearly £2,200,000. True, revenue has increased; but surely an increase in revenue should not be an argument in favour of more lavish expenditure. Should it not be in favour of a reduction in the already heavy load of taxation, which unfortunately increases on a percentage basis when

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production and trade are small and the earnings of the people less?

Queensland's involved finances have made a name for that State, notwithstanding the disclaimers of its financial experts. Queensland ordinary and loan expenditure since 1894-95 have advanced thus:

	Ordinary Expenditure.	Loan Expenditure.
1894-95	£3,308,434	£230,120
1895-96	3,567,947	592,158
1896-97	3,604,264	1,148,341
1897-98	3,747,428	937,066
1898-99	4,024,170	1,054,787
1899-1900	4,540,418	1,182,668
1900-01	4,855,533	1,212,020

The increase in the two items is close on £2,500,000, which, for a State ravaged by a great drought, and therefore not in a position to bear increased taxation necessary to meet extravagant expenditure, and which contains but five-twelfths of the population of Victoria and a little more than one-third that of New South Wales, is sufficiently alarming.

In South Australia a rather more moderate policy has been followed of late years, and loan expenditure has been kept down, though this year it has shown a tendency to increase. The ordinary and loan expenditure for the past six years are appended:

	Ordinary Expenditure.	Loan Expenditure.
1895-96	£2,509,468	£443,331
1896-97	2,635,860	271,611
1897-98	2,598,939	495,192
1898-99	2,632,840	581,577
1899-1900	2,779,317	602,650
1900-01	2,357,954	422,343

The increase in expenditure is over £400,000 per annum, but it is to be trusted that the moderation of the past few years will not be followed by extravagances in the future, as the position of South Australia is certainly not so sound financially or from a trade standpoint as could be desired.

In dealing with Western Australia, we will simply refer to the increase in expenditure, both ordinary and from loan funds. The figures are appended:

	Ordinary Expenditure.	Loan Expenditure.
1895-96	£1,823,883	£650,708
1896-97	2,839,433	2,609,668
1897-98	3,256,912	1,896,145
1898-99	2,539,358	1,632,630
1899-1900	2,615,675	878,329
1900-01	3,165,244	1,495,292

The Western State is comparatively a new one. A large number of necessary works have had to be taken in hand, and though we believe that much extravagance has been displayed, it is partly excusable in a new colony.

From 1895 to 1900, Tasmania increased her ordinary expenditure by £175,000, or nearly 25 per cent., and added £330,000 to the public debt. The position of Tasmania is affected materially by the Commonwealth, and until its relation to Australia is exactly determined, there is every reason why economy should be the chief aim of the Government.

The foregoing particulars, if studied carefully, will clearly show that of late public expenditure of the State Governments has progressed at a very rapid rate. The allotments of loan funds, too, have been enormously increased, and this notwithstanding that by far a greater proportion is now being used on non-productive works than before the boom of the eighties and early nineties. We must repeat (and in this we

believe that the general body of thinking people will concur) that the great plank of the electors at all elections in the future must be the cutting down of the expenses of administration. Taxpayers throughout nearly all the States of Australia are commencing to band together against lavish State expenditure, and the limitation of the powers of the State Governments. This movement comes at an opportune time, and the evidences of depression which now exist will render considerable service to their cause.

Our National Debt.

The latest available calculations show that the Australian National Debt is, approximately, £215,000,000, of which £127,500,000 has been expended on railways. The growth of this debt in the last few decades has been enormous, and we propose to show how, in this respect, we compare with other nations. Appended is a table of great interest, showing the growth of the debts of the United Kingdom, the chief Continental commercial Powers, and the United States, as well as Australia.

	1887.	1901.
United Kingdom	£738,779,000	£705,723,000
France	986,475,000	1,200,000,000
†Germany	33,729,000	467,000,000
Austria-Hungary	434,405,000	660,000,000
Russia	538,000,000	654,000,000
Belgium	82,884,000	104,000,000
Holland	—	96,500,000
Italy	460,112,000	510,000,000
†United States	253,820,000	£473,000,000
†Australia	124,000,000	207,000,000

†Including State debts. †Figures for 1898.

England and the United States do not own their railways. In most of the Continental countries the lines are owned by the State, or are now run by companies on long leases, and will revert to the Government without payment. The cost of Continental railways in 1897 was estimated thus:—

†France	£636,000,000
Germany	580,000,000
†Russia	280,000,000
Belgium	59,000,000
Holland	22,000,000
Italy	100,000,000

Total £1,677,000,000

†Revert to the State in 1960. †European Russia only.

As the Continental State indebtedness in 1901 was £3,691,000,000, the railways represent over 45 per cent.

Taking the national debts per capita, we have the following comparison:—

	1887.	1901.
Great Britain	£20 5 0	£17 0 6
France	26 14 8	31 3 1
Germany	0 14 1	8 4 2
Austria-Hungary	10 17 2	16 11 1
Russia	4 19 7	5 1 4
Belgium	15 13 9	17 6 8
Holland	—	18 7 7
Italy	15 6 7	15 6 10
United States	4 7 6	6 13 2
Australia	40 6 0	54 16 8
Do., less railways	15 7 0	22 0 0

†Increase. †Decrease.

In the matter of increase of debt, Australia is an easy first.

From the latest estimates of public expenditure per head (exclusive of railways) we can clearly see the position these States occupy. The figures are appended:

	1891.	1901.
*United Kingdom	£2 9 2	£2 19 4
Chief Continental Countries	1 17 10	2 3 1
United States	1 13 7	1 16 4
Australia	6 0 3	6 6 7

*Figures are for 1887.

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Collins Street,
 Melbourne.

W. J. WALKER,
 RESIDENT SECRETARY.

The Australian ordinary expenditure per capita is enormous, and when we take into consideration the vast increase in our debt of recent years, and the steadily increasing burden of municipal and other corporation taxation to meet the large "local" expenditure, it will be readily admitted by all that there is every necessity for the exercise of care in the control and expenditure of revenue, and to at once limit borrowings to an extent sufficient only to meet wants for works of the greatest urgency and of national importance.

Public Borrowing.

The Treasurer of South Australia has announced that he has sold the balance of the £850,000 authorised issue of Treasury Bills, with a currency not to exceed three years, at 3½ per cent.

It is reported that South Australia is enquiring on the London market re a loan issue of £1,000,000. This issue is believed to be some time off, though the London money market should be favourable to an issue about the middle of April. With the close of the quarter so near, it would not be judicious to approach London for the next few weeks.

Victoria is calling for tenders locally for £250,000 of 3 per cent. Government debentures at £94 minimum. Tenders were to close on the 20th inst. The issue is small, and should be easily subscribed, though we should have been glad to see a proviso inserted giving the purchaser the power to take inscribed stock or debentures transferable on delivery at will. At present the Government mulets the buyer of inscribed stock, who is generally the trustee for widows and orphans, to the extent of £6 per cent. on every purchase!

The Metropolitan Board of Works is not expected to borrow till July next. It is a pity the Board did not sell its bank deposit receipts when it had a favourable opportunity some time back. Said bank deposit receipts are now much lower in value.

The Government of New South Wales has an insatiable appetite for loan money. It is rumoured that another issue is contemplated, or perhaps an advance from its bankers.

The Government of Queensland will also want accommodation within the next few months. They use the trust funds in Queensland even more freely than they do in Victoria.

Mercantile Mems.

Grant Bros., of London, will shortly open an umbrella factory in New South Wales.

It is rumoured that American capital will be invested in iron and steel works in Australia if the bonus and tariff be agreed to.

Three butchering establishments in Melbourne—viz., Freame's, T. K. Bennett and Woolcock, Ltd., and Connelley's—have been bought up by Mr. John Cooke, partly representing British capital.

Mr. John Cooke has taken an active part in floating the South African and Australian Cold Storage and Supply Company, which took over the business of the Afrikaner concern called the South African Cold Storage and Supply Company. The latter company received £6,000,000 from the War Office in less than two years for contracts, and made nearly three millions in profit. May the new British concern obtain just as much business!

Three jam firms—Peacock, of Hobart, O.K. Company, of Melbourne, and Jones, of Sydney—have, it is stated, combined.

Mr. J. Neil has been bought out of Wright and Neil's business, Bourke-street, Melbourne, by the other partners, who, it is stated, represent a leading Flinders-lane house.

Cabled that A. Dick, of Dick Bros., of Glasgow, is dead. Deceased was very largely interested in Australian mining, and also had a large interest in a big

retail softgoods business in Melbourne, as well as providing capital for another large general retail concern.

A large hosiery and woollen factory is to be erected in Sydney if the tariff past the Senate unaltered. The general tendency of the next few years will be to manufacture greater quantities of merchandise and import less.

An exhaustive enquiry has led to the disclosure that a large number of distributing retail tea people in Melbourne sell under weight, weighing paper with the tea, as well as cutting off odd quarter and half ounces. Steps are to be taken to correct short-weight frauds.

Good authorities consider that the failures this year in Melbourne and Sydney will be larger than in any of the last three years. Depression soon finds out weaknesses. Generally speaking, however, the retail houses are supported by the wholesale, and few, if any, of the latter require much assistance.

Wheat freights to the United Kingdom or Continent nominally quoted at 15s. to 16s. No charterers mentioned. Shippers with contracts in Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide are losing 10s. to 15s. per ton on all wheat shipped, owing to over-chartering and a much shorter crop than expected.

Financial Mems.

Mr. Samuel Hallmore has been appointed general manager of the Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., vice Mr. W. Lees, retired on pension. Mr. Russell will fill the chief inspectorship rendered vacant by the retirement of Mr. James Tuke.

At the recent meeting of the Union Bank, in London, the chairman referred with pride to the fact that salaries had increased by only £1,100. Surely with the Union's prosperity the increase should have been greater.

The net profit of the Union Bank for the last half-year (August) was £95,680, against £79,825 in the previous August, and only £48,514 for August, 1899. The Union's reserves total over a million, and the whole of the reserve fund proper is in British Government securities.

The Bank of Australasia, Ltd., earned £140,071 for the half-year ended October last, according to a cable received by the general manager. In October, 1900, the earnings were £151,465; in October, 1899, £119,870; and in October, 1898, £54,148. The dividend declared is 10 per cent. The reserve fund is £995,000, and undivided profit £14,230. Total, £1,009,230. A most prosperous and well-managed institution.

Commercial Bank of Australia ordinary shares have dropped to 3s. 6d. Preference are worth £5 2s. 6d. At these values preference are worth buying, and ordinary worth selling.

Bank of Victoria ordinary shares have eased owing to fears of writing off. A statement by the management would allay this feeling.

Notwithstanding the expectation of a 4 per cent. dividend, Colonial ordinary shares have eased a little. This bank is doing well.

Insurance News and Notes.

The figures of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States for 1901 show that on December 31 the total amount of insurance in force was £245,682,651—an increase of over thirteen millions on the previous year. The assets amounted to £68,966,608, and left a surplus of £14,797,717. The general manager for Australasia states that the year 1901 has been the most successful one in Australia and New Zealand since the inception of the society's business, the increase in new business being over 40 per cent. greater than in the previous year.

* * * * *

A conference of friendly societies' representatives has been held in London to formulate an old-age pensions

CITIZENS' LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

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THE POINTS OF THE 1900 REPORT.

**Annual Premium Income, £317,192 Sterling.
New Ordinary Branch Assurances Issued,
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In Sums of £1,000 to £15,000,

On City, Town, and Suburban Properties,

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te and Sheet Glass Merchants, . .
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Wall Papers.

ne. The scheme provides that the Imperial Ex-
per should bear two-thirds of the cost and the
third be raised by local taxation. Six million
bers of friendly societies were represented, and the
me was adopted. It provides that 400,000 persons
receive old-age pensions, the total cost being
00,000 per annum, thus averaging about 6s. per
for each pension.

* * * * *

1900 mention was made in these columns of some
life assurance policies issued by the Mutual Life
Company of New York. The record was
by Mr. George W. Vanderbilt and Mr. Frank H.
ey, each of whom carried a policy of 1,000,000 dol.
w days after the beginning of the present year, the
developed acute pneumonia, and died, the claim
made on the company being the biggest made on a
e life in the world. Mr. Peavey was about fifty-
years of age at the time of taking out the policy.
in splendid health, and considered to have been a
life. His annual premium was 48,390 dol. (say,
00). It is stated he had further insurances on his
o the extent of 400,000 dol.

* * * * *

. F. F. Schultz, who has been accountant at the
ourne branch of the Australian Mutual Provident
ty for a number of years, has been transferred
e Wellington branch, in New Zealand. Mr. C. H.
itz, who has been in New Zealand, will succeed
rother in Melbourne. Both gentlemen were re-
ts of handsome gifts from the members of the
ctive staffs, before their departure.

* * * * *

G. T. Wyleigh, who for a great many years has
manager of the Australasian Plate Glass Com-
has resigned his position, and has been granted
onorarium of £300 by the company.

* * * * *

ny leading firms hold policies of insurance against
of profit through interruption by fire, but prop-
ers of businesses such as hotels and laundries have
extended their policies to cover risk of interrup-
through epidemic. If, for example, the sanitary
rities close a laundry for some weeks owing to
reaking out of zymotic disease amongst the staff,
business is at once shut down. The fixed charges,
theless, continue, and in all cases there is a loss
e proprietors. These risks are being insured by the
ts and Income Insurance Company, Ltd.—“In-
ce Record,” London.

* * * * *

R. J. Paull, general manager and secretary of the
Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., is at
nt touring through the Australasian States. He
received cable advice that a successful year has
experienced by the company. The income for
was £1,120,359, as against £878,492 in 1900. The

reserves at December 31 amounted to £1,043,840, and
the total assets at £1,337,563.

* * * * *

Mr. F. F. Leslie, manager at Melbourne of the
North Queensland Insurance Company, has been elected
president of the Insurance Institute of Victoria for the
ensuing session.

* * * * *

A uniform tariff has been signed in Victoria for “Em-
ployers’ Liability” Insurance by all companies, ex-
cepting one, registered in that State.

* * * * *

A correspondent of the “Post Magazine” states that
a policy assuring £200,000 on a single life was taken out
in the Alliance Assurance Company (London) in 1894,
and is still in force. This is the biggest policy on a
single life issued in Great Britain.

* * * * *

The Phoenix Assurance Company has been made a
limited company, and now trades as the Phoenix As-
surance Company, Ltd.

* * * * *

Provisional agreements were signed on January 23
under which the Alliance Assurance Company (London)
took over the business of the Imperial (Fire) Insur-
ance Company and the Imperial Life Assurance Com-
pany. When the necessary formalities have been com-
pleted, it is probable that permission will be sought to
change the name to the Imperial Alliance Assurance
Company, Ltd. Five directors of the Imperial will
join the board of the Alliance, and the salaries of the
other directors will be commuted. Mr. Robert Lewis,
who for thirty years has been the principal officer of
the Alliance, will be the general manager of the Im-
perial Alliance. The general manager of the Imperial
Fire and the general manager and actuary of the Im-
perial Life will retire on pensions. The net fire in-
come of the new company will be over £1,000,000 per
annum.

* * * * *

Very few new insurance companies were registered
in London during 1901. There were only 2 fire, 6
marine, 4 accident, and 8 plate-glass. Amongst mis-
cellaneous insurance companies, the only one of im-
portance was the Profits and Income Insurance Com-
pany, registered with £100,000 capital. Particulars of
this company, which is to insure against loss of trade
profits through fire, were given in these columns a few
months ago.

* * * * *

The total fire loss in the United States and Canada
during 1901 amounted to 164,347,000 dol., being a million
dollars in excess of the 1900 total.

An Inestimable Possession.

The man who has to acquire a certain item of information, turns to the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" without a doubt, assured that no other work can do so much to facilitate research. The pages of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" will yield an answer to any definite question; that goes without saying. But explicit enquiries are not always the most important; as often as not our questions are unformulated, we need something more than a categorical answer; fresh points of view, possibilities for further study. It is in this respect that the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" is such an inestimable possession. Here are no starved explanations, no perfunctory catalogues, no expositions so burdensome in their hard brevity that they send the reader chasing from one incomprehensible to another, until, turning a last corner, he finds himself again at the starting point, fatigued and unsatisfied. The scholars who made the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" did not try to evade the questioner; they gave richly of their knowledge.

This wealth of treasured scholarship holds but one danger, a danger pleasantly familiar to every enquirer who has opened the volumes and lost the imminent sense of a question to be answered, in the pleasure of hearing a tale well told, the delight of following the lead of an able mind. Certainly, it must be confessed that the editors did not discover any device by which great scholars could be given room to tell of the subjects that lay nearest their hearts, and yet be saved from arousing the reader's interest. If it is a vice in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" that it makes study as tempting as a summer day, one must allow the defects of good qualities, and set off a half-hour inopportunely spent in reading, against the advantage of having treatises that are full and suggestive; of having, in effect, a library filled with books that are good to read.

The "Encyclopaedia Britannica," then, is a book that one can dip into idly, with shapeless intention. And it can, as well, be read systematically, with as stern a degree of order as the reader's conscience demands. A man may pursue a subject at his ease, following, as the mood takes him, such currents as flow from the first article that enlists his interest, invited here by a generous name, there by a warmly painted bit of history. Or, with pencil and paper at his side, he may at once make his reading a curriculum, palpably instructive, and that with very little effort.

Moreover, for the purposes of systematic reading in any subject, the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" possesses advantages that are necessarily wanting in the best text-books. In its pages the student will find the work of original thinkers, unconfined by the stiff dress of pedagogy; will feel at liberty to learn as much or as little as he pleases, read widely or deeply, as the humour of the hour may dictate.

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A new offer of the ninth and latest edition of this great work is announced in another column. This offer is so generous in its terms that every reader of this announcement will now, for the first time, find this great work within the limit of his means. The only condition is promptness, for the offer is limited, both as to time and number. Whether you intend to purchase or not, you will find the announcement in this issue worthy of your consideration.



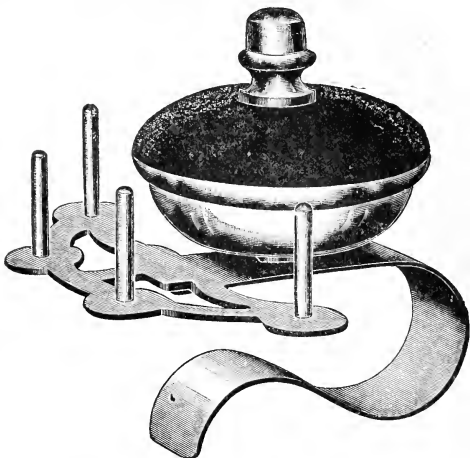
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BRADSHAW'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.

From Office Boy to Accountant.

late quite a shower of neatly printed advertising matter—business guides, cricket cards, and not, but all bearing the title "Bradshaw's Business College"—has fallen on the Melbourne public. On the back of one of these catchy

tinctive clicking and tinkling of typewriting machines. At a blackboard in another room a pupil, under the eye of a teacher, is tracing the "pothooks and hangers" that form the theory of shorthand, whilst from next door comes the even drone of a teacher dictating printed matter, so many words to the minute, that goes to form the practice of the stenographic art.



OUTSIDE VIEW OF COLLEGE.

advertisements is a skeleton plan, showing the College referred to is situated at No. 46 Elizabeth-street, minutes from Prince's Bridge, and two minutes from Flinders-street.

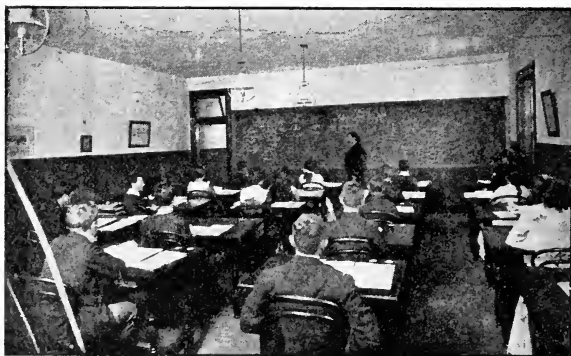
Exploration proves that the College occupies nearly the whole second floor of the building at the corner of Elizabeth-street and Flinders-lane, and an examination shows that it has everything to style itself a business institution. At the top of the staircase is the principal's office; to the left is a schoolroom—counting-house would, perhaps, be a more appropriate term—and the other a big, airy room in which comes the dis-

tributive clicking and tinkling of typewriting machines. At a blackboard in another room a pupil, under the eye of a teacher, is tracing the "pothooks and hangers" that form the theory of shorthand, whilst from next door comes the even drone of a teacher dictating printed matter, so many words to the minute, that goes to form the practice of the stenographic art.

The Raison d'Etre.

The object of the College is to fit the students for the business world. Time grows yearly more precious to the business man, and the youth who can go straight into an office and pick up the work without delay and oft-repeated instruction has a far better chance of OBTAINING and RETAINING a situation than one who has to be taught

every step, or is obliged to unlearn a lot of mistaken information as to office-work.



MR. BRADSHAW LECTURING.

Four Branches of Work are Taught.

Shorthand and typewriting are, of course, essential qualifications of the correspondence clerk, and the system adopted in this College provides the student with not only the mechanical ability to write the signs of the "winged art" and to manipulate the keyboard of almost any variety of typewriter, but gives him, or her, a proper knowledge of how to apply the skill acquired in these branches. In other words, the idea is to train students to use their brains as well as their fingers; to become not mere machines, but intelligent, capable workers.

In order to familiarise pupils with principles of foreign trade, a class is held for teaching French and German, special attention being paid to commercial phrases. The student, instead of being taught to ask if someone "has the slate pencil of the daughter of the gardener," is grounded in commercial French and German, and taught how to write a business letter, and comprehend a foreign invoice.

But it is the business practice department that is the chief feature of the college. The conduct of the institution has apparently been founded on the motto that AN OUNCE OF PRACTICE IS WORTH A TON OF THEORY.

EVERY BOY IS GIVEN £1,000 in paper money when he begins his course of training. He has the chance of becoming a (paper) capitalist, or of qualifying for an imaginary Insolvency Court.

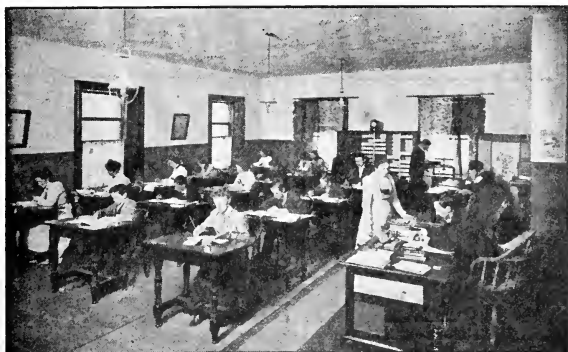
That the system is an elaborate one is apparent to the casual visitor—who, by the way, is welcomed and obligingly shown over the institution. In a large, well-ventilated apartment, well and tastefully furnished as a counting-house, he sees a number of desks at which pupils are working. Each student has a box, which represents his safe, containing his papers and his ready money. He has been initiated into the mysteries of banking, and has paid into the bank at the corner his capital. He has a cashbox and a cheque-book for purchases, conducts imaginary sales in cash or on credit, carries on a complete system of bookkeeping, learns all the intricacies of bills of sale and lading receipts, and promissory notes, discounts, and interest, customs and stamp duties, etc. In short, he personally conducts a business just as if his paper sovereigns were straight from the Mint, his squares of paper were so many square feet of city property, and his invoiced

goods were actual chests of tea from China or bales of wool from Queensland. At the end of his business year he makes out his balance-sheet and his income-tax schedule.

The advantage of the system, of course, lies in the fact that the pupils become accustomed to handling actual documents and books, and so are much likelier not only to find employment, but to give satisfaction to their employers. When it is remembered that the average method of teaching boys in bookkeeping at the State, and even public, schools consists of copying an elaborate series of credits and debits from text-books to copybooks—of transferring a few dozen pages, that is, from type to manuscript—without any adequate explanation of the transactions being given, the advantage of the Bradshaw method will be still more clearly realised.

Whilst, however, so much attention is rightly given to the practical, there are, of course, certain phases of commercial life which depend entirely on the theoretical, and theory is not neglected. Mr. Bradshaw, who is a member of the Incorporated Institute of Accountants, Victoria, and a Government Municipal Auditor, explains thoroughly the legal aspect of each transaction and the liabilities of the parties. He personally conducts the work, and EVERY STUDENT RECEIVES INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION.

The blackboard naturally plays a considerable part in the training, and the long board which occupies the majority of the wall spaces at one end of the room bears evidence at the close of the day of the wide field covered in the course of a day's work. There are extracts from commercial law, lists of uncommon words, sums and arithmetical rules for arriving at interest and



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discount. "We don't waste time," explains Mr. Bradshaw, "in discovering how many men would plough 100 acres with four horses and a mule in a day, but teach the best and quickest methods of solving business problems."

HABITS OF PUNCTUALITY AND REGULARITY are taught. A student, for instance, is not allowed to stroll in as if he were taking up commercial study for amusement; nor is he permitted to stay away on a frivolous excuse. He is supposed to observe the same rules as if he were a salaried clerk, and to be as particular in his whole conduct and habits as if he were directly under the eye of an employer.

Praiseworthy Ambition.

The scope of the College, however, is not confined to turning schoolboys into clerks ready for employment. It is a noteworthy fact that each year competition for good positions becomes keener. The average Australian youth is ambitious, and as **MERIT COUNTS FOR MORE THAN INFLUENCE** in the long run, each year sees more young fellows

studying to qualify themselves for higher rungs in the commercial ladder. The Bradshaw College aims particularly to meet this demand for a better business education, and evening classes are made a special feature. Mr. Bradshaw himself coaches students for the examination of the Accountants' Institute, and having had a wide experience of the work, has all the qualifications of a first-class coach. He has a number of pupils who aspire to take higher positions in their own firm, or to secure better posts elsewhere.

In the words of the College motto ("Si sapis, sis apis"): "If you would be wise, be a bee."



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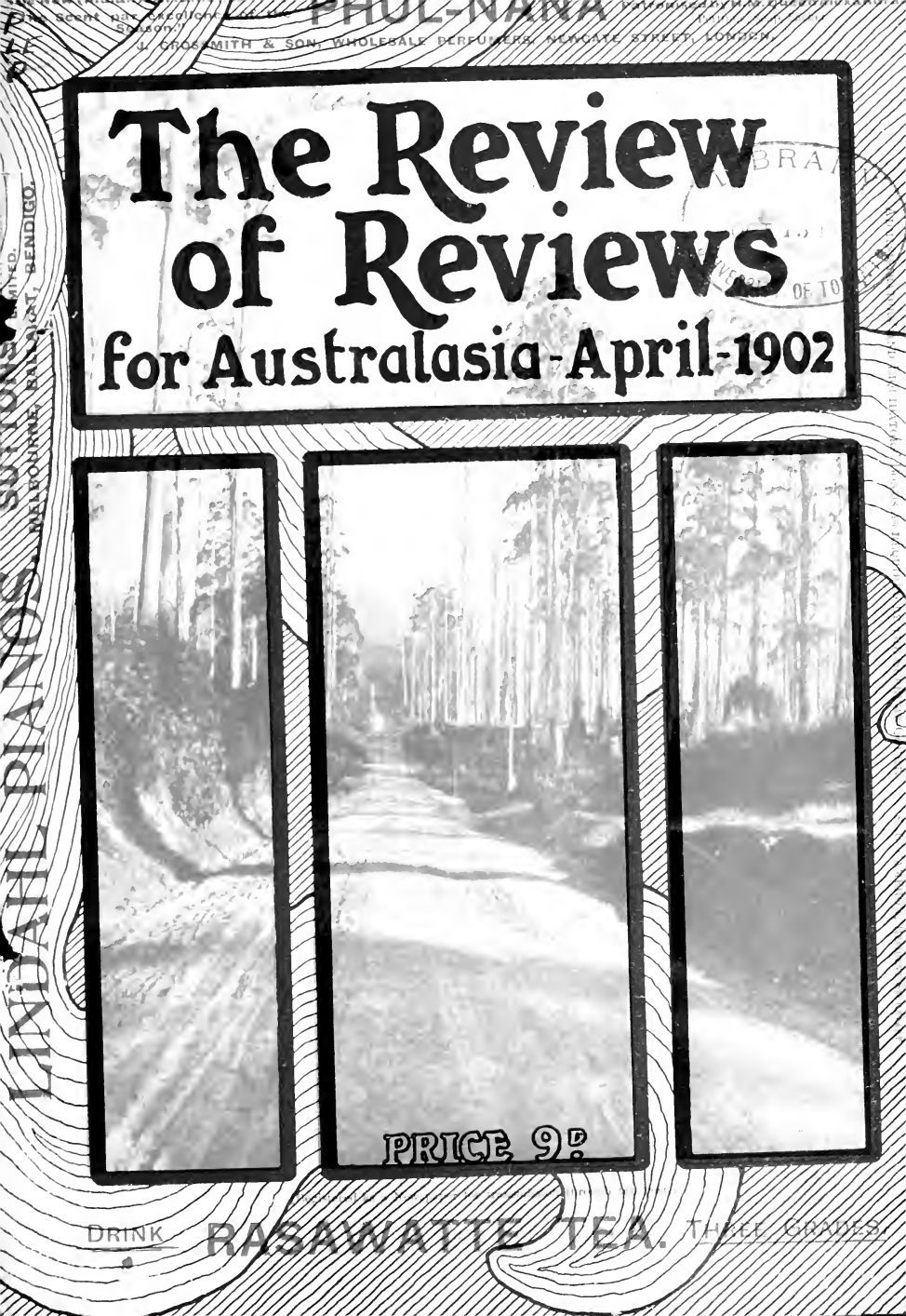
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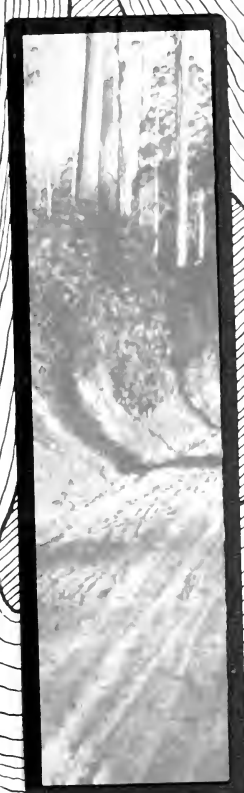
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